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Sergeant Hankey

LETTERS OF DONALD HANKEY

"A STUDENT IN ARMS"

With Introduction and Notes

By

EDWARD MILLER, M.A.

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Introduction

THESE letters of Donald Hankey tell their own story. They tell it very clearly, without affectation or disguise. Most of them were written to his family or to the innermost circle of his friends.

It seems neither necessary nor pertinent to explain them. But one may be permitted to express the conviction that they possess the essential quality of enduring literature. These quiet, humorous, and delightfully unselfconscious utterances of "a beholding and jubilant spirit" must appeal to the most casual reader as well worth collecting from the obscurity of private drawers, and giving the publicity of print and such permanency as the best of books secure. For they are true human documents, in their interests, in their emotions and in their expression, and they will be read long after many other Collections of Letters have outlived their day, or are read only as academic exercises.

For indeed these letters run up and down the whole gamut of life. Whether we read them for their literary distinction, or for their religious vision, or for their sheer human interest, they arrest and hold us. Is he describing his fellow-passengers, or chance acquaintances in an hotel? We can see them and hear them and laugh at their oddities as if Dickens himself presented them. Does he paint a tropical forest or a sunset? We see it glowing before our eyes. Is he discussing the great mysteries of life and death and human destiny? Then Deep calls to Deep: his sure insight enables us to catch glimpses into the Eternal.

The style is the man. Those who knew Donald Hankey say that to know him was to love him and

have a rare quality of hero-worship aroused. They felt the purity and dignity of "a soul beautifully poised upon itself."

These letters reflect this. They recall the writer vividly. "To read a letter from you," he wrote to his friend Mrs. Coppin, "is as good as talking with you." That is exactly what his correspondents felt about himself. "He would talk to you, or rather listen to you" (says an intimate friend), "all the evening, worrying over a problem of theology or sociology—and next day, or next week, a letter would come from him carrying on the conversation from the point where he had left it; throwing fresh light on the subject under discussion, approaching it from an altogether new angle, clearing away the dialectical dust, and presenting his point of view so convincingly that you wondered you had been so blind to it."

"He would talk, or rather listen." For he was better at listening than speaking. Even with his intimates, he had a difficulty, almost a hesitancy, in speech; save in those rare and luminous hours when the subject laid hold of him and his tongue was loosed and heart spoke to heart.

But this weakness ultimately made his strength, for he had to find expression and writing was his natural medium. His pen was more persuasive than his tongue. In his letters he expanded, "thinking aloud." This gives them all the charm of unpremeditated art. As we read on, passing the milestones of the years, we perceive a growing ease and grace: it is a far cry from Mauritius in 1894 to France in 1916. Of Hankey it might be said, as it was said of Stevenson, "He was

feeling his way all his life towards a fuller mastery of his means, preferring always to leave unexpressed what he felt he could not express perfectly." Yet there is more in Hankey that reminds us of Scott's forthright exuberance than of Stevenson's meticulous sorting of words. "With a great price obtained I this freedom." But Hankey could reply, "I was free-born." Or, as he would put it to himself, "If you have nothing to say, say it! If you have *something* to say, say it and the right words will come." We cannot picture him making a rough draft of his letters, like Lamb. Yet this is not to say that he was careless about the aptest word. His letters, as printed, come not far short of perfection, but some of the *written* pages are like palimpsests, with their numerous deletions and corrections. And he hardly pauses to correct: the spate rushes on, he is eager for the next sentence and only glances back, *currente calamo,* to alter a phrase. The result is that in these letters the reader is swept on, sometimes bewildered yet continuously charmed by their delicious naïve inconsequence, passing without a break from the profundities and immensities to pleasant gossip or clever nonsense or rollicking fun.

The editor has made very few alterations.

To quote a recent essayist, "As soon as a fine thought is born in the mind, all the beautiful words in the language come trooping to express it." Donald Hankey's mind was the home of beautiful thoughts, and beautiful words waited his bidding. This is the secret of the style of *A Student in Arms.*

Doubtless *The Student in Arms* owes no little of its

great success to the fact that it was written in the exalted mood of a Crusader. But Donald Hankey's whole life was a Crusade, a warfare against ugliness and littleness. And his letters, written in the cloistered calm of Oxford, or the solitude of the Australian Bush, or on the deck of an emigrant ship, reveal a spirit serene and vital, finding much to laugh at on the way, yet all the time aware of "one clear call," in obedience to which his life was moving onward to its climax.

As far back as 1906 he wrote to his sister and confidante, "it is quite hopeless my trying to scribble" (for the magazines); "it comes out all laboured and doesn't interest me. Besides, what Benson says about writing down one's ideas doesn't apply, because when I have any I write them down most candidly in my letters to you. I am afraid the only thing to do will be to wait till I am a Bishop or a General, and then publish my letters to my sister; or to make a collection of them now, call them 'maroon papers,' and trust to the Public mistaking anonymity for celebrity veiled!" It was said in jest: about the same time he wrote to his father, "I have no incendiary ambitions with regard to the Thames. . . . The side street for me!" Fame, unsought and unexpected, came to the Student in Arms. His jesting promise is now fulfilled: his letters are published. Not anonymously. Yet though his name will attract many who would not look at an anonymous volume of letters, it is not too much to say that these Letters are so packed with human interest, and so full of charm that even unsigned and unacknowledged they would meet with instant and delighted appreciation.

EDWARD MILLER.

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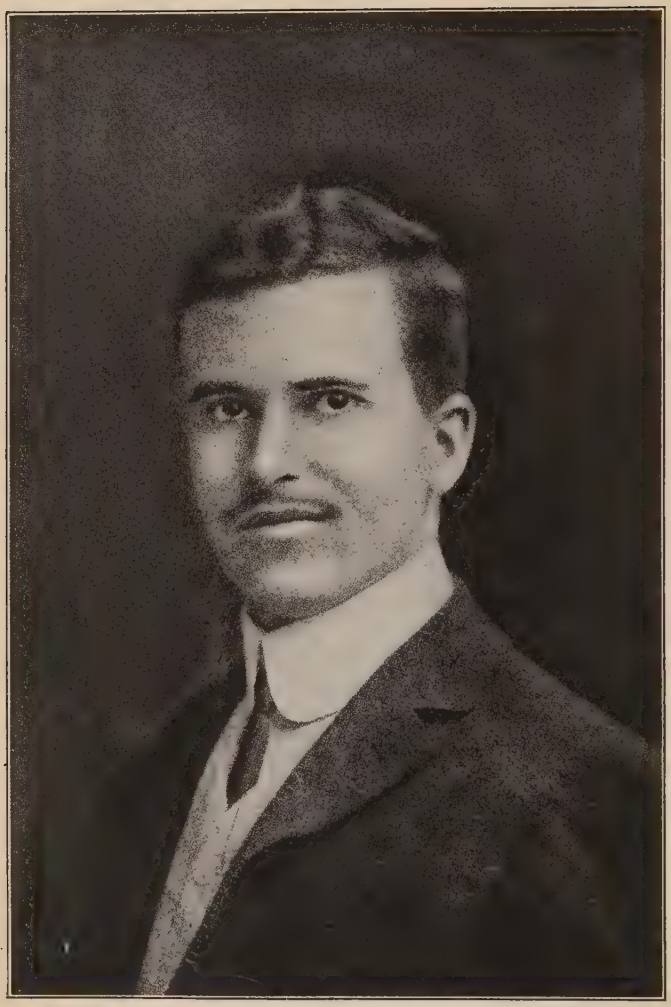


The Subaltern—Age 20

I

THE SUBALTERN

1904–1906: *æt.* 20–22

After leaving Rugby, Donald Hankey passed into Woolwich. He received his commission in 1903 and joined the Royal Garrison Artillery in Mauritius, an island garden in the Indian Ocean.

But at "the Shop" he had begun to doubt both his liking and his fitness for the Army. In a talk with his father he declared his preference for the Church, and asked to be allowed to hand in his commission and read for Orders. His father counselled delay before deciding on such a break in his life; even if he should enter the Church by and by, "a few years in the army would be no bad training for a parson."

In these letters from Mauritius we can perceive his hesitations and misgivings on the question of resigning or remaining. A serious illness settled the question for him. His doctor advised his leaving Mauritius, and warned him of the danger of attempting to live in a tropical climate.

1. *EN ROUTE.*

At Sea, Nov. 6 [*1904*].

Dear Hilda,—

I will not tell you my exact state of health day by

day, but will give you a diary of my reading, which is perhaps a good index of my physical state.

Friday morning. Full of buck. *Tartarin sur les Alpes.*

Friday afternoon. Wanted soothing. *Letters from a Silent Study.*

Saturday morning. Very depressed. *Pickwick Papers.*

Saturday afternoon. A little better. *Esmond.*

Sunday (morning).	Quite well thank you!	Butler's *Analogy.*
Sunday (afternoon).		*Esmond* and *Stonewall Jackson.*

As a guide I may point out that *Pickwick* cheers me up when I am most depressed, while Butler's *Analogy* taxes all my strength.

This is a rotten little ship, too small for anything, and awfully crowded. I have met a good many people who have been in Mauritius, most of whom do not take the trouble to damn it with faint praise, but on the contrary damn it with every sign of sincerity and no small energy.

The day we passed St. Vincent was brilliantly sunny, and the water was clear, bright, and blue, but looked awfully deep and impenetrable, a little like the water at Torquay. It gave an "enchanted pool" appearance, and one longed to dive below the rippling surface into the cool stillness below.

It is very funny how, even on a ship, the cliquiness of the army is still preserved. The linesman is very seldom seen talking to any but a linesman, while the

R.A. and R.E. form a most exclusive little set of their own. Nobody has anything to say to the "Rankers," who all have families, and form another little set. "Tommy Atkins" looks horribly bilious (poor fellow), expectorating on the deck and walking about with bare feet. He loves to tuck up his trousers to his knees and show a wretched thin little calf. For a few minutes on Sunday he goes in for being "pi," but soon relapses, and organizes a sing-song in honour of the great god "beer."

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

DONALD W. A. HANKEY.

RED SEA, *Nov. 20* [*1904*].

DEAR HILDA,—

I would like you to read a little book called *The Forerunner,* by Merejkowski, published by Constable. It is about Leonardo da Vinci, and though there is a lot of bosh in it, I think there is a fine idea running through it—half formed, and somewhat elusive, but nevertheless to a certain extent true.

I find in the hot weather my body gets most horribly limp, but my brain is unusually active and clear.

I am so glad you are so fit. After all, I don't see that we need be so very tragic about a year's absence; it is hardly worse than if I were to be stationed in Ireland.

You know I don't seem to be able to throw myself into the Army, like Hugh[1] or Maurice. I do try.

[1] His eldest brother, who fell at Paardeburg in the Boer War, 1900.

but while at some things I am no fool, I don't seem to be able to grasp matters military. I can read the stodgiest lives, and books like Butler's *Analogy,* and be thoroughly interested and retain a good idea of them at the end.

Histories, Lives, French books, theological books—all slip down easy enough, and stay. But a gunnery treatise, an essay on coast defence, the details of a campaign, the words of the Drill book—all stick halfway, mix, and, try as I will, leave no impression behind. Even natural science, electricity, chemistry, go down easier than mechanics or gun drill.

The office work comes easier, and interests me more than the construction of a gun or the mechanism of a breech screw. The only things that really interest me are the history of coast defence, fortification, etc.; a good military history like *Stonewall Jackson*; Strategy, and "Tommy." Even tactics I find almost impossible. I also rather enjoy teaching anything.

I have a good time in the army, and thoroughly enjoy myself; but I am not sure it will be right for me to stick to it when I come home, unless I get interested meanwhile, because I don't think I am a very good peace officer, and I am convinced that I should be a very bad war one. I am afraid you will be disgusted with me, but it is as well to be frank after all.

Now, on the other hand, theological literature interests me intensely, more and more every day. If I have any gift for teaching, I think it would come in in the Church as a profession. Under these circumstances, if I can honestly say I have no faith in myself, but do

trust that God may use me to do a little good, if I can honestly say that I believe such talents as I have were meant by God for His ministry, would I not be justified in accepting Dad's offer of Cambridge on my return, with a view to taking orders? Be frank, you know more about me than any one else. If you think it, say "you are too lazy, too selfish, too easily cast down, not strong enough." I shall probably believe you.

Well, so much for business. I continue to enjoy my usual robust health.

I went into raptures over sunrise at Suez, but kept it to myself. The average British officer is either unable to appreciate scenery, or ashamed to confess that he likes it. For the future I shall rank with the second class.

I enclose a picture of the beautiful lady who has entranced the whole ship, from the Captain and the Colonel downwards. She is indeed a "type of English beauty" (for she turns out to be English, after all!). Another person rather interests me, a very pretty refined-looking girl, the daughter of a quartermaster (ranker). How is it possible? The other ranker's daughter is dark (the pretty one is fair) and has the peculiar red, shiny complexion of her class, the thick fingers, and straight hair, yet they are fast friends!

I am very glad I have not got my 'cello, because there is a most appalling accompanist on board.

There is a most absurd little doctor who has a particularly small, anæmic infant. He gives her no peace

all day long. He is always talking to her, carrying her, patting her, etc., and the child has a sort of tired, over-entertained look.

Fortunately now she has found time to make friends with a little curly-headed boy, and is quite blossoming out.

But I do believe the poor little father is quite jealous.

By the way, I am afraid ——— is given to idealism. It is a most pernicious disease, for a woman especially, because she only sees one side of a man's character (his holiday side), while a man generally gets glimpses of the working side of a woman's character, if she is at all a good sort.

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

GALLE FACE HOTEL,—COLOMBO,

Nov. 30, 1904.

DEAR HILDA,—

As you say, the colouring here, and at Suez, and also in Spain, is very beautiful, but it does not appeal very much to a person educated to appreciate England. The extraordinary beauty of detail in an English autumn scene is much more to my taste.

I have been up to Kandy and Nuwara Eliya. They were lovely, but I did not find them so invigorating as the good old downs. These mountains, though dumfoundingly jolly at first, rather oppress one after a time, and one longs for a bare hill one can climb to the top of and get a good whiff of air. However I simply revelled in the views, exclaiming "the half was not

told me." But after a day or two the very luxuriance of the view, and the vegetation—every available piece of ground covered with nature's ornaments, reminded me of an over-dressed woman, and the hymn—

"Beneath thy contemplation
The spirit sinks opprest!"

It is rather amusing in the hotel; it is as if one had taken a rest by the wayside, and was watching the stream of people passing down the road of life. Here nearly every one seems to be making a business of their pleasures, but at Nuwara Eliya the man I liked best was convalescing; being footsore, he also had taken a seat on the wayside, and for a few weeks was resting and watching. He looked awfully ill. He had a sort of restless look in his eyes, like a man who longs for something, he is not quite sure what, but knows he is not likely to get it. It is very difficult to describe an expression, but it made me like him at once.

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

To his cousin, Miss Gurner.

GALLE FACE HOTEL,—COLOMBO,

Nov. 30, 1904.

DEAR DOROTHY,—

Many happies, and a jolly Christmas and a prosperous new year, and may your shadow never grow bigger!

Thanks awfully for your letter. But don't wax sentimental. I hate the idea that we may never meet

again until the Good God takes us away. But I know that I shall always have some one to write to who will understand, and that is good. You only know one side of my character, fortunately. You have taught me more than any one except my mater; you remind me of her always, and in my library of memories the volumes about you and her shall be bound alike, and placed next to each other.

If it will give you pleasure, know that you have done more to convert me from a morbid old pessimist, to a pretty sensible, cheerful fellow, than any one in the world; far more. And you have done pretty nearly as much for Hilda and Dad. So your time in England has not been spent in vain.

Yours ever,

Dec. 19, 1904.
En route from Ceylon to Mauritius.

DEAR HILDA,—

Fancy Christmas being next Sunday! No coming home for the Christmas vacation, no term of hard work to look back to, no exams to report with pride or excuses, no presents to buy or cards to send, no carrying plum puddings to Mrs. Kelloway[1] on Christmas Eve, nor surreptitious depositing of parcels in the dead of the night with strict injunctions that they are not to be delivered till Christmas morning. No reading of "Scrooge" in bed, no big fires, no rain nor cold, nor mugginess, nor snow, nor waits, nor Christ-

[1] A working woman in Brighton, friend and protégée of Mrs. Hankey.

mas boxes, nor nothing. Good gracious, *what* a Christmas I will have if I ever spend another at home! All I have is memories, and they, thank God, follow one everywhere. The sun cannot melt them, nor the bilious sea air jaundice them, and I lie back in my chair of an evening, and close my eyes, and they crowd on me, tripping over each other's heels, and I just sit down and love them.

To change the subject. I am positively enjoying this voyage. We have four first-class passengers. I have one cabin with a certain R——, who is in a native regiment, and the other is occupied by two lady missionaries.

R—— is a splendid fellow. He is a big, strong, stolid Canadian, rather reserved, but has seen a lot, and what's more, has noticed things wherever he goes. He is full of stories when the mood takes him, and of an evening we sit up here on the top deck, in the silver starlight, and he yarns away for hours, of places, and men, and animals, while I lie back and listen, and puff away at my cigar, and feel quite like living in the outskirts of a boy's book of adventure, and then turn in to dream of sharks and devil fish, and crocodiles, and cobras, and all manner of delightful things, and feel as if I were fifteen, instead of the mature age of twenty, and reading Henty, instead of listening to a solid flesh and blood British officer.

He is a real soldier, and has much of Hugh's keenness over his native soldiers. He has, however, not much opinion of an English regimental life, where, as he quite truly says, all the work is done by the N.C.O.'s.

However, I will avoid the pitfall of grumbling, and turn to the missionaries.

They are ladies, real ladies, and make life on board very much nicer than it would be without them. One is a tall, angular person—very "midland" in appearance and manner, and with all the kindliness and shrewdness which belong to her part of the country.

The other is a rather subdued, pensive person, who has lived all her life in parish work and domesticity in Leeds.

Both are as keen as anything on their job, and, as R——, who knows a good deal about natives, says, "their faith is wonderful." The first has been out five years, but the second is going out for the first time.

Apparently the natives of Mauritius are awful swine. R—— says he is afraid I shall not be able to get help in any language but French there. He tells me that the gunners are very keen out there, which I am very glad to hear. The Captain is very "surburban" in class, and in fact keeps a wife in a villa at Forest Hill. He periodically declaims violently against Exeter Hall, when the ladies gaze sadly at their food, but generally his talk is of ways and means, and cooks, and "generals," and other items of domestic economy. He has an enormous red beard of which he is inordinately proud.

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

2. MAURITIUS.

PRIESTS' PEAK,
Jan. 10, 1905.

DEAR DAD,—

Yesterday afternoon I started to try and reach a neighboring peak. After pushing my way through an easy bit of jungle I struck a path, which to my delight led straight to the foot of my peak. I climbed up a good way and then the jungle got too thick to go on. I found I had only an hour before dinner, and the light was failing. I did not think I could find my way back as I had come, and the question was whether to go right back to Port Louis, and be very late for dinner, or strike straight across country, and trust to luck. I could see Priests' Peak about two miles away, and the jungle looked easy, so I chose the latter. Well, never have I experienced such torment in my life. The first half-mile was easy, and then I came to a belt of prickly pear, and a thick bush, and for the next mile and a quarter I was pushing my way through a solid wall of this pear. My body was full of thorns, my trousers torn, my hands horribly lacerated. I lost my hat, and a big knife without noticing it. I was nearly mad with pain and terror, crying out every time I took a plunge. Every few steps I stumbled and fell into the awful stuff. Well, I got through it at last, and only just in time, for it was nearly dark. Never was I more thankful than when I reached the huts. The major was awfully good, and spent about an hour getting the thorns out; but this morning I am full of them still, and also of the little hairs which come off

the fruit. This morning my legs and arms are in an awful state, and my knees and elbows so sore and stiff that I can hardly bend them! All the result of my pig-headed persistency.

It was a most ghastly experience, and will make me shy of jungles for some time to come. If only these hills were covered with heather, instead of this hateful stuff, they would be most awfully jolly to walk on, as there are lovely views.

Jan. 12.

I hear there is a mail out to-day so hasten to close. I am nearly free of my prickles now, and am going to spend the week-end with M—— up country.

I am,
Your aff. son,

PRIEST'S PEAK,—PORT LOUIS,
Jan. 21, 1905.

DEAR HILDA,—

I got your letter from Oxford. . . . Could you get me some paint brushes? I have taken to water-colour sketching up here, and am getting on not so badly.

There is a great sameness in our life here. My only excitement has been a week-end with the M——'s. They had plainly asked me from a sense of duty.

Miss M—— is a frightfully serious young lady of two and a half. The nicest man I met was a Major ———. He captains a side usually at the weekly game of hockey, and is an ideal leader. He is very energetic, and has a wonderfully pleasant and courteous manner.

His wife struck me as being a snob. She sort of folded herself up, and talked about Lady ——— and Sir Somebody until one got quite tired of them. *He* is evidently a gentleman of family, and has the true gentlemanly manner; but she, I should say, has married well, and knows it! Another man I liked was one Y. He is a fine, dignified-looking man, and has a peculiarly ugly wife, who has, however, the great quality of never being angry or perturbed at anything! I liked her very much and almost wish her daughters were a bit older. With such a dowry, both of temper and cash, they will indeed be sought after! Y. is the only rich man in the island. I am afraid there are no lady eligibles in the island except the governor's niece, whom I have not yet met.

GREAT SCOTT!

I have not mentioned the Blew tie. I had quite forgotten it arrived since my last letter. Thanks awfully for it, it is absolutely A1.

We are vegetarians up here! I confess I periodically go to the R. A. mess, and have a good big lunch! —Fish, Meat, Curry, Sweets, Cheese, Fruit. We get lots of fruit, awfully cheap!

Your affectionate brother,

R. A. MESS,—CUREPIPE,
Feb. 3, 1906.

DEAR HILDA,—

Your last letter was all that the most exacting correspondent could wish—long, interesting, and not the

less pleasing for the little relish of flattery contained in your observations on my sketches. I am not under any illusion about their merit, but I find it both interesting and healthy trying to do them, and if they give you a slight idea of what this place is like—*tant mieux!*

Capt. A——'s are wonderfully good, considering all things, and their brilliancy and the clearness of his colour fits in splendidly with the place; but I always feel with regard to him that he is an artist in spite of his art, and, in the same way, a good man in spite of his religion.

He must be an artist, or he would not go into raptures over your trees in the meadow near Beding, for a more direct contradiction of all his methods could scarce be found. However, in that picture he professes to find the divine spark which he himself admits that he lacks. So take courage, O Hilda! and once more wield the brush when you have a chance.

I have no divine spark; I merely laboriously copy what I see, and any resemblance is due to a laboured attempt at mathematical accuracy, which is at times attended by a measure of good fortune.

As regards books, such a lot depends on what sort of life you are leading. I always relish Ingram's terse epigrammatic style, but more especially when I am actively busy in mind and body—as during a company course. At such times I have no use for Westcott, and his Euclid-like problems and theorems and theses and antitheses. At the present moment, however, my brain is in tune with Westcott. I have a fair amount of spare time, my work is not much brain-work, and

I feel I need an exercise of the reason such as I find his books give.

I am reading his *Introduction to the Study of the Gospels* at present, and I like it better than any other book of his I have read. He has such a splendidly broad view of everything, and while he observes the minutest details of his subject, he never seems to lose his sense of the whole. That is what is so rare among religionists. They either seem to concentrate all their powers on one little detail, or else get such a very general view that, not understanding the composition, they do not understand the full importance or significance of their subject.

Just the same in sketching, isn't it? One man puts in all the details and loses the sense of proportion of the whole, while another does not observe the details of the construction of his pieces—their anatomy if figures, their formation if mountains, their growth if trees,—and so does not know how to make them look real or natural.

One of my difficulties in reading Westcott is that I must finish a chapter at a sitting, or else I lose my grip, and don't see his drift; and to read a forty-page chapter of Westcott needs a clear brain, a long sitting, and freedom from interruption, which one can't always get.

However, as I say, I am revelling in a book of his now, and I think he has done more than any one else to help me to keep a sense of proportion in the face of A——'s blatant Protestantism, X——'s[1] clever

[1] See letter of March 19.

agnosticism, and my own instinctive leaning towards the beauty, historical grandeur, imperious authority, and wholesome discipline of Rome.

A—— will, I fear, be very shocked when I tell him, as I shall one day, that if I held his views on the wicked stiff-necked pride of thinking for oneself, I would be an R. C.!

There is a good deal to be said for the R. C. view. I can well imagine a man morally convinced of the truth of Christianity and yet unable to cope with its intellectual difficulties, content to rely on the authority of Holy Church. It is a view more consistent than the Protestant one. These seem to say, "exert your right to think for yourself, it is each man's duty to solve these problems for himself," but when an unfortunate wretch solves them to the best of his ability, and gets different results to Rev. Stiggins, that reverend gentleman is full of maledictions: "Proud and stiff-necked vessel of wrath, no son of God, but child of the devil, thou shalt burn, burn, burn in thy stubborn and perverse pride of intellect!" However, do not infer I am thinking of Rome! I get a lot out of the two R. C. books I possess—Fénélon's *Spiritual Letters* and *The Spiritual Combat*—but these only contain what is ideal in its teaching. In the hands of such wise spiritual guides as Fénélon and Soupoli I think the system might work admirably, but unfortunately I fear the majority of priests nowadays are narrow, uncultured men, of humble birth and limited intelligence.

Your affectionate brother,

CUREPIPE,
Feb. 8, 1905.

DEAR HILDA,—

I have begun and thrown away so many letters to you and Dorothy this week that I have hardly time left to write a decent answer to your jolly sensible letter of about December 18.

I can only say that I have come to the same conclusion as yourself, independently, and for partly different reasons.

One thing I have grasped: that instead of the army being not good enough for me, it is rather I who am not good enough for the army.

Fact is, I am, I suppose, lacking in moral strength, for I cannot take possession of a situation as the good officers do.

That wretched family failing of not being able to express oneself is terrible on parade. To end up lamely in explaining a manœuvre to a company on parade, at the top of one's voice, is to lose all hold of the situation.

These things are very discouraging. The only thing I really flatter myself I can do, is to lecture. Then my words seem to come all right, as they do when I am writing.

I am afraid I have very little ambition. If I can get through life without doing much harm to anybody, and with luck doing a little good, it will be more than I expect!

Curepipe is lovely. I am living in a jolly little

wooden house near the mess, in the middle of a lovely wild sort of garden.

I enclose a little water-colour of the view from my front door and verandah.

Well, must finish. M. is nicer since I beat him at tennis! I am getting rather good at hockey, and am contemplating Rugger! ! ! I am writing a moral tale which I will send you, the drift of which will be obvious.

I am,
Your affectionate brother,

CUREPIPE,
Feb. 9.

DEAR HILDA,—

Your letter really wants more of an answer than I gave it yesterday. It is really awfully good. I feel that all through you have struck exactly the right note.

My experience is this. As long as I keep to the thing in front of me, and look at things as they come, I am all right—not self-conscious, and quite simple and direct.

But the moment I begin to think of anything not quite plain, straightforward, and material, my head swells to five times its normal size and my brain plunges into a whirl of egotistical verbosity, loses all sense of proportion, all straightforwardness, and clearness of vision, and naturally enough feeling itself ridiculous, becomes sensitive and self-conscious.

Resolved, to be very matter of fact, to have no truck at all with so-called "higher things" till I have mastered a few of the low ones.

I don't think one is meant to be introspective, or anything of that sort, and I am inclined to agree that some natural hobby is a healthier direction for one's faculties of analysis, than one's " soul " or one's " subconscious self " and all the host of verbosities of which Heaven alone knows the meaning. I don't find much about introspection, or anything of that sort, in the gospels, but I do find a lot about plain practical charity, and about little children, who are about as little " introspective," or " soulful," or any other such adjective, as can be.

I find sketching rather a good natural hobby, provided one keeps to what one sees, and does not go painting things as one thinks they ought to be (like Capt. A.). In fact, I think painting is rather like thinking, in that way. One is awfully liable to think one can better nature, but I don't think it's possible!

It is certainly jolly good for observation, and analysis. I think we are rather vague, and I think there again D—— has the bulge of us. She always seems to be so very consistent in general line. She seems to be quite sure of her idea of what is right, and rides bang, straight at it, at all costs.

The only thing I am not sure about is your remarks on writing down one's observations. The pen should, I think, be used with caution.

Well, I have no more time, and am sorry this has been so meandering and disconnected. The effects of your letter have been so long in maturing that as yet they are hardly ready for publication!

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

P. S.—Do you remember when you were in a depressed state I advised you to read something dry and material like history and try and get out of yourself? It was good advice. A pity I did not take it myself!

FORT GEORGE,—PORT LOUIS,
Feb. 22, 1905.

MY GOOD HILDA,—

Why is it that people always try to make the worst of things? It is apparently an instinct with us "mournful mortal men" to seize on every opportunity to make martyrs of ourselves.

Mauritius is lovely!

Even Port Louis is the prettiest and, but for the heat, the most fascinating of big towns. It is the Garden City, where everybody takes up as little room as possible indoors in order to make room for the lovely trees and flowering shrubs outside. It is the city of strange peoples. Chinamen, Indians, Africans, Creoles, all are blended in this strange place, and all talk a language quite foreign to all. It is a partial realization of the universal language! But the gods forfend that Creole is ever the universal language.

"Venici" is hardly a good substitute for "Venez ici," nor are "gallopy gallopy" or "J'ai sorry" as expressive or as pleasant to the ear as "hurry up" and "I am sorry."

An old man came up one day, and, on my inquiring what he wanted, shouted, "Mangy Mahdi mangy mangy Mahdi Mahdi." It eventually turned out that he had brought my servant's dinner! My servant, or

"boy," is a most queer little chap, with an enormous head, and a head of hair like Prince Bulbo, only it is jet black. All these Creoles have lovely dark eyes, and beautiful black hair of which they are inordinately proud, and oil lavishly with "cocoanut oil."

But they are mostly awful swine.

John Chinaman and the high-class Indian merchants are the backbone of the community, and John especially compares most favourably with the stinking Creoles, being thrifty, honest, intelligent, and civil.

I was very delighted to hear of the arrival of my nephew, but must warn Gertrude to be very careful with his education! Many parsons' sons go wrong either because their parents are too busy to keep an eye on them, or are too keen to stuff them prematurely with piety!

I think if I don't marry I must save up, and send him to Rugby.

Your aff. brother,

Thanks awfully for doing Xmas presents so well.

FORT GEORGE, PORT LOUIS,—MAURITIUS,
Feb. 23, 1905.

DEAR DAD,—

Don't worry about me; at last I am a serious soldier. I have a pile of books on ordnance, and gunnery, and ammunition, and explosives, etc., etc., littering my table, to say nothing of Napier's *Peninsular War*, and a Life of Napoleon! So when my major made a surprise descent yesterday afternoon from Curepipe, he

found me immersed in an essay on Rifling, and was rather pleased!

I am determined that whosoever will be a soldier in the large sense, must first master his own job; so before I touch Staff College work I am going to become a real good gunner.

If I can learn Hindustani so much the better, because then if ever I don't want to go anywhere I can apply with a good chance of success for a native corps.

All things depend on the way you look at them. By an effort of the will I have fallen in love with Port Louis, gunnery, and Natives! And so I take it I must have great latent powers of love!

I am glad I came here. The Island is so lovely, the people so exceptionally nice, and the heat so invigorating!

To Ronald Wathen.

MAURITIUS,
Sunday, Feb. 26, 1905.

DEAR RONNIE,[1]—

I would like to show you this place. I would like to walk you through Port Louis, show you the quaint streets of weird patchwork houses, the beautiful white mosque, covered with fine moulded turrets, archways, domes, the queer gaudy Hindu temples, with peculiar sculptured monsters swarming on the roofs, the Chinese Buddhist temple with its brilliant frescoes and pictures; the vast R. C. churches, towering among the hovels of the coolies; the filthy opium dens; the China-

[1] Son of his preparatory schoolmaster, and his first chum.

men's shops; the rich Indian merchant's house, its courtyard filled with flowering trees. I would like to show you the half-naked coolies, the Chinamen in their oilskin suits, the merchants in their gorgeous white robes and silver-threaded waistcoats. I'd like to see you laugh at the quasi-European airs of the better class Creoles; or the merchants, stately and splendid, walking hand-in-hand like children!

I'd like to hear you swear as you just missed running over a chicken in the principal street, or had to bicycle through a drain on your way to the town!

I'd like to point out to you the magnificent contour of the mountains, the vivid colours of sea and sky. I'd like to take you to the Tombeau river, through shady lanes, red roads bordered by palms and banyan trees. I'd like to show you the brilliant blue of the river, the glistening white of the coral, the lovely colours of the sea shells.

I'd like to take you to the Tamarind Falls. I'd like you to scramble down the side of the gorge, clinging to the thick undergrowth on either side of the path, and then bathe in the cold pool at the foot of a fall, with the water dashing down from 200 feet above, so sheer down that it hardly makes a current in the pool below. I'd like to give you a mango to eat, or see you buy pineapples for two a penny.

Having done these things, I would ask you whether it was not good to live, and whether Mauritius was not a wonderful place for a man straight from England to go to.

However, it's a vain desire, and, after all, you might

drink too many iced drinks and get an abscess on the liver, which is what many men die of. You might get fever, and be unfit to speak to for a week. You might get blood-poisoning or typhoid. You might not even be philosopher enough to stand mosquitoes and prickly heat! You might not relish bicycling two miles for every meal along a bad road, or paying a shilling for a boat. You might even resent the temperature of your room being 89° F. You probably would sleep badly. So perhaps things are just as well as they are.

Personally I revel in this place, in the heat, in everything except the stifling hot nights.

Thanks awfully for your last letter (the one which contained a jolly account of the Christmas holiday). Those are some of the things one misses out here.

Well, good luck for this term.

Your affectionate brother,

In the following letter Donald Hankey gives us his first impression of the man who was to be throughout his life one of his greatest friends. They never lost touch with one another. They frequently corresponded after Hankey had left the army, and later on he went to British East Africa to pay him a visit. Widely as they differed on many subjects, there was between them a complete and lasting sympathy.

It is interesting to note that, apart from the natural attraction which a man of such charm and ability as X—— may have had for Hankey, throughout his life "the Student" instinctively sought out and made

friends of men whose turn of mind was agnostic, or, at any rate, entirely opposed to his own. With them he could talk and argue freely.

CUREPIPE,
March 19.

DEAR HILDA,—

The most interesting man I have met here is a subaltern named X——. He is of good family, and is half Irish and half French. His mother's people were of the old Bourbon noblesse. He was educated by Jesuits, but spent his holidays among atheists. He is extremely handsome and brilliantly clever in many ways, though he failed at the "shop." . . . His upbringing having induced him to believe that the highest form of cleverness is to scoff at religion, he has put himself to the task with a fearful zest. . . . We had an argument on the subject, but though his arguments were extremely clever and specious, and my natural sloth of speech was against me, I saw that they were all founded on his profound ignorance of religion. I fear I was unable to convince him of the fact: we look at things from an entirely different standpoint, and have not renewed the contest. He is an extravagant fellow, but makes beautiful coffee.

DEAR HILDA,—

A—— and I have been hardly on speaking terms lately because he failed to "convert" me at Priest's Peak. I absolutely declined to accept the view that A—— and a few others were "foreordained to right-

eousness," and that every one else was a devil"! Even A——, who is an unreasonable fellow, had the sense to dilute his dose the second time he tried to administer it, but I still declined to swallow it! There is a lot of hypocrisy about these people who go in for being "elect." I have heard A—— tell yarns which I should be very sorry to tell myself, for instance. I believe they think like the minister who, when asked by the dying Cromwell whether a man, having once been "in grace," could ever fall from grace, replied in the negative, which quite satisfied Cromwell, who distinctly remembered being in grace when he was slaughtering the Royalists at Dunbar and Worcester, or massacring the Irish at Drogheda!

A—— solemnly informed me that he saw a gate, and he entered therein, and when inside he saw written on the inside of the gate the magic word "elect."

I have been reading the Life of Dr. Johnson, and in a letter of his to a friend on the death of his mother I found the following passage, which reminded me of a resolve made some time ago, but forgotten.

The passage is:—

"There is an expedient by which you may, in some degree, continue her presence. If you write down minutely what you remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection, when time shall move her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration."

I have begun it, and you will have no idea how many forgotten little incidents crowd on one's memory. I

try to write it down just as it comes, without any affectation of style, or thoughts of any eyes' perusal of it but my own.

I really believe it is awfully valuable, for all these little things have so much more meaning now than they did at the time. Have you ever thought of doing one of Hugh? A sort of memoir, just written down quite simply, without any particular arrangement or style. I believe it would be both a pleasure to you to do it, and a work of great value to you, and to us if you allowed us to see it when done.

I know that I have never met a person, man or woman, whose life more fully represents my ideal of a good life than did mother's, and every help one can have to remind one of the infinite little ways in which her consistent goodness—practical, human goodness too—showed itself, is of tremendous value. And the same applies to Hugh.

Sorry such a long letter and so much nonsense, but I don't think the last suggestion is nonsense, and I believe you could do a much better memoir of Hugh than ——— could.

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

CUREPIPE,

Easter Tuesday, 1905.

DEAR HILDA,—

Thanks awfully for the paint brushes, which are ripping. I have only done one sketch lately, but I think it was slightly better than the others. I will send

it if I can find an envelope big enough. Surely, my good child, you have had enough "descriptive" writing from me! My letters seem to have been chock full of descriptions of places and people.

As regards the serious part of your last letter, which you are afraid I will find disagreeable, I am, on the contrary, very, very much encouraged by it, for though I am sailing at right angles to the course prescribed by Dorothy and Gertrude, I feel that I am running more or less on the tack which would please you.

Curiously enough I arrived at this result by the aid of an R. C. book, called *The Spiritual Combat.* The motto of many of the chapters might be written: "Attack all your faults. Smite them by the virtue of the Holy Cross. You know your own weakness, you are full of distrust in yourself. Very well. Now is the time to put your trust in God, and where your own weakness has failed, God's strength will prevail."

It is a magnificent doctrine. I am trying to attack all my carelessness, and unpractical habits, and am endeavouring to perform most carefully those duties which are most irksome to me.

I am trying to earn my pay as a soldier.

I hope you will have no more livery letters. To the author of *The Spiritual Combat,* a liver is a Heaven-sent opportunity for conquering one's lower nature.

In future I hope that instead of saying as the fat boy in *Pickwick* does—"I wants to make yer flesh creep," when I have a "liver" my letters will be peculiarly cheerful!

CUREPIPE CAMP,
May 5, 1905.

DEAR HILDA,—

I ventured into two social functions this week, and came to the conclusion that people are much nicer in their own homes than at functions.

Most of the military ladies out here (there are exceptions) give one the impression of having very little to do, and being full of wordy maliciousness! When one knows how nice all sorts of women in all kinds of life can be, one does not care to run after these brazen females. . . .

You've exactly hit the nail on the head! At my age one does not bring enough humility to bear on big subjects. One always wants (especially if of a mathematical turn) to have a scientific explanation of everything. Yet if we poor little men could understand everything there would be no need of God. One does not realize the awful magnitude of the divine mystery.

We have a very nice young parson up here who talks sense and takes trouble. He gives good talks to such of our men as go to a Tuesday mission service.

Unfortunately there are one or two awful idiots of men always there, who are for ever wanting to put up prayers and interpolate hymns, etc. They are aggressively bright Christians, and their going keeps other men away. Example:—

Rev. D—— *loquitur:* I want you to try and understand the full meaning of taking up your cross ——

Voice from the back (ecstatically bursting into song): "In the cross! in the cross!" etc., etc. The

whole sequence of D——'s address being spoilt by the ill-timed hymn!

Your affectionate brother,

CUREPIPE,
June 2, 1905.

DEAR HILDA,—

I cannot allow a mail to go without a letter, though I have nothing to say and am in an ill humour.

We go to Port Louis for our course in a fortnight. I am working very hard to try and do decently, but am convinced I shall not succeed.

I would give anything to get away from here for a week end, but there is nowhere to go. I am very cantankerous, and it "irks," as one used to say in Latin; it is irksome sitting at breakfast, lunch, and dinner with people who annoy you. It makes me want to annoy them.

There is one peculiarly irritating Anglo-Indian, stout, florid, and always laying down the law in a manner which demonstrates equally his ignorance, and his pig head. He is a Fusilier. There is my beloved skipper, who is a charming fellow, but dreadfully fussy, and is getting on my nerves.

There is the typical Englishman who despises any one who does not do everything he does (play cricket and hockey in this case) and like everything he likes; and who has a profound contempt for anybody who presumes, say, to like a book he doesn't care for, or play a game he doesn't play!

There is the usual grumbler and society man. It is

all very well in England, but here, when you can't get away from them, they get on your nerves at times.

X—— is still my saving clause, also a Canadian named P, whom I admire immensely. There is also a pleasant cheerful person named U. But wait till I send all their photos *en group*.

I have been getting on all right otherwise, thanks.

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

P. S.—I consider I play tennis better than most people here, and that I am not half a bad half-back at hockey. I am starting "Rugger" this week.

R. A. Mess,—Port Louis,

June 26, 1905.

Dear Father,—

Do you think it is worth reconsidering the old question of Holy Orders? We are always being told that "the harvest is plenteous, but the labourers few," and I feel that a young fellow like myself who is not bound by ties of permanent importance should try and find out if he is not destined to take that most direct way of serving his Master. Thanks to you and mother, I have been sent into the world with a strong natural bias towards religion, and I have seen a good deal of the reasons why young men renounce or ignore Christianity.

I don't hate the army now, but I feel that it is not so much a matter of like or dislike as of fulfilling, or shirking, one's destiny.

I hope you don't mind my bringing this up again, but as before it was largely squashed for a financial reason, I thought if money was to spare it might be worth while bringing it up again.

Many thanks for the cuttings on higher criticism. I can't help thinking that this movement is largely the result of trying to reduce (as I tried to do a few days ago!) Christianity to a comprehensible, logical system of ethics, rather than trying to realize that wonderful communion with God which must always be its source of faith, hope, love, and strength.

Religion would cease to be divine if it were capable of being compressed into the narrow limits of human comprehension; isn't that right?

I am afraid I greatly prefer Dr. Dale's book[1] to Bishop Westcott's. It is so much easier to understand. Westcott is very well for Sundays, but rather exacting for a tired week-day brain!

The Bishop has returned from the Seychelles and is acting as our chaplain. He is a peculiar man, but I believe he is a very good one.

I am,

Your affectionate son,

P. S.—I find I have got a copy of Gore's *Prayer and the Lord's Prayer,* with your name in it. May I stick to it? I like it.

[1] *The Doctrine of the Atonement.*

July 9, 1905.

DEAR HILZY,—

This place suits me admirably. There is very little "Militarism," which is what gives me the hump in England. One is not compelled to go into society—by no means a wholesome recreation. There is a certain amount of sound work done. One gets to know one's men better than in England. They have fewer temptations to get into trouble and are more reliable than in England.

There is no sport to speak of, and honestly I don't think I shall ever care much for shooting, at any rate. (Hunting is different.) Anyhow, I have not been educated to appreciate sport. On the other hand, I have been educated to enjoy walks, and games, and jolly scenery, and flowers; and all these things I get in Mauritius.

But what I want is to be a parson in England. I am presumptuous enough to think that I should make a better parson than a soldier, and that it would give me a big incentive to work.

Now I work from a sense of duty, and that is much better than not working at all; but I should like to work for the love of it. I am becoming a bit of a Stoic in my views, and take a certain pleasure in performing unpleasant duties if the ultimate end appeals to me. But when the ultimate end seems a bit out of one's line I am not particularly enthusiastic about performing the unpleasant duties.

I am going to post this at once, lest I forget.

Your affectionate brother,

FORT GEORGE,
July 11, 1905.

DEAR HILDA,—

Just got a letter from you and the return mail leaves to-morrow, so I must write, although my writing will certainly be bad because I can't use my right thumb, owing to a whack at hockey this afternoon.

You and I have at least one thing in common;—we both think our surroundings uncongenial to our development. But on the whole I think we are wrong. More strength of character is developed by grappling with adverse circs. than by enjoying pleasant ones. People who are able to choose their element frequently become horribly selfish and narrow because they can't see beyond it.

Old Soupoli—the author of my R. C. book—was a great stoic, and if you take it in the right spirit I think Stoicism is a good thing.

One is so very apt to confine oneself to one set of ideas, whether of Theology or Finance or Art or Literature, and I think it is not at all bad for one to have to rub up against other people, even though one may think them silly or disagreeable.

I have noticed just what you say about Hugh. Every one who has seen him, even for a few hours, remembers him distinctly, and honourably.

Most men make no impression in so short a time, and it is an effort to remember their names. But anybody who has known Hugh even a little, is anxious to

mention it, and make the most of it. It is what is called CHARACTER.

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

Aug. 6, 1905.

DEAR HILDA,—

B—— has unfortunately decided to take me in hand socially! He has pushed me in for a dance next Wednesday, and a fancy dress thing the week after! Confound him!

I shall go as a Puritan, in sober black, as a set-off to X, who is going as the Duke of Buckingham (Charles II), and is spending pounds on his costume. We shall make a good pair!

He is going to be all red velvet and pink silk and glass buckles, etc.!

I do not much care for the people you meet at dances. They are mostly either people who have never been out of Mauritius and think it the hub of the Universe, or people who are only here for a short time, and are very condescending in consequence.

My dancing is rather beautiful, I consider.

I am going to try a short *Conte Mauricienne*. I have an idea for one. It is no good writing anything but fiction about a dull place like this.

There are things about this island which appeal to the imagination, but it's a minor key they touch. They whisper of loneliness, and darkness of soul, of ruined

lives, and deep misanthropy, of ravages of fever and plague, of gaiety turned to mourning, and joyous life to devastating death. There are things in the island which appeal to one's sense of humour. The shiftless ways, the blatant boastfulness, the large phrases, and the smallness of the deeds, are inexpressibly comic.

There are scenes in the island which appeal to one's artistic eye, harmonious colouring, and wealth of ornament.

And yet on the whole, over one's philosophic pipe, one cannot help feeling that it is not comic enough, nor beautiful enough, to justify its existence, especially when one considers all the tragedy of wasted and debased humanity that is found upon it.

PORT LOUIS,
Sept. 20, 1905.

DEAR HILDA,—

I have a long and charming letter from Fleming.[1] I am awfully glad you have written to him. He seems rather delighted.

I am in the thick of a ripping book of Winnington Ingram's, called *Work in Great Cities.* Don't you fret yourself, my dear! There are no illusions to the reader of W. I.! My first feeling was, "I couldn't do it; I haven't got it in me." My second was, "But, by Jove, it's worth trying at all costs; and even if I couldn't rise to the East End, I might do a little in a less difficult place."

[1]Afterwards Major Fleming, R.A., M.C., D.S.O. He was at Rugby and Woolwich with Hankey. He fell in France, 1917.

Major Fleming, D.S.O.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

It is a full-blooded, plain-spoken, inspiring book.

I do want to get in touch with realities. The fatal thing is one's tendency to shrink from contact with real strenuous life, and seek refuge in artificial thought.

Meanwhile, as Ingram says, I must read, read, read, and get into the way of knowing and expressing definitely and clearly what I learn. In that way, you know, I do write a good deal. I take a subject, or a book, underline and comment on all the paragraphs that seem most difficult, and then try to reproduce clearly and concisely what I have learnt. It is difficult, but I think it is *the* way to learn.

Well, I must stop. But if you have any thoughts that I have illusions about parsoning, read *Work in Great Cities,* and you will see that illusions are henceforth *impossible.*

Yours fraternally,

Oct. 8, 1905.

DEAR HILDA,—

I would like to see my nephew. What is the good of having a nephew if you can only hear about him! I hope he grows up a sturdy fellow.

Little Mary also sounds most fascinating. I am not nearly so afraid of children and dogs as I used to be! I'm sure I and little Mary would get on famously now.

Talking of dogs, we have an awfully nice one which belongs to the company. He attached himself in South Africa. He is a big, rough-haired brown dog, and extremely military. He turns up at all parades

and rushes up and down the lines to see that all's correct. And when we march he always comes too, trotting round and round the column. He is very sensible and independent, hates all other dogs, and treats them with contemptuous indifference. He takes no notice of any one who is not military.

I am afraid you will have to wait a long time for your *Conte Mauricienne,* and that it will be a disappointment when you get it. I have no invention.

I quite sympathize with you liking to write in your own small room, with the soothing noises of the wood round you—

> "A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
> Born of the very sigh that silence heaves."

I have despatched all my sketches to you by the mail. They are all horrible and dirty, and I don't think I am improving at all.

I have been "shot" for wine secretary to the mess.

No, I don't believe in being dragged into society by one's major, and I have sternly refused to be dragged any further. But I am glad I went to that dance, for now I know everybody when I meet them at tennis, while not having called, I cannot be expected to be eternally "poodle-faking." One can't do everything. One can't "poodle-fake," and sketch, and play tennis, and go walks, and be wine secretary, and read a little, and write letters to six regular correspondents and a dozen occasionals!

It is very difficult for an Englishman bred in England not to be self-conscious. I am afraid conversa-

tion is no longer practised as an art. As the man in the *Spectator* says, an Englishman is usually very much upset if you talk to him about anything but sport or finance.

Yours fraternally,

R. A. Mess,—Curepipe,
Nov. 16, 1905.

Dear Hilda,—

Thanks awfully for the sketch of yourself. I think it is very good, and has distinctly got you in one of your moods! It doesn't give you enough character though.

However, it is a distinctly successful and delightful study of the girl's head!

But, *andante furioso,* as a picture it is absolutely spoilt by some beastly person's carelessness. All across one section there is a filthy crimson stain, which has gone right through the paper, and makes the whole of one side of your face look as if you had got blood poisoning, and one eye looks as if you had been drinking heavily for a fortnight. Isn't it bad luck! I could not find any trace of how it happened in the packing.

To me it is still a delightful reminder of my best beloved, but as a picture I cannot hang it up, or my friends will think my best beloved has got skin disease and drinks!

I am simply furious about it. I cannot even pretend that it is a firelight effect.

Thanks awfully for painting it, though. I think it is really jolly but for that exasperating blemish.

Gertrude's Imp [1] arrived by the same mail, and I am filled with fearful joy over it;—fearful, because I am so afraid of its being stolen.

Well, I believe this is the Christmas mail, so I must wish you a very cheery Christmas. I hope that at 1, Chesham,[2] there will be found the good old-fashioned spirit of Christmas, with all its sad, sweet memories, and all its gladness and hopefulness.

I shall try and act up to it by reading Scrooge, and Christmas at Dingley Dell, and I hope the organist won't drawl "Hark, the herald angels sing" as he did last year. I am really too broke to send any presents at all, at all; but if you have any money of mine left will you please subscribe half crowns to the rising generation's funds for me, and if there is enough left then ask somebody to buy some cigars, and send them to Horace Thirlwall,[3] or if there is any one I ought to give something to, give it to them. I am afraid this will be a nuisance at Christmas time. I'm sorry!

I sincerely trust I shall not be on detachment at Fort George for Christmas. Curepipe is really quite nice now. All the trees are covered with creeping convolvulus, blue or magenta. The heath is full of lovely madonna lilies, orange lilies, wild pine-apples like red-hot pokers in colour, pink dog roses, and a sort of Michaelmas daisy.

I must finish now as I have got heaps more letters to write.

Your affectionate brother,

[1] A "Lincoln Imp." [2] His father's home in Brighton.
[3] A farmer in Hampshire, a great friend.

R. A. Mess,—Curepipe,
Nov. 23, 1905.

Dear Hilda,—

I am sorry that you should have been anxious at not hearing for three weeks. Out here it is impossible to secure one's letters against being mislaid. The "boys" at the mess are utterly unreliable, and the postal service not much better.

The decline and fall of Mauritius was due to the following causes:—

1. The liberation of the slaves.
2. The importation of the Indians to fill the place of the liberated slaves, who refused to work on the sugar plantations.
3. The introduction of Plague, Leprosy, Smallpox, and Malaria, with the Indians.
4. The opening of the Suez Canal, which diverted the main route to the East from the neighbourhood of Mauritius.
5. The continuance of a distorted version of the "Code Napoleon" after the British occupation.
6. The immorality of the planters, and the gradual substitution of a race of half-castes for a race of Frenchmen.
7. The hopeless lack of grit, prudence, economy, or even honesty among the planters.

So you see the causes are many and sufficient.

Even now, balancing the good years against the bad ones, Mauritius might be a successful colony. But the planters are so plunged in debt that the money they

gain in good years, instead of being saved up against bad years, is swallowed up by their creditors. They are hopelessly improvident, and even if they do get out of debt, they immediately spend all they have in a trip to France or something of that sort, and are speedily in debt again.

Culture and Restraint[1] does, as you say, just miss being very good. It is not sufficiently practical, and loses force by being so long-winded. It is a book for some one with leisure.

What I like about Winnington Ingram is his clear and concise style, which requires no effort on your part to find out what he's driving at. He has a central thought in his mind the whole time, and everything he says bears directly on it.

With a good many writers, especially theological, I find that they go off on some side issue which has no apparent bearing on the case at all, and by the time you have mastered their intricate writing on the side issue, you have forgotten the main issue. In fact it is only by constantly noting the different results you've come to, that you can make out what the general drift is. I think Westcott is very bad at that.

I am reading Morley's *Life of Gladstone* now. I think you have read it. I like it awfully, and I think it must give a very true picture of the man.

I don't think I should have liked Gladstone personally, but I have a great admiration for him as a conscientious man. I am inclined to agree with Emerson that consistency is not a virtue to be too greatly

[1] Hugh Black.

prized. Too often it means lack of mental development, and wretched subservience to prejudice.

All the same I think it is a good thing for a man to start life with a good deal of bias, for if he doesn't stick to the prejudices very strongly, he will probably take up the opposing ones very strongly. The deplorable person, I think, is the fair person with an open mind, no convictions, no prejudices. Narrow-minded people do far more to push the world along, I am sure, than the broad-minded.

I am afraid I rather suffer in most things from being impartial—without confidence in either party. X. calls it being phlegmatic; I (except to myself, you, and the postman) call it being philosophic, and broad-minded!

I am,
Your affectionate brother,

FORT GEORGE,
Nov. 28, 1905.

DEAR HILDA,—

I think I have answered your last letter, so I must try to invent one.

I am here for a week feeling utterly disinclined to do anything but eat, drink, and smoke, so don't expect an interesting letter!

I have done a rough sketch of a Port Louis street. I should like to paint one because they are not without fascination if you don't see too much of them.

The difficulty is that it is impossible to stand and sketch in the middle of the road, and I can't do anything satisfactory from memory.

All the houses have bright shutters, and either iron shades or balconies. While the furniture of the streets is most amusing.

The very names of the shops are comic. One creole pub. calls itself "Au Rendez-Vous des Aristocrates." The milliners are mainly such names as "Au petit profit des pauvres," "High life Stores," "Au crédit des pauvres." The Chinamen are,

Mr. Hong Him,
No. 21,345 Consolidated
Retailer.

The whole place is odd in the extreme.

I have no news at all except that I fear X. is getting his old complaint—enormous boils. Being not bad looking in a lean style he is frightfully sensitive on the subject!

I am,
Your affectionate brother,

Curepipe Camp,—Mauritius,
Dec. 5, 1905.

Back from Port Louis again, my dear Hilda, and not sorry! It has been a beastly week. A cyclone has been cruising in the neighbourhood, and the whole of Port Louis was under water. Jolly when one has to move about. It was too wet to bicycle, the "Calèches" were charging the most exorbitant rates, and the boats had struck work.

Yes, it was very uncomfortable, and I am not at all sorry to be back "home" again. My walls are

adorned by your sketches in handsome brown frames. My bookcase has a collection of some eighty imposing volumes.

I have the most beautiful rocking chair imaginable, all in handsome dark wood, red velvet and brass nails, on which I spent a small fortune (second hand though it was) and have never regretted it. Then I have my tobacco table! A small table with numerous tins, a large Indian bowl for ashes, a beautiful pipe rack representing anchors, and paddles and various other nautical implements (presented by Tommy), a Worcester china candle snuffer, like Mr. Pickwick in his nightcap (presented by G. ages ago), while a handsome photo album reposes on the lower shelf.

Oh yes, my dear! I assure you we are very comfortable, and when we have bought a stove, and got fitted up with electricity, we shall face the wet season with equanimity! Even X., who is perfectly ridiculously extravagant and faddy about his room, and always despises my Spartan simplicity, is delighted with my pictures (your sketches). He says, in fact, that it reminds him of going to see a clever artistic person who doesn't care much about comfort when compared with art!

But X. is ridiculous in many ways. For instance, he feels obliged to have the creeps when he sits down to dinner with the Eurasian doctor of the ——, a most worthy little man, an Englishman in all but colour, intelligent and interesting.

X. is, however, a charming person too. As an Irishman he is superb, and his conversation is like that

of Miss P—— the elder—bubbling champagne. He is awfully "good value," as his expression has it. You would like him immensely. He is as a rule delightfully unconscious of himself, and is eminently presentable all the same.

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

CUREPIPE,
Dec. 25, 1905.

DEAR HILDA,—

Your letter and things arrived in the nick of time—two days before Christmas. Thanks awfully. The tie I was charmed to get—a return of my first love in ties. But I must make a confession. The last one you sent me (somewhat similar) has been stolen. Isn't it beastly? One can't leave anything for a moment in the mess with any safety. The only consolation is that my boy found that jolly dark green one, which had also been stolen. So I now have

a blue one,
a dark green one,
a light green one,
a brown one.

The Dickens calendar was awfully jolly too—such ripping colouring, and totally unlike anything in Mauritius.

By the way—I would not have told you but for one thing, for I know your absurdities—I have been trying to be fashionable, and have had a very slight go of appendicitis! No operation or anything, but the last

fortnight in bed on starvation diet! It is really merely a slight inflammation in those regions, and is practically all right now, and I am expecting to be up in a day or two. The reason I tell you is that having had a fortnight in which to do very little but think, all the impressions of the last six months have been crystallizing, and I have resolved to renounce my ambition to become a clergyman. It is my ideal life—what I would like to be able to do. But I think, after all, I am not good enough. I am afraid of my religion becoming false or forced—I am afraid of binding myself where I want to be free.

The fact is, I don't think my training has suited me. I have read too miscellaneous a lot of books—in short, I fear lest my religion, though good for a layman and a help, is not deep or strong enough for a priest. It is strong enough to guide me, but not to guide others through me. I am afraid if I were a priest it might develop a false tone, and become a bit forced, affected, ill-balanced. I am very sorry to give it up, but if I did not really feel that it was the honestest way, I would not write about it on this great day of all days.

So "Vive l'armée!" sez I, and though I do not think I am good for Staff appointments, or positions of great responsibility or trust—my capacity being but moderate—I hope to pursue a useful and honourable career, as a good gunner, a good gentleman and a good Christian.

You may show this to any one you like.

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

P. S.—X. has been simply angelic during my illness. He visits me twice a day, spends the afternoon telling me Oirish stories, and if I allowed him, would play piquet with me all the evening. What have I done to deserve such friends?

Behold me rapidly regaining my pristine strength. My bones are still a bit shaky, but I can walk a mile without being the worse, and my appetite is returning.

FORT GEORGE,
Jan. 24, 1906.

DEAR HILDA,—

W. was a quaint card! He was always morose in his manner, irritable, jerky, and absolutely unfit to live with at breakfast time, yet withal a simple soul, and with a certain awkward gentleness at times. He loved beautiful things too. I should think he was one of the least happy men I have ever met, and I shall be very sorry for the woman he marries, if ever he does marry. It requires a very clever woman to understand the goodness of a man who is always either muttering or bellowing, grumbling, finding fault, and making himself miserable over trifles! I liked him best when he was ill, but even then he was most difficult to humour! If I went to see him he was absolutely rude, and generally told me I was boring him. He always interrupted anything I said by asking if I couldn't talk about something else! But if I didn't go and see him every day he used to write aggrieved and pathetic notes wanting to know why! It was good practice for me in the exercise of tact. He abso-

lutely refused to see A——, because he gave him a tract called *The Last Few Days of an Officer's Life*, when W. was contemplating pegging out. I don't altogether wonder, but A. was awfully hurt!

I am afraid I have a tendency to dabble, and shall never do anything really well. Sometimes I feel as if I must sketch, sometimes play, sometimes write. It is worse with books. I generally have about twenty-five in hand which I like to pick and choose from as the humour takes me. But if I read anything without being in the mood for it I go to sleep promptly!

Sometimes a book takes charge, and then I can't put it down.

By the way, I have just been reading Fitzgerald. What a deplorable fellow! Didn't "Posh" make you sick? Personally I prefer Omar to his interpreter! Yet I can imagine that he was a very lovable person.

X. has gone to S. Africa. Naturally I miss him a lot. He is the only man here who is in any way a kindred spirit. He has many faults, of which nobody gets the benefit more than himself, while other people get the benefit of his virtues.

One does get to know people horribly well in a tiny place like this. I find myself continually analyzing—what do they call it?—Psychology, isn't it?

I admit what I miss most here is a girl pal. No sisters, no Dorothy, not even a Marion or an Averil. I expect you will find that in desperation I have married a Mauritian!

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

CUREPIPE, *Feb. 10.*

DEAR DAD,—

I don't think I have answered your letters of December 18th (about).

I think you are quite right in advising me to stick to the gunners, though if you think I have any ambition, you are mistaken!

What's the good of "doing well"? I am not a man whose talents are so great that it would be a crime to deprive the commonwealth of them! In short, I think I am far more likely to be of use in a small way, and in the limited sphere of a garrison company, than if I attempt to thrust my way into the jostling crowd of the ambitious.

I have no hankering after weighty responsibilities, no incendiary ambitions with regard to the Thames, no desire to hear my name in people's mouths,—such desires are seemly in some people, but in me they would be ridiculous.

The side street for me! And after all there is a lot to be done in the side streets—perhaps even more than in the forum or the market place. It is not shirking one's life's work, or anything of that sort. But to my mind it will be doing the work I was meant to do, instead of wasting time and energy in attempting the impossible, and by failing, becoming useless for a smaller job, through jealous pride and envy of others who may succeed.

I have not enough personality, character, or vitality to be "great" as Hugh or Maurice might be. But enough of this.

Curepipe is awfully jolly and cool, especially after Port Louis. The lanes are mostly almost like England. Yesterday I walked to "The Tamarind Falls," which are lovely. I mean to do some sketches there. The forest all round was full of the most glorious colours, and most peculiar flowers—including orchids and ferns. The falls are a succession of three, each about 150 to 200 ft. in height, and a wonderfully beautiful sight, in a wonderfully beautiful setting.

I am,

Your affectionate son,

FORT GEORGE,
Feb. 13, 1906.

DEAR DAD,—

Please cancel my remarks on ambition in last letter! Of course no one can get on in life who hasn't got a purpose, and one's purpose must be one's profession. One thing I must again impress upon you is that I cannot hold myself responsible for my pen, under certain conditions, such as a bad night, or too much cake for tea!

I am,

Your affectionate son,

I have read Lord Roberts' essay on the army—very good.

FORT GEORGE,
March 12, 1906.

DEAR HILDA,—

Behold me in the greatest discomfort down here for

the week! The Carnatics are moving up country to replace the Rajputs, who are coming down here. Consequently for the time there is no mess! I am cooking my own dinner here, the doctor is happy in the possession of an English landlady, and the Carnaticer has dinner sent in at six o'clock from the sign of the "Glâneur"!

My great difficulty is how to prepare a large dinner in two saucepans and a spirit stove.

Last night I had

Purée de Bovril au Plasmon,
Lamb chops aux oeufs pôchés,
Rhubarb et "Ground Rice."

The soup was good. The lamb chops (out of a tin labelled thus) were beastly, and tasted like desiccated rabbit. The rhubarb and ground rice pudding were all right, so I ate too much of them!

Anyhow, John Jameson's three-star Irish whisky is the same everywhere, and so is Capstan tobacco, so I will do well enough for a day or two.

C——, I rejoice to say, has come back to the company. B—— is much better, and he and W. will both be going home soon. The latter has a beard an inch long, and looks like a beach preacher; the brilliant-eyed, enthusiastic, evangelizing, no-popery sort, I mean.

Now I must go and start culinary operations.

So believe me,

Your affectionate brother,

MAURITIUS,
April 25, 1906.

DEAR HILDA,—

It is quite hopeless my trying to scribble. It comes out all laboured, and doesn't interest me. Besides, what Benson says about writing down one's ideas doesn't apply, because when I have any I write them down most candidly in my letters to you! I am afraid the only thing to do will be to wait till I am a bishop or a general and then publish my letters to my sister, or to make a collection of them now, and call them "Maroon papers" and trust to the public mistaking anonymity for celebrity veiled!

I am sure my letters must be good, or you would not want me to scribble! So it is not modesty that stands in my way!

Papa's telegram arrived this morning. I trust it was not the sign of unseemly agitation. There is nothing to be worried about, as you will have guessed from the tone of my letters, I hope.

By the way, to return to the subject of ideas, why is it that one has a much greater sense of the dramatic in dreams? I give two recent dreams. In one the Bishop married again—*quite* an impossible person! I was best man, my principal duty being apparently to carry about an enormous bundle of parasols, property of the bride! Just as they were getting into the cab to go off on their honeymoon, the Bishop beckoned me into his study, and suddenly changed into Smith the doctor, who announced he was going to take my appendix out before he went, which he proceeded to do

with a carpenter's "gouge." (I don't know how to spell it, but it is pronounced GOWJ.)

I assure you it was all most dramatic.

Last night a robber came and robbed me of a will by which I was to inherit untold wealth.

In the morning I sent my boy round with my remaining half tin of "Hankey's" smoking mixture (drugged) while I followed softly, attired in a military great coat and a pair of pumps. I heard my boy tell the robber he had stolen it off "master's table," I heard the robber chortle in a bacchanalian manner at so great a prize, and I was just waiting for the drug to take effect, when the hot water came!

Now those instances, though they do not give possible plots for short stories, show that in sleep I am untrammelled by that excessive sense of the improbable, and that utter lack of the dramatic instinct which annihilate my attempts at scribbling! On thinking it over, perhaps it is not quite that so much as that in dreams I have a faculty of dexterous adaptation which fails me in my waking hours! I certainly do rather regret having given half a tin of Hankey's mixture to one Sewell, who was in here with malaria, and was allowed a pipe before I was. Why the Bishop should marry again I don't know; though if he married in Mauritius he could not help marrying the wrong person! But the will came out of *Our Mutual Friend*, and the poisoning by deputy of *Medea*, only she did it with a golden crown!

I hope you are not bored at getting such a lot of letters. It passes the time.

Oh, by the way, I have got hold of a book I like—*London,* by Besant. It is written by a lover, and I think it is almost equal in style to Dickens. It is a series of descriptions of London as it was (or may have been) in the various periods, Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Charles II. and George II. It describes the appearance, buildings, people, customs, etc., and all in an awfully nice readable way. There are a lot of rather jolly illustrations.

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

PORT LOUIS,
Wednesday before Easter.

DEAR HILDA,—

It is indeed bad news I got this morning. Poor G. and poor Arthur. He does seem to have been a marvellous little chap. I can hardly realize that I have never seen him. I have heard so much of him, and thought so much about him, and I think I have played with him in dreamland.

To his sister, Mrs. Spelman.

DEAR G.,—

It is awfully good of you to write to me in the midst of your trouble. I wish I could have done anything to help you. Even the assurance of my sympathy would have been something. But it is the penalty of exile that one is debarred from that sharing of sorrow and doubling of joys which is the greatest privilege of friendship, and still more of relationship.

Nevertheless, I did feel for you. He must have been a winning little chap. Even I who had not seen him loved him. Even in his photo he has a gentle, affectionate, wistful look, especially for so young a child.

Had he grown up, the world must have been richer for him, but perhaps he was too good and too sensitive for the cruel storms of the world.

God knows best. His short life has not been in vain. It has cast a spiritual radiance upon those who loved him, bound their hearts yet more strongly to Christ, the Fountain of holiness and innocence.

I can't write more now. It is too late to write sympathy, and I don't want to write about other things now. So good bye.

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

P.S.—We had that hymn "On the resurrection morning" to-day. The first time I had heard it since mamma's funeral.

> "On that happy Easter morning
> All the graves their dead restore;
> Father, Sister, Child, and Mother
> Meet once more."

PORT LOUIS,

Wednesday before Easter [*1906*].

DEAR DOROTHY,—

You are always apologizing for the supposed dullness of your letters; it's a piece of self-consciousness

which for the future you will kindly drop! I don't apologize for mine, even when they are written on a sweltering night, after an indigestible dinner, in a mosquito-ridden verandah with enough breeze to make the candles flicker and insufficient to blow away the mosquitoes. I believe, in fact, that you are like me in that you would rather get a dull letter than none at all!

To say the truth, O Dorothy, I only like Port Louis in the early morning and at sunset.

Do you ever look into the glorious sunset, as one looks into glowing coals, and see forms and faces you have lost? I am sure you do. And are there not some among them who you think were true to their light, yet knew not the true Light of the World? I have been assured many a time that such are undoubtedly lost; but I prefer to think that those who have striven with darkness may see the Light hereafter.

> Christ lived and died and rose and reigns above
> Not only for the few who see and love;
> But many souls that struggle through the night
> And see no light,
> Yet struggle on, shall find
> The Light of love in Him who healed the blind.

Crude verse, is it not? Yet I am convinced that among the many disabilities which God sends for us to contend against, spiritual blindness may in His hands prove a means of ennobling the spirit, and that many whom we have pitied in this life as outcasts doomed to the "outer darkness" will be found in another life, healed of their affliction and wearing crowns of a

radiance far surpassing those of many professed Christians. See Tennyson's *In Memoriam:*

> "He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> He faced the spectres of the mind
> And laid them: thus he came at length
>
> To find a stronger faith his own;
> And Power was with him in the night
> Which makes the darkness and the light,
> And dwells not in the light alone,
>
> But in the darkness and the cloud,
> As over Sinai's peaks of old,
> While Israel made their gods of gold,
> Altho' the trumpet blew so loud."

A very "pi" Major told me he believed that one was required to lay aside all one's reason, one's intellect, and one's moral sense and just have faith. He did not believe there was any such thing as conscientious doubt, or agnosticism.

The Bishop wrote to me on the same subject in a strain I liked better. I can't find the part of his letter I want, but this will do almost as well: "Responsibility to God for the right use of it (the intelligence) seems the highest form of life, even if it does bring us to grief sometimes." In the other part he says something to the effect that it is our duty to "face the spectres of the mind" and only an inferior rôle to shut our eyes to them; and I think he is right. He is a brick, is the Bishop. He doesn't mind how trivial one's doubts and difficulties are, but treats them sym-

pathetically as being very real to their owner, and worthy of all respect.

It is for want of a broad-minded generous adviser like him that so many officers, trying to worry things out in their own heads, fall into those unholy Calvinistic views of salvation and damnation and nothing at all between.

But I did not mean to write such a lot!

Your aff. cousin,

CUREPIPE,
April 29, 1906.

DEAR HILDA,—

The *Upton Letters* came last mail, and I like them very much indeed. I have never come across letters, or indeed any writing, which dealt with such subjects without affectation. For instance, in descriptions of scenery one nearly always detects a little conscious pride on the part of the writer over some graceful turning of a phrase or poetic simile; while in philosophy writers nearly always give me the impression that they are writing, not what they really think, but what they think they ought to think! But these letters are splendidly characteristic, they sound so entirely genuine and unaffected. I think they must be real letters too, as they profess to be, because I notice a recurrence of phrases in descriptions in successive letters which a man would avoid in writing a book, but would not remember if he were writing a letter.

I should think the Benson theory was very likely correct, though the initials are T. B. and not A. B.

Some of the letters rather remind me in style of E. F. Benson's *Book of the Months*, which I thought had an unusually frank, unaffected ring about it, while some parts might easily have come from the author of the *Hill of Trouble*. There is the same love of quietness and peace, gentleness and holy calm. This sentence from page 121 decided me in favour of the A. C. Benson theory—

"It was as though we opened the door of some stately corridor, and found a strange beast-like thing running to and fro in a noble room."

I quite agree with him in hating self-consciousness, affectation, conventionality and kindred diseases. They are awfully hard to cure, though. My theory is that for a person who has got them badly, and chronically, as I have, the only cure is hard work of a kind which throws one into contact with other people and interests.

Out here these diseases get a fearful hold on me. The work is not of an absorbing or inspiring kind, and one is bound to look elsewhere for something to exercise one's intellect, and satisfy one's need for combat. Some people find it in stiff professional reading, others in reading of another kind, and languages, while the majority fill their spare time with society and games, and their evenings with bridge.

Now personally, though stiff reading exercises the brain all right, I don't find it is a cure for the egotistical diseases. If of a professional nature, its object must be professional ambition, of which I have none, because I feel convinced in my own mind that I shall

never be the sort of man to do well in positions of military responsibility. If I have any qualities, they are not of that order. On the other hand the sort of reading which interests me—biography, history, religion, etc.—does not interest any one else out here, and merely has the effect of throwing me on my own resources, which is the worst thing in the world for egotism.

The third alternative does not satisfy me either. Games are good, and necessary, especially in a climate like this, but society I do not like. I don't know if you have read *Uriah the Hittite*.[1] It is an unpleasant book, but not a bad caricature of a small colonial society like this. The military section is so hopelessly military. Its interests are entirely confined to the less interesting forms of shop, military gossip, ponies, and grumbling. The civil population seems to be in a perpetual state of standing on its dignity. I mean that every one seems engaged in refusing to have anything to do with the people who are slightly blacker than themselves! There are only four pure French families in the colony! The remainder are varying shades.

The men are entirely devoted to commerce and what they think is the grand passion. The women are, from twenty-five years onwards, stout and coarse-featured, with discontented expressions. They take no exercise, try to conceal their mixed blood by quantities of powder, and indulge an unwholesome passion for *crème de menthe* and sugar cakes. I only know one nice French lady, and she, though married to a man

[1] By Dolf Wyllarde.

who has some colour, is really white. She is an awfully good sort, and clever too. She is a wonderfully successful palmist among other things and has converted some of the most sceptical. The Mauritians of English origin are nearly all children of former ships' captains, with a sprinkling of canny Scots.

Think of it! There is only one library in the island, and that is for the police force. I was allowed to join, fortunately. There is not a single bookshop in the place, though sometimes one sees funny little R.C. books in shop windows. There are at present thirteen newspapers in circulation!

I am,

Your aff. brother,

R. A. Mess,—Curepipe,

May 8, 1906.

Dear G.,—

My new skipper arrived last week; his name is C——. He is a fussy little fellow, who I foresee will give one a great deal to do and accomplish nothing. One cannot help comparisons on such occasions, odious though they may be. Poor old B. was just the reverse —the most un-fussy man imaginable. He would tell one to do a thing, and let one do it one's own way, and trust one to do it as well as possible. A most satisfactory man to work with. Now C. appears to be the sort of man who tells you he wants you to do a thing, tries to superintend you the whole time, without taking any responsibility, and gives you the impression that he

is convinced you will try and get out of it if you can! An eminently unsatisfactory person to work with!

I admire B. very much, yet he is not what I should call a "success." In fact, he has had very bad luck in his professional career. But, after all, it is not success that one admires, or failure that one despises, but the way a man takes it.

Each has its pitfalls, and I do not know whether I despise more an overbearing "success" or a depressed and miserable "failure"; perhaps the latter. But personally I have far more admiration for courage and "fight" under continued bad luck, than for even the rare virtues of sympathy and modesty in a great man.

I believe Bobs is a really great man in that way.

On the whole, however, there is a great deal to be said for bad luck. How little the ordinary man allows for circumstances! The ill-temper of a poor man's wife, the dejected air of a half-starved clerk, the coarseness of a labourer, the stupidity of a yokel, the causticism of a dyspeptic, the querulousness of an invalid—a hundred other things which irritate one, and with which one "has no patience" are really very natural if you look at the conditions which produce them, and if regarded sympathetically must be deprived of half their repulsiveness. And a successful man has no time to look into these things. He runs up against them and condemns them unheard. It is necessary to have suffered, to understand suffering. There, of course, we have one of the explanations of the great power of Christ.

As you know, my two greatest pals at Rugby and

Woolwich were Fleming and D——, and I always thought the difference between them was that while Fleming had known great sorrow D—— had apparently never come across it. Fleming was by far the richer nature of the two, and largely for that reason.

I have quite lost touch with him somehow. I am very sorry for it. I suppose we have both altered a bit, and do not realize how. But whether or no we meet again and pick up the broken threads,[1] I shall always think of him as the best friend I've had bar none. Even the X. does not come up to "Thremmin."

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

May 11, 1906.

DEAR HILDA,—

I wish I had you out here to pick flowers for! You've no idea how annoying it is to come on a clump of orange lilies and have no one to pick them for!

Oyez! Oyez! I am a man of divers occupations. I am in the wine and tobacco trade, I am a bit of a schoolmaster, a bit of a clerk, a bit of a magistrate, and a lot of other things. I think I should do best in the wine and tobacco trade. It appeals to me more than the others. It is a thing one can take pride in, exercise judgment in, and possibly make money in! Oyez, one might do worse.

At present I am consuming my own fuel intellectually because X. has gone to S. Africa, and there is no

[1] The Great War brought them together again, and in death they were divided only by a few months.

one in the mess who can take his place. We are not interested in the same things, and the other fellows in the mess, and we are rather tired of ourselves and each other through being shut up together for so long!

The *Daily Chronicles* are a great joy. I intend to open one for breakfast every morning, and make up my mind to be a month behind the times! I think I shall give up looking at the cablegrams, to make it more thrilling.

I agree with you and Benson about ambition. I think a man who could do a job efficiently and refuses it from indolence or dislike of responsibility is as criminal as the man who accepts a job for which he is unfit, for the sake of emoluments or social position.

I confess I am not so devoted as of yore to "my Benson," as you call him. I like his writing, but I think he is rather soft sometimes. I think the *Upton Letters* is much better than anything else of his I have seen. The others strike me now as artificial and affected, but the *Upton Letters* don't.

Your affectionate brother,

MAURITIUS,
May 20, 1906.

DEAR HILDA,—

I have at last made a successful start on *The Origin of Species*, though I must confess to many false starts! It is a wonderful book; the style is lucid and interesting, and the attitude is modest and reverent. He doesn't start with a theory and distort facts to fit in with it, but gives the impression of open-minded rever-

ent inquiry, with a great brain to back him up. He evidently was a great lover of nature, and treats flowers and animals not with the brutality of most scientists, but tenderly and delicately. Altogether it is a wonderful and, even to my hopelessly unscientific mind, a fascinating book.

I am also reading Gibbon. I found a bridge of a sort from "The Tragedy of the Cæsars," which ends at Nero, to Gibbon, which begins at Commodus, in Volume II. of a book called *Laynam's Roman Emperors,* and now I am well into Volume I. of the immortal Gibbon. I wonder if you have read it. It is a period which has a great fascination for me, as at present it is shrouded in the romantic obscurity of profound ignorance.

The style of the writing is magnificent—what some people would call "resonant prose." It is very interesting, though, like the Old Testament, it strikes me as being too dogmatic in ascribing motives, and explaining the exact proportions of virtue or perfidy which induced people to do things. It seems rather presumptuous, even at the time, to ascribe good actions to unworthy motives, but after 1,600 years it seems too bad not to give a man the benefit of the doubt!

The man who lent me the book is a curious blend of Italian and Welsh . . . , with rather a good looking face except that it looks as if it had come straight out of a Fra Angelico!

He appears to be a great lover of Italy, for he has a heap of books on Italian and Roman history, reads Latin classics for recreation, though not in an ostenta-

tious way. He does not go in for being clever, but has peculiar tastes in the direction of literature and music, and prefers Gibbon to Guy Boothby, and Mozart to Monkton, which of course is a sign that he is mad!

He is very clever, and passed out of the Gunnery Staff course at Shoeburyness with flying colours. He rather confounded the luminaries of Shoebury, however, by informing them that in his opinion their system was utterly inane from start to finish, and that nothing should induce him to accept any of those nice little "jobs" which are the rewards coveted by Gunnery Staff course men as a rule!

As the aforesaid Luminaries are accustomed to receive universal homage as models of intelligence and efficiency, and have probably never had their favours refused before, they did not take the rebuff kindly!

However, K. doesn't care. He is hopelessly unambitious and contented, treats the army as a joke, and yet having done so brilliantly at Shoebury is out of reach of censure.

He is fatally original. All his ideas are original and to my mind most of them are futile. The one thing he is not tolerant of is the "sealed pattern:" and of course that is why he did not get on with the School of Gunnery at Shoebury, who are purveyors of sealed patterns to the R. G. A.

The great article which all men who pass through the school of gunnery are expected to proclaim and confess is the infallibility of the Chief Instructor. K. nicknamed him "Golliwog"!

Oh, he is an odd fellow, is K., and though I regard

him as the most unsound man I have met for a long time, he is rather a refreshing person!

Your last letter was the second epistle from the Gay City. I am glad you enjoyed it. The only remark I remember which aroused a desire for discussion was that you never felt so Puritanical as at a ritualistic mass, which was such a far cry from the worshipful woods. I always forget your Puritanical strain! I don't think I've got it. I dislike the Puritan attitude, but it undoubtedly contributed to the strength of the race, and I think a Puritan reaction will come upon us for our good in the near future.

It seems to me that the great essential, and the great difficulty of attaining a worshipful spirit is humility. The Puritan attitude seems to me too personal to be humble. Religion is a matter of God and Ego, and Ego immediately becomes an extremely important factor. It is for Ego that Christ died, rose, and reigns. Ego is the person for whose ultimate happiness the whole creation has groaned and travailed since the beginning!

Ego, it seems to me, is very seldom humble, though he is frequently "'umble," even as Uriah Heep was "'umble"! Yet, I don't know, perhaps I am unjust. But I personally feel most worshipful when I can lose the sense of my own presence. Sometimes on the great bare deserted downs the worshipful mood comes. There is something humbling in the atmosphere of vast emptiness. What if there is no God? Then everything is nothing! I am nothing but an insect on a great round rock! Then something of the magni-

tude of God may penetrate the hide of self-consciousness. It is the same in a great empty church. But where I have felt it most has been in a vast congregation. When once one has grasped something of one's own microscopic insignificance, and the grandeur of almighty God, and has realized something of the magnitude of the love through which God in the person of Christ suffered all that we suffer and far more at the hands of men like us, and that infinitesimal I have the privilege of speaking to and being heard by the God of all power and might—of knowing that my prayer will be received with infinite tenderness and love and absolute comprehension—well, when one has grasped something of that, complacency is no longer possible. The salvation of Me is no longer worthy of consideration when compared to the honour of the Lord.

That is what I find so difficult! In worship one should be wholly absorbed by the greatness, the love, the wonder of God, yet often one is only concerned with one's own beliefs and doubts, etc., etc. To doubt God! What awful presumption in one who calls himself a servant of God!

But to return, I find the Catholic spirit much more helpful than the Puritan. When I am one of a vast congregation I feel a soldier of the great army of Christ. It is a matter of loyalty, of fighting for His honour, and the motto of the army is—

"Whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall save it" (Mark viii. 35, R.V.).

I feel sure that many of us are too much occupied

with the salvation of our own souls. It should not be the chief consideration, in my opinion, yet many people hold that it should.

But I think this letter is too long already! So "enough!" as my old form-master used to say when we had ragged him for half an hour without stopping!

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

FORT GEORGE,
May 27, 1906.

DEAR HILDA,—

Just returned from marrying off old C——. The wedding was rather amusing in a way, as the guests were so varied. Many old military bachelors jeering, married men encouraging, engaged men taking notes, eligibles frivolous, a few married women serious, a large number of natives curious, and a small French element powdered, painted, *petite*.

I got wedged into a corner of the drawing-room and spent an instructive half-hour. There were three Anglo-Mauritian ogres next me who ate wedding cake and quaffed champagne as if they had gone without breakfast to prepare for it, and gossiped and criticized all the time, knowing no one, apparently, except by sight. There were several pale Englishwomen who in Brighton would be "parishy," who wore stiff bright blue dresses with rather short skirts and talked in whispers about "Sarah" and "Mariah," whom I identified as two strong-minded ladies with prominent noses who seemed to dominate their little section of creation.

The little French women wore "Curepipe roses" (i. e. rouge), powder, blue veils, and becoming toilets. The elder ones were stout, but all were little and spry. They ate chocolates and sweets most of the time. The military ladies were mostly rather masculine both in manner and in dress, and patronized whisky and soda when it was to be had. A few, however, were nice womanly women who looked as if they prayed in church, and who were afterwards cool, and pleasing to look at, gay and refreshing to talk to in the garden. There were also a vast number of subalterns who thronged with indecent haste to the table for whisky, vermouth, and cigarettes, and could be by no means enticed therefrom to perform their social obligations.

There were some little boys and girls and a lovely collie dog on the lawn. There was a genial bishop conversing felicitously to every one. There was the bridegroom, red, hot, and delighted, the bride pale and sweet, the mother pleased as Punch at disposing of her last daughter so successfully, and the bride's brother top-hatted, frock-coated, and weighed down with cares.

An irresponsible best man (——) prepared an avalanche of rice to be hurled from the roof, and attached shoes and brooms to the carriage. A few *hommes d'affaires* smoked cigars and wondered if they would catch the five o'clock train. Altogether I suppose it was a highly successful wedding, and let us hope the result will be as successful.

No more time now.

Your affectionate brother,

R. A. Mess,—Port Louis,
June 6, 1906.

Dear Hilda,—

I called on Government House the other day. The Governor has gone home on leave, and Sir B. G. is in possession. Lady G. and their daughter have just come out, hence my call. The reason I mention it is that the contrast between the new and old dispensations is so marked. Formerly your long train journey and drive resulted in a distant view of tea on the lawn, and the inscribing of your name in a book, and an immediate departure—humiliating and annoying.

This time we (three of us) arrived expecting a repetition, but instead were immediately invited in, and found an extremely nice, hospitable, genial lady, a beamingly Pickwickian old gentleman, and a jolly, sensible, unaffected young lady, who has just put her hair up. No stiffness, no formality, no side, no vulgarity—but everything as it should be.

Nice hot scones and home-made cake; a general atmosphere of being very glad to see you, and determined to draw you out and make you feel at your ease.

I got into a beastly awkward chair—this shape—and got stranded in the middle of the room with Miss G.

It was like being on a very small island! However, she was very nice and I managed to get further off later. I made a mental note not to have a similar island in the middle of my drawing-room!

Yesterday a German surveying ship arrived. We were rather prepared for the worst, expecting German naval officers to be rather objectionable. But not a bit of it! The Captain, who was the only one I spoke to, was the most delightful person imaginable. He had the most lovely blue eyes, very merry, an awfully nice wide mouth with rather thick lips, and was so attractive in appearance that I forgot to look at any of the others.

His manners were simply superb, knocking spots out of any Frenchman I have ever seen, and having a most engaging air of spontaneity and frankness. Of course they were trying to do a bit of spying, and it was a treat to hear them pumping X. in the most crafty manner imaginable, and getting in return a string of the most appalling and plausible lies!

Yesterday V—— and I went out curlew (spelling?) shooting on the Latanier river. It was quite good fun. They rest in mangrove swamps at the edge of the water, and if you wade in at one side they fly out in quite large numbers. I can't think how I managed to miss anything! I have no innocent lives on my conscience!

I and X. have just come from the R. C. Cathedral (this is Sunday afternoon). I must say that I entirely

sympathized with your Puritanical feelings. When it is badly done, it becomes ridiculous. There was a horrible little French priest with a high-pitched voice who preached for half an hour. He shrieked, and made his voice tremulous with pseudo-emotion. I wanted to kick him.

"Oo-o-o-o-oo pau-u-u-uvre pécheur."

Yours frat.,

R. A. Mess,—Port Louis,
July 14, 1906.

Dear Hilda,—

Yours concerning house-hunting to hand. I am so sorry I am not there to take my turn!

No, I am afraid schoolmastering is out of the question. Academically I am quite an uneducated person! At Woolwich one was severely professional, and such mathematics as one came across were only incidental. I have always thought that the top sort of schoolmaster had a fairly good time. He deals with the most heart-breaking pupils, of course, and under the worst conditions. I mean that the majority of his pupils consider the whole thing rot, and only give him the rare scraps of keenness which remain over from their games. His best scholars are generally horrible little worms who "suck up" to him in the most revolting way, and the only reward he gets for teaching a boy anything is to see him pass on to a colleague, who reaps what he has sown!

On the other hand, I think teaching is a most delightful occupation, and of course a man does get

plenty of holidays in which it is his duty and probably his pleasure too to cultivate his own mind.

There is one thing about teaching soldiers,—they always listen. X—— explains that we gentlemen have been over-educated and always taught to regard lectures as likely to be dull, and consequently we generally find them so. But it is a new sensation to Tommy to be instructed, and he sits down prepared to be interested, and hence generally is. I am not sure that it is not the case that the less he understands, the better he is pleased! But to be a good master it is necessary to have a well furnished mind, and to know infinitely more than you have got to teach. It is also rather a good thing if your knowledge has come to you somewhat laboriously, as it makes it easier to understand other people's difficulties, which a very brilliant scholar often doesn't. One thing I have noticed about soldiers is that they pay far more attention if you have no notes, and that they rather resent attempts to "popularize" the subject by jocular comparisons or "homely" similes.

I am sorry you have no one to pick buttercups with. If I were you I think I should try and drag Tommy out, if only for his sake! He may not appear keen, but he would probably find he enjoyed it actually—like me when I go to a hop!

I cannot say that Mauritius is a particularly invigorating place, but I am not sorry to have been here. I have made two very good friends, both of whom have inspired not a little hero-worship. I have learnt something of the value of cheeriness under rather de-

pressing circumstances. It is largely a matter of the mind, and it is well worth while to deny oneself the pleasure of a "grouse" even when one feels it has been well earned. Even the period of ill-health was rather beneficial than otherwise. It teaches one to make allowances for people's irritation, which is generally the result of indigestion, and is much better passed unnoticed!

I cannot say I have learnt very much of my profession, for the opportunity has been wanting. I have not made use of my leisure to acquire languages, or anything of that sort.

All the same I believe that I am a more contented person than when I came, and that my mind is better able to extract value from the compensations of life—good books, beautiful things, etc. I know I fall very short of being a "success." I lack two essentials to that—to wit, imagination and enterprise.

I am convinced of my mediocrity. But, after all, mediocrity is necessary to society, and need not be useless. I think though it is best to realize it, because then one is saved from envy, and can be generous with one's admiration and encouragement to other people. I used to be very envious, and it spoilt my enjoyment, and made me rather bitter and ungenerous.

I am ambitious in a way now, but it is not a way which will interfere with any one else. But ho! Is it not race day? Is it not 2.15 p. m.? Have I not sufficiently digested my lunch? It is all this, and the mail goes out this afternoon, so I must conclude.

I have tried scribbling, by the way, but have not yet

discovered my sort of subject. Perhaps I shall some day. I have hopes of doing so.

I am, Your affectionate brother,

3. ILLNESS AND RETURN.

MIL. HOSP., CPE. CAMP,
Aug. 28, 1906.

DEAR G.,—

You will have heard of my misfortune? How I came here with a bad appendix, and developed an abscess on the liver. The latter has not been bad in my case as it was squashed in time. I am getting on very quickly, and don't feel ill.

Maurice is due here to-day. I am awfully afraid I shall not see him. This is so out of the way. There is only one advantage in all this and that is that I am sure to come home at government expense, which is not only satisfactory on general principles, but because I calculate I shall have to spend at least £30 on clothes the moment I arrive!

I do not relish arriving in London in December in a flannel suit and a panama, which seems at present possible!

I do hope I shall be home for Christmas. Kathleen will be old enough by now to enjoy times and seasons. I want to be young, you've no idea how old I have been lately! Just like an aged philosophical owl! I am incapable of doing anything now except building air castles, so I will stop, and write imaginary diaries, lunches, dinners, teas, bills, etc., etc.!

Your affectionate brother,

P.S.—Just heard Maurice not coming till 30th.

MIL. HOSP., CPE.,
Sunday, Sept. 9, 1906.

DEAR HILDA,—

Just an additional line (third letter by this mail, I believe), as I have made an interesting discovery.

S., who is my special doctor, condescended to calculate for me when I should be home. Thus—

Up in a week, three weeks to recuperate from this, operate for appendicitis in about a month, i. e. about 10th October. Catch French boat about 12th November, *home for Christmas.*

Oh yes, and before I forget it, if by any chance I don't get home for Christmas, please keep a plum pudding and some mince meat against my return! I had none last year, and I did not enjoy it the year before!

S. had been two days on leave, and was awfully pleased with my progress. He has given me permission to eat practically anything I like, smoke pipes, and I am to drink Burgundy for lunch. Unfortunately my present diet is so much to my taste that I can't think of any alterations! Milk biscuits are *awfully* good and grow on one. I eat about thirty a day, I believe!

Well, bear up till about December 10th, and you shall have your beloved brother back again, and for at least a fortnight he will be in a ripping good temper and do whatever you like!

Your affectionate brother,

MIL. HOS., CPE.,
Sept. 24, 1906.

DEAR HILDA,—

I think I should say that I do not find much use for very intellectual people as a rule.

For instance, K. is so frightfully well read that he always leaves me utterly behind, and merely makes me feel uneducated. The people I like are those rare folk like Bishop Gregory, who are well read, but not at all superior and who by a kind of innate, unconscious tactfulness, always seem to adjust their conversation to the highest level of their companion. I think the reason is that they have no intellectual pride. They do not value their knowledge for its own sake so much as for the fact that it enables them to get the best out of human intercourse.

The bishop is probably delighted to talk about the works of Æschylus to K., but he knows better than to mention them to me. At the same time he gets the best there is out of me, and it is an awfully jolly process! Now K. has no happy mean to offer between the poems of Æschylus and the current conversation of the mess! Of course by the "poems of Æschylus" I mean a wide range of subjects including high art in music—Beethoven Sonatas, pictures, etc., etc.

Only you see I am only an idler, I am not really "up" in any single branch of knowledge. I only have smatterings. Therefore K. is no good to me.

I rather fancy that with "really clever people" you would find out the same.

You might start an interesting discussion on religion, and you would find that it was necessary to have an apparently intimate knowledge of biology, history, and antiquarian lore, together with an acquaintance with the doctrines of half the German and Swiss professors for the last half century.

If you have not this you are not intellectual enough to be worth arguing with.

The same with everything, you must at least have the superficial acquaintance with fashionable learning which will enable you to use the names and phrases which prevail at the time,—enough knowledge to conceal your ignorance.

Such superficial knowledge can nowadays be picked up comparatively easily, but I don't think it is worth it. My private belief is that there is just as much make-believe in "intellectual society" as in any other.

The moral is meant to be that men like Bishop Gregory are very rare, and not as a rule to be found more among folk who go in for being "really clever" than among ordinary dowdies.

I don't suppose it is in me, or that I shall have the chance, but I should like to have a really sound knowledge of these subjects. I think one could have awful fun if one had it, with the folk who air their journalistic veneer of catch-phrases!

How I long to return to a land of Free libraries!

I was writing to Fleming the other day. That made me think of the shop. The funny thing was that though I was Fleming's greatest pal, just as much as Fleming was mine, we each cordially detested the

other's friends! At one time I remember I refused to go near Fleming's room for about a month because for the time he had another great pal who was always there, and who happened to be my absolute *bête noire* out of the whole "term!"

We only had one common pal—a most weird overgrown untidy youth named J——, whom Fleming used to worry as a mosquito might a giraffe. He passed out top, and became a sapper.

Then comes rather a humiliating discovery, namely, that the man for whom I now feel most kindliness (after Fleming) is one of whom I was always rather ashamed, and whom I always pretended to despise. The fact was, he was conspicuously lacking in the conventional virtues of the place—notably physical courage. He was a very inconvenient person to be fond of, because every one else in the term despised him so intensely. But now I am very glad I was fond of him, and very sorry I was ashamed of him, because I now know what I did not know then, that "society" can forgive every sin but that which it is itself free from, and does not care for any virtues much except its own.

I now know that my friend was unselfish, affectionate, loyal, and genuine in that he did not care what other people thought; and that his greatest sins were physical cowardice (which was largely the effect of ill-health at the time when most boys are playing games, etc., and over-cramming and over-growing when he got well), and an inconvenient combination of artistic sensitiveness and moral courage.

I know, too, that the society of cadets, though

physically robust and courageous, was morally cowardly and cruel, narrow and selfish.

Your affectionate brother,

P.S.—I meant to add to my little moral story about friends, this question, How far is one justified in telling a boy, as I have often been told from the pulpit, to choose his friends on account of their virtues? I don't think one ought to, but that one ought to be guided entirely by affection and instinct, because if one looks for virtues it so often means accepting a thing of no value at society's valuation, and if one follows instinct it means very often the finding of an own mine of incalculable treasure.

Of course there is no society, even military society, so hidebound and narrow as schoolboy or cadet society.

The Undergraduate

PUBLIC LIBRARY

II

THE UNDERGRADUATE

1907–1910: *æt.* 23–26

HANKEY returned to England in November, 1906. His father died in December. Early in the following year he resigned his commission, and after a leisurely tour through Italy, he went up to Oxford (Corpus Christi) in October 1907.

1. IN RELIEF OF DOUBT.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,—OXFORD,

April 24.

DEAR M.,[1]—

I hope my last letter did not give you the same impression as the 'Varsity sermons gave to the verger of St. Mary's, who said, "I have listened to sermons in defence of Christianity for twenty years, and thank God I'm still a Christian."

It is rather difficult to write about it really, because different people have different difficulties. I cannot help thinking that a lot of them arise from the fact

[1] M—— C——. His mother told me that just before her boy went to the 'Varsity she was worried about the all-important question of personal purity. M. had lost his father. She knew he needed to be warned against the inevitable risks of college life. Donald saw her perplexity and with unerring insight guessed the cause. (He was four years older than M.) One day he was

that they have not tried to find out what Christianity really is.

It can be looked at from so many points of view that it is difficult to answer the question satisfactorily.

But take it, for instance, in its aspect as an explanation of things in general. It is not at all concerned with natural science. It says God is the creative and sustaining mind at the back of the Universe, but it has no teaching as to the method of the creation or of the preservation of the world. Those questions are quite apart from it. They do not really affect it at all.

People talk of evolution as opposed to Christianity. It is not. All that the Christian says is "somehow, we have arrived at man, an animal with an extra faculty, which gives him a sense of moral responsibility for his actions—a faculty which enables him to know something of the mind of God. How we have got here doesn't matter, because it doesn't affect the fact."

The things which Christianity does profess to explain are moral facts.

For instance, why is it that foolish things so often strike us as "noble"? It is foolish to throw away one's life in rescuing a child from death, but it appeals

with her in the house. She had gone out to cut flowers, when a sudden downpour of rain caught her at the foot of the garden. She was bending over a bed of sweet william, and rose to find Donald holding an umbrella over her. As they walked up to the house Donald said: "It's all right about M. I have talked to him about all a fellow should know before he goes among fellows." Then he went on quickly to speak of other things. The old lady added: "There was something so pure and gentle in his tone as he said this frankly and shyly that I felt as if one of the flowers had spoken to me! My heart was satisfied. I knew it was well with my boy with Donald for his friend."

to us as "noble" and "right." It is a foolish thing to die in battle for one's country, but "dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

You will see the need for Christianity if you think of a concrete instance. Supposing you saw a child run out on to a railway line just as a train was coming; and supposing a boy ran out and got the child out of the way, but in doing so received a fatal injury; and supposing you had to try to comfort the dying boy. If you did not believe in God, you would be rather puzzled. Your instinct would tell you that the boy had done what was noble and right, and yet you would be obliged to believe that he had lost every chance of pleasure or life he ever had, and had therefore been a fool.

But if you were a Christian all that makes life tolerable.

It is unnatural for us to slaughter our conviction that Truth, Justice, and Love will ultimately reign supreme. Can we not explain it rationally?

Yours ever,

D. W. A. HANKEY.

Extract from a letter to R——.

April 30, 1908.

. . . As regards the nature of Christ's revelation, we must ask, "What was His authority?"

1. It might have been an instinctive feeling like that of Marcus Aurelius, Confucius, or Plato. But His tone of assurance and authority seems to me to make this view impossible.

2. It might have been the result of a spiritual experience like that of the prophets (cf. Isaiah vi. or Jeremiah i. 4), but there is no account of such.

3. His explanation, which it seems to me unreasonable to regard as spurious, is expressed as follows:—

(*a*) "All things have been delivered unto me of my Father and no one knoweth the Son save the Father, neither doth any one know the Father save the Son and him to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal Him" (Matt. xi. 27; Luke x. 22).

(*b*) "He that beholdeth me, beholdeth Him that sent me" (John xii. 45); "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John xiv. 9).

Unless you start with a preconceived idea and strike out or explain away anything which disagrees with it (which would include most of St. John and a large part of the Synoptists) it seems to me inevitable to believe that Our Lord *thought* that he had been pre-existent in the Father and that he was still one with Him in the spirit.

In that case our Lord's revelations *may* be considered as bearing the highest authority. Otherwise he was a mere visionary or guesser, and the fact that his conception of God appeals to us as being optimistic or encouraging is hardly sufficient reason for flying in the face of the story of Nature "red in tooth and claw."

If I were not a Christian, believing that the revelation of Jesus bore the highest authority, and that Christ Himself is always present in the world, and His Kingdom within us, I think I should be a frank secularist. One's conduct might still be for the "service

of man," but the hope, the enthusiasm, and the charity would be gone from life.

It is because Our Lord's relation to the Father is of such importance to me that I cannot regard calmly assertions such as that the view of Jesus as the Christ was due to the preconceptions of His followers and formulated after His death.

I cannot understand the relation of Jesus to the Father, and I cannot define it. But that does not worry me, for "God is a spirit," and I am a man; God is eternal, and I, as I find myself, am finite; and it is unreasonable to expect to know God.

Nor did Christ know God unless He was something infinitely nearer God than I am; and if Christ knew not God His revelation is worthless, and we are "of all men most miserable." But I do believe that Jesus was the Way to the Father, who knew both man and God, who *was* both man and God, and in that faith I hope to use my life for the service of man, whom God loves, and Christ has sanctified.

Extract from a Letter to R——. [Undated.]

. . . Socrates fought always for the eternally true and I think it is devotion to an eternally true principle of righteousness which ought to be our motive for doing what is right.

I can't think of a better way of putting it than to say again that I believe our conscience to be the echo of the will of God, and such a feeling ought to inspire us with an unselfish loyalty, if anything can.

Oh no, not fear nor selfish hope should be the

motive. But all the same eternal life does come in. If we are to order our lives on an eternal principle of right, I think we must believe that that principle will ultimately prevail, and be ultimately satisfied. If not, and if Justice, as we conceive it, is to be eternally violated, I think we had better throw it overboard, and, like Omar Khayyám,—

"Take the cash in hand, and let the credit go."

It is not for ourselves that we want future life, but for the entire satisfaction of an eternal principle of Justice, which can only be true if it is satisfied, and can only be satisfied by Judgment.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Temptation is so unequally divided that we cannot possibly judge people. It is only an eternal, All-seeing, All-comprehending Judge who can take account of every disability of heredity and circumstance, and judge men truly according to this eternal principle. If once we realize that we can judge no one, not even ourselves, because justice must take account of all kinds of hereditary influences and influences of education and physique which we are utterly unable to estimate, the idea of personal salvation will be felt to be beyond our right to consider, and we shall be uninfluenced by it.

Only He who created the conditions of our life can judge.

But there is surely another eternal principle—at least so Christ claimed to tell us with the only authority to which it is reasonable to listen—a principle of love and

mercy, which shall have its play after Justice has judged us.

No one admires more than I do those men who order their lives on a principle of right, in a kind of blind optimism,—blind, because unless we believe in the revelation of Jesus Christ the Son of God, there is no reason in supposing it to be eternally true, and therefore ultimately prevailing.

They seem to me like men walking along a dark and difficult road, crying in the words of Newman,—

> " The night is dark, and I am far from home,"

yet deprived of the glorious help of being able to turn that painful cry into a glorious song of hope—

> " So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
> Will lead me on."

Doesn't the contrast seem to you to show well the glory of Christian hope? We know that our dark road has a glorious goal, for One has gone before, climbed the steep ascent, reached the eternal heights, and ever through the encircling gloom His life is before us, a pledge that the way is the right one. Is it selfishness? I do not think so, for we recognize those who try to follow the light because some divine instinct tells them that it is the light of truth, even though they cannot believe in the hand that holds it up.

We recognize them, love and admire them, and believe that when they and we fall asleep, exhausted, before we reach the goal, angels will gather them and us in their arms and carry us along to meet the long

column of humanity when at last it reaches the eternal heights, where men shall dwell with God. Where there shall be no more pain nor sorrow, nor death, nor darkness, but only Light,—the Light of the presence of the Most High.

Once I too doubted the hand of Christ—doubted the light. But the feeling which came upon me, of utter loneliness in the pathlessness of eternity and infinity without the light, was so strong that I turned again in thankfulness to the gift that was offered me, of seeing and believing.

And Christ is the Light. In Him we find all good.

No one can read the gospels and not wonder at the mixture of conscious Power, of the Supreme sense of mission, entailing absolute renunciation of temporal ease for the sake of ultimate right, combined with the most complete sympathy for weakness and sin.

As a rule your powerful personality, your high-souled ascetic, is not very loving or lovable, not very patient of weakness or sympathetic with the feeble efforts of half-doubting faith.

It is often said that to declare that Christ was God is to fail to realize the dignity of God. To argue thus is to deny to God the power to do the highest human good. For nothing could appeal more to our sense of Goodness than that God should condescend to live with men, and without abating His perfect purity, to exemplify the possibilities of human good, to identify Himself with man's struggle, to show him the way, to reveal to him his destiny, to give him a pledge of the victory of right over wrong.

Till our eyes are closed in death, and the veil is raised, and we see God's glory, we shall never understand to the full what Christ did for us in showing us the victory of Good over Evil; but when we do see and understand, I think our spirits will be so overwhelmed by gratitude and humility that we may indeed be "washed clean in His most precious blood" and be made pure and holy enough to stand for ever in the glory of God.

Meanwhile in the light of that perfect example, it is impossible not to be ashamed of our petty dignity on which we set so much store and which we allow to separate us from our fellow-men, who are only a little "inferior" to us by a very little difference of education and circumstance.

If only we could drop this class prejudice and realize our oneness with our fellow-men, we should begin to understand the universal brotherhood in Christ, and find a true principle of goodness in identifying ourselves with the common burden of our shame, as God showed us how to do in the person of Jesus Christ.

This is the highest good. The men and boys of Notting Dale[1] who toil all day at a most monotonous labour for a bare subsistence and are brave and cheerful at the end, make me feel so inferior that I feel I cannot enjoy luxury with self-respect again, and can only obtain happiness with self-respect by going and living amongst them, and trying to help them bear their heavy burdens which humanity to its shame has laid upon them.

[1] A West End slum. The Rugby Mission is here. Hankey spent four months in Rugby House before going up to Oxford.

To Bernard Hartley.

SCOTT'S HOTEL,—ALDERNEY,

Aug. 29, 1908.

DEAR TARTLES,—

I have been meaning for some time to write and ask how your mother has been. I met Colney Hatch on the lookout for you at Oxford, and was afraid something might have happened to prevent your mother going away that day.

Let me have a line if you can find time. If you don't, I shall assume that no news is good news.

I went to Ross MacVicar's camp, which was "muscular Christian" and Evangelical, but quite sound for the most part. The boys seem a very jolly, sensible lot, and yet were most of them really impressed by the "pi" part.

I am working really hard here, and expect to return to London about the middle of September.

I have, by the way, just finished *The Saint*, by Antonio Foggazaro, which appealed to me very strongly indeed, and might "like you," as the Germans say. He is a "neo-catholic" or modernist of a really catholic spirit, and I found in his book my ideal of Catholicism.

I am sure that most of us—nearly all of us—don't *want* true religion. It would be too exacting. We are such weirdly constituted creatures. We will spend our lives striving after worldly honours, but we will not pay for ten minutes consecutively that we may have the knowledge of God, which is eternal life.

Instead, we are content to imitate the symptoms of

holiness,—we go to church, wear crosses on our watch chains, and perhaps elaborately do an occasional "good work." All the time we know in our heart that true religion is in none of these. They *may* be the symptoms. True religion is the knowledge of God. It may be obtained by the Christian by a continual struggle against impurity and worldly desire. When soul and body alike are pure, and fit to be the Temple of the Holy Ghost, he may indeed receive in the blessed sacrament the indwelling Christ. That is Christianity, isn't it? Then when he has that, he will naturally and spontaneously worship God with praise and prayer, and service of love to the brethren.

I didn't mean to preach a sermon when I started! I am arguing with myself, with you for a referee as much as anything!

Beg, borrow, steal, or, if the worst comes to the worst, buy *The Saint,* and see how you like it. It is stiff reading to start with, but you will find you warm to it.

This is a bleak little island, with many forbidding but obsolete forts round it, a few beautiful bits of rock scenery, and a nice little village.

There is a mess, with the usual types of officer-men. The majority of them are nice, quiet, gentlemanly people, who, taken individually, would be charming. Unfortunately, the "common life" makes them all adopt the tone of the lowest mind, and the result is anything but edifying.

It is extremely awkward dining with people like that. One can take no part in the conversation, and as a com-

plete stranger one cannot object, if they haven't the decency to stop when they see you don't like it.

I regret to say that I won 10*s.* at bridge the other night there! That, also, was almost inevitable,—I mean the playing for the usual mess-stakes. But it is a stupid system, for one of the men against whom I was playing was simply hopeless; and his brain was not clearer for the mixture of beer and port in his little Mary!

He was a rum old fellow—quite nice in his way. He nearly fell on my neck when I went away, and pursued me down the passage with incitements to come again!

Well, I am afraid this won't interest you, so I will stop. Yours ever,

13, Grove Street,—Oxford,

Dec. 4.

Dear Dorothy,—

. . . I am afraid that a person of high ideals is apt to expect too much from other people. To feel things intensely does not make for peace of mind either, for in this life at any rate there is more meanness than generosity, more shallowness than depth of character, more disappointments than pleasant surprises, more to grieve over than to rejoice in.

Personally I do not feel things very intensely. I do not expect much from people, I am a natural sceptic. Consequently I am probably more happy, though of less value than those who do feel, and do expect. When I do come upon genuineness and goodness I am

so delighted and so astonished that I become a hero-worshipper.

For the rest, I am able to detach my mind to a great extent from what is abominable. I also ascribe probably too much of men's conduct and ideas to heredity and environment, and am generally too ready to condone evil, and too slow to condemn it.

When I remember my own chances, and when I recognize my own inability to overcome the few temptations I have had, I cannot condemn *anyone*, because I always feel that I should probably have done worse myself if I had been in their position.

This is my point of view, so if you ever think me lax, try to remember it. I feel that I am the servant who knows his master's will, and yet does things worthy of stripes, and I cannot condemn those who do not know, and do things worthy of stripes.

One cannot judge how much people know, and, therefore, one cannot praise or condemn.

Yours ever,

28, Eldon Road,—Kensington, W.
Dec. 18, 1908.

Dear old Tartles,—

I am awfully sorry to hear about your loss. I know how hard it is to bear, not only at first, but day by day and week by week, and even year by year.

I do not know what experience you have had. But I do know that it is very hard to realize God's presence in the common life, but that death brings it home to us. We often act and speak as though worship were an act

of condescension on our part. "We pat our God on the head that men may call us brave;" we pray one day and not another, and we think it is God who suffers from our neglect. I do not think it is possible to think of God in that way when we are near death.

Therefore I will say what my father said to me, after I had lost my mother. "I wish you a very blessed Christmas. You will have many happier ones, I hope, but perhaps none so blessed." Blessed, I think, because one feels the presence of the Eternal Father more than at other times.

I will pray.

And I remember that once when you challenged prayer in my room at Grove Street, I prayed, and you came back thinking differently about it. So I do not despise prayer.

You must not be afraid of yourself. You know Tennyson's verses—

> "Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
> At length he beat his music out;
> He fought his doubts and gathered strength;
> He would not make his judgment blind.
> He faced the spectres of the mind
> And laid them: Thus he came at length
> To find a stronger faith his own,
> And Power was with him."

So it is. We are bound to have our doubts and spectres of the mind. It is no good turning one's back on them. They must be faced and fought and conquered—and the weapon is prayer. Till at length the stronger faith is ours. Nothing worth having can be had without patience and courage and unremitting en-

deavour. A gunner pal of mine was sitting one evening wondering whether he really did love the Master well enough to have been martyred for His name if there had been need. And as he wondered, he thought the Master entered the room, pale and sorrowful and poor. And he got up and quite simply and naturally laid all he had at the Master's feet. And he felt that the dream, or vision, or whatever it was, had been given to him that he might feel that his love was true, and accepted.

I suppose it is very few who have as great a revelation as that. Yet I think the peace of God comes only to those who have come to know the Lord as nearly as that, for if one knows a person, one can have no more doubt.

I was once thinking how one could get this knowledge; and the answer came, "If you would know your Lord, He is labouring in His Vineyard. Go and work there too, and you will find Him." And I am sure it will be so.

As we think of the holy dead, where can we find meaning for life and death and suffering and unselfish service, except at the foot of the cross? We know that these are facts, and we know that unselfish service is the best thing in the world; yet, in the presence of death, it is all vanity if Christ be not risen.

I hope I have not written a tiresome letter. I do feel with you a lot, because I have lost what you have lost, and because I hope for and look for the same things as you do. Yours ever,

"Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesu's keeping we are safe, and they."

To his Cousin, Miss Stephanie G.

Jan. 6.

DEAR STEPH,—

Many thanks for yours. I am sorry you "live on the past!" It quite reminds me of the days in Mauritius when one of my favourite occupations was to peruse the Army and Navy Stores list, and think how nice it would be to shop again!

I have not dined or supped at a restaurant, nor gone on a river or the Serpentine since you left!

When next you come, I expect I shall have to be *very* respectable!

Nothing more exciting than an A. B. C., Bath buns, and glasses of milk! etc.

I think that for my sake, if not for your own, you ought to come back soon and give me an excuse to be frivolous before the fatal step is taken.[1]

However, whatever I may be by that time, the wonderfully horrible mystery of soot and water vapour of which you speak in such endearing terms will still be with us,—unless indeed, everybody uses Coalite by that time. Being a shareholder I am doubly anxious that they should!

[1] Holy Orders.

You should live in Manchester. There, one *never* has any sunshine, and there is *always* a grimy mist.

If I am a Low Churchman two years hence I shall go to Manchester, if a High Churchman to Birmingham, if a Broad Churchman to London. Anyhow, there is smoke—nice dirty smoke and lots of it—in all those places! Yours ever.

C. C. C., *Jan. 17, 1909.*

Dear Duggers,[1]—

I was very bucked at getting your excellent letter, which gave me much food for reflection.

I don't think I can quite believe in the idea of Salvation, or rather the lack of it, applying so much to the future life as to the present. You remember the sort of idea one is taught here of the nature of the kingdom of God: i. e. that it is—

(*a*) Visibly, or apparently, the Church—the net that contains both good and bad fish;

(*b*) Actually, every heart where the will of God is paramount;

(*c*) Ideally, and in the future, the restoration of the rule of God in all things,—the restoration of the harmony which must have preceded creation.

Isn't there something analogous to Buddhism in this?

I have read that Buddha sat many months in meditation under a Bo tree, and eventually came to this conclusion:—

"Where there is life there is suffering."

[1] Dugdale, a Corpus Undergrad.

"Suffering can only be abolished by the extinction of life."

"Life can only be extinguished by the cessation of the desire to live."

"This can only be attained by following the Law of Buddha."

It seems to me that this is true. Translated into Christian language one would say,—

"Suffering exists because there are many wills, all actuated by personal aims."

"Suffering can only be eliminated through a harmony of wills."

"This harmony must be in tune with the divine will."

"Therefore the duty of man is to put aside all personal aims and ambitions, and to try and put his whole life under the influence of the divine will."

He that would save his soul shall lose it.

Supposing every will was rendered subservient to the divine will, the harmony which would ensue would be the Kingdom of God realized on earth.

I believe that Salvation is to realize the Kingdom, or rule of God in one's own soul here and now. The man who has realized this is a member of the Kingdom already, and after death must still be a member. He is saved. The others, it seems to me, are probably all in the same boat, no matter what they have *believed* on earth. They are not members of the Kingdom, though their striving to lead good lives, whether as Christians or not, must have brought them very near the Kingdom.

But I can't believe that the many who have never had a chance of entering or have not quite succeeded in entering the Kingdom will either be shut out for ever, or be suddenly let in by an act of divine good nature. I think there must be further life, of growth, of service, perhaps of temptation; and if further life, why not on this planet as much as in another part of the universe? Transmigration!

I don't believe it's much good worrying about a future life; what we are here for is to try and realize the Kingdom within ourselves. Of course no one can really; but there comes in God's grace and man's faith. I believe that the desire of a man to give up his own will, and surrender his life to God's will is, through Our blessed Saviour, taken for the fact, if it is really honest.

I think of the Holy Communion as this:

(1) The sign on a man's part that he *desires* to renounce his personal aims, and to offer his whole life to the influence of the Holy Spirit. So, in a sense, to partake of the life of Christ. He expresses the desire to take up his cross, with all this involves, and to give no thought for personal comfort or honour.

(2) It is the sign on God's part that He accepts the desire for the fact, in so far as it is really honest. He pardons the sinner. He promises that when the man *really* tries to lay open his life to the will of God, the gift of the Holy Spirit shall not be withheld, but that guidance will indeed be given.

Is this Christianity, do you think? The cross is to me the revelation of this. Jesus, as the perfect man,

accepted the rule of God in His life without reserve. It meant hatred, dishonour, personal failure, as a man counts failure. In the present state of the world it must mean that, more or less, if the acceptance is complete. In His perfect acceptance of the will of the Father, our partial efforts are sanctified, and made pleasing to God, and our failure and cowardice cease to keep us from Our Father. In some way, perhaps, Christ's life saved the whole human race. For nothing can exist permanently which is out of harmony with the divine will. Perhaps this perfect realization of the purpose of creation broke the power of evil to such an extent that ultimately the good must win in every soul. I don't know.

This is rather meandering, but I think it is really orthodoxy, perhaps expressed differently, and don't you think that probably orthodoxy wants to be, and could be, expressed differently to the Hindu?

What I feel is that my own ideas are at present so vague and undefined that I couldn't dream of arguing with a Hindu. It is bad enough arguing with Collis and Powell.[1]

Of course, with ——, it is all U. P. the moment one begins to talk of trying to substitute God's will for one's own. He is such an egotist. He must have it expressed differently, and I don't think I can do it.

Z—— interests me a lot. He is an awfully good chap, I think, and really does worry a lot about things. But if he goes to Cowley he can't swallow the Sacer-

[1] Two Corpus Undergrads.

dotalism, and the other party is, when all's said and done, rather inclined to be smug.

I'm sorry, as, of course, you are C. M. S.[1]

It seems to me that most of the real faith, without reservation, is on the side of Cowley. They do seem indeed to feel the Holy Spirit in their lives.

The Low Churchmen seem to me so often to lack the humility which comes from a sense of the divine presence, while the middle people are neither hot nor cold, and are satisfied with so little.

I would like to be a High Churchman, but cannot swallow the ritual, and the sacerdotalism, and the materialistic view of the Mass.

I suppose things will straighten out as one goes on.

To Bernard Hartley.

C. C. C.,
Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1909.

DEAR TARTLES,—

I have been trying to fill your place as Coll. Sec. of the O. U. C. U.[2]; but with indifferent success.

I have got to send in a list of college members, but cannot find one in your drawer. I know all but the freshers. Are there any besides D——, O——, and A——?

Please answer this as soon as possible.

We miss you a good deal, curiously enough, especially when we try and do your work! So come back when you can.

I am afraid the first year is rotten.

[1] Church Missionary Society.
[2] Oxford University Christian Union.

The Blood men appear openly to despise every one else, and the rest seem cordially to dislike the Blood men.

Duggers, who ought to be the missing link, has most of his pals elsewhere.

There seem almost as many sets as people.

If it is any consolation to you I think you may have saved our year from that!

A—— is starting a C. L. B. at his home. It is said that his year finds him ultra pi: but that is probably a good thing, as preserving the balance of power.

The C. S. U.[1] meeting is down for the 3rd February in your room. Do you mind?

I hope you are not awfully depressed. I know something of what you must be feeling. It is the thought of the continued absence which makes one's sorrow, isn't it?

But one has to control one's mind, and it is un-Christian to be very depressed.

Those who were of God's kingdom on earth, are of God's kingdom still, and so for them death is only translation, and probably promotion. And if we are of God's kingdom on earth, there can be no hopeless sorrow, for it is only as if we were fighting in different parts of a campaign.

One doesn't feel inclined to look at it in that way at first, I know, but after all, true faith is the faith which insists on conquering the pessimistic instinct.

The mind is a good servant, but a bad master. If one is to have any control of one's life, if one is to be

[1] Christian Social Union.

at all consistent, if one is to do anything good without undoing it, one must command, and not obey one's mind.

The mind rises to heights of enthusiasm which are intoxicating but dangerous, it sinks to depths of depression which threaten to enervate the soul; and peace and good work can only come when the personal force can control the mind and by continuous effort keep its swing within reasonable limits.

I hope you won't mind my preaching. I know I haven't any right to. My mind never swings so high as yours, though perhaps it has gone lower. You ought to be able to maintain a higher average level than I ever can, and I think you will.

Yours ever,

To a Corpus Undergraduate.

(This letter was never sent, possibly because Hankey feared it was "too preachy.")

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,—OXFORD,
May 18.

MY DEAR M.,—

I am afraid that you must have thought me a broken reed not to have given you a better reason for faith in God than I did when you were up here.

It was not that I had any doubt of it. It was that I could not find words to express what I thought.

I have since been reading a little about the subject in odd moments, and perhaps may be able to indicate the sort of things that are evidence for God's existence, though I cannot at present state the argument succinctly.

Now, there is Materialism, which is "scientific."

This starts with the assumption that what is not matter is not existent. That is, man is entirely and solely matter. His material body is all he is, and when that decays he is no more. Or possibly, he may have a material soul weighing about a half ounce which may live on afterwards, subsisting on the ultra violet rays of the sun, within 200 miles of the earth's surface. (Theory of psychomenes.) But this is mere wild speculation.

On the other hand, there is idealism, which is "Philosophic."

This starts with the assumption that matter does not exist apart from mind. For instance, the idealist would say that you might have vibrations, and ear drums, and all the material paraphernalia of hearing, but there would not be sound, if there was not mind to take it in.

You might have a picture, made of various chemical salts, and canvas, and water and all the other ingredients, but it would not have any meaning apart from the mind which takes it in.

I won't elaborate, because I am neither a philosopher nor a scientist; but I can give you books which will present both sides to you, if you like.

Now, the real question for the "plain man" is, "Have I an ego which is not material?" On the one hand, it is very difficult to imagine anything as existing which is not "matter." On the other hand, it is very difficult to identify personality with matter.

For example, one has a feeling that one has no more explained memory by saying that it is channels cut in the grey matter of one's brain, or whatever it is, than one has explained a book of poetry by saying it is printers' ink impressed on paper.

It is the same problem as creation. You can go through the processes by which an electron, or a protoplasm, or whatever is the earliest form of matter, has developed into the various forms of life, but one cannot feel that one has altogether explained why it developed in this way, unless one imagines a first cause with mind.

So, you may go through the processes of the mechanism of the human body, and yet you may feel that you have not explained personality itself.

It is quite as easy, if not easier, to think of the body as a mechanism used (like a telephone) by an "Ego" which is not material, as to think of it as a bundle of atoms which have produced by their sensitivity the "illusion" (as the Buddha said) of an "Ego."

Moreover, in practical life one has to talk about such an "Ego" as if it existed, because matter is subject to necessity, and one cannot help talking about people as if they were free agents.

As in practice one has to act as if people had a non-material ego behind the body, it seems a refinement of sophistry to say that such an ego is impossible. I wonder if I convey anything to you? It is awfully hard to express.

I must not go on now, but I am prepared to argue end on for non-material ego; and if that is granted God

is a necessary corollary. And if God is granted, I am prepared to argue end on for Christianity.

Yours ever,

July 13, 1909.

DEAR TARTLES,—

I was awfully sorry that you should have "lost faith" so much last term, and should be thinking of chucking the C. L. B., etc., and I did not discuss things at all, because I was feeling rather ashamed of myself last term, since a combination of pi-jawing and a rotten attitude in practice is about the worst thing a man can produce, and I knew I had fallen under the accusation.

So I here and now disclaim any attempt to pi-jaw, or any "superior" attitude. Only, it seems to me that all one's theological reading, etc., isn't much use unless it enables one to serve other people, and that it may even carry with it an obligation to try and serve people in their doubts.

So will you excuse me, and not think me a prig, or devoid of humility, if I dish up a few of the ideas I have been imbibing in case they may be of any use to you?

When I read modern books by people like Galsworthy, I find an impatient contempt of Christianity, because it claims so much and does so little. I read in the paper yesterday that an Americanized Esquimau had just shaken the dust of America off his feet and returned to his people. One of his last remarks was to this effect: "I have tried to believe your Christi-

anity but I can't, because you don't believe it enough yourselves to let it make any difference."

I can't help feeling that the criticism is just; that Christianity is too much "an assent to certain rigid and obsolete dogmas" and too little "a following of a beloved Master."

On the one hand, I cannot help feeling that all this modern philanthropy, which is so contemptuous of religion, is founded on nothing at all, and will never raise mankind, or do any really good work.

On the other hand, I cannot help feeling that Christian theology of the rigidly orthodox kind contains many doctrines, and, in fact, a mental attitude, which we of A. D. 1909 cannot honestly adopt.

And there is nothing so paralyzing as a creed which we accept outwardly, but which has no vital meaning for us.

To take two examples:—

(1) In the light of modern natural science, and the doctrine of evolution from animals (which, though as old as the hills has only recently been converted from a theory into an established foundation of science), it is very difficult to believe that there ever was a time when man was completely innocent. So many of men's sins seem to be inherited from the animals, and if so, must have been part of him from the beginning.

(2) In these days when we have been made to realize what a tremendous difference there is in the opportunities of different people, it is impossible to regard all sinners as equally reprehensible. I mean,

of course, that there are so many people who are born of thoroughly disreputable parents, given gin before they can speak, brought up in an atmosphere of vice, with weak underfed bodies, no moral or religious influences, and that such people cannot be held as hateful to God for their sin in the same way as men who have had every chance, and have failed to take advantage of them.

Yet, in older days, any one who was wicked or unbelieving was held to be damned, a "vessel of wrath," while only those who were "good," or rather, "believing," were held to have any chance of ultimate salvation.

This is crudely put, but you will know what I mean.

But with regard to all these things, I don't find any difficulty in the attitude of Our Lord Himself, but only in the attitude of the "early Fathers."

Our Lord always said that it was not our business to judge other people, but to leave that to God; and I don't think He ever taught a rigid theology about sin, damnation, or redemption.

I must now go on to try and say what I think must be the Christianity of the future.

To begin with, I firmly believe that what our Lord taught about God was true. I firmly believe that the happiness and beauty of man is wholly dependent on his being "in communion with" his heavenly Father. I don't believe that there is any happiness, or true progress, except in so far as a man is able to understand his Father's will, and to conform himself to it.

I firmly believe that such communion is possible,

and that it includes not only a turning of man to God, but a hand held out to help by God.

When a man has this communion with God, and when he is doing God's will, I think he is part of "the Kingdom of God." The kingdom is within him. The rule of God is established within his heart.

This Kingdom is what our Lord came to found. I don't think we can know anything about God, except as He is reflected in our Lord's teaching and life, and attitude towards men. I think there is no doubt that our Lord was "the revelation of the Father." As to our Lord's "deity," I don't see how we can define it more than He did.

He showed in some of the parables that He claimed to be "the Son of God." I believe that, but its exact metaphysical meaning I can't get hold of. I think it means that He was essentially of the same nature as God, and that He could not help being different from other men, and "One with the Father" in a way that no one else ever was. I believe that a man who had seen Christ had seen the Father. I mean that Christ was, if one may say so, the will of the Father expressed in terms of man, and I don't see how else God could be made intelligible to man.

So, when I worship, I worship the Father, but it is through Christ. I worship the Father as Christ has shown Him to me, and in no other way at all. I have no other way.

Then I think the Father helps me, if I pray honestly, and without any reservations (only the rich man always makes reservations, and so it is almost impossible

for him to enter the kingdom); and the medium of that help I call the Holy Spirit.

But I cannot go into metaphysical explanations of the relations of the "Persons of the Trinity," because I don't think Christ revealed that, and I am quite sure that no other man can represent it accurately. No metaphysical definitions have any meaning to me. They seem to me irreverent and presumptuous.

Then I call Christ my Saviour, and I think I mean by that, that it is only through Christ I can hope ever to "enter the Kingdom of God," either here on earth or hereafter; and that it is only by entering the Kingdom that I can attain to happiness, or usefulness, or power, or consistency.

I call Christ my Redeemer, because I think that it is only through Him that I can ever hope to rise from the dark valleys where we all start, to the heights from which we may see the heavenly City.

When I go to communion I mean—

(1) That I want to be part of the "body of Christ." (The body of Christ is, of course, that which shows to the world that Christ is still living—that instrument through which the spirit of Christ still works in the world. It is a very imperfect instrument at present.) (Ideally, when men look at Christians, they ought to recognize the spirit of Christ in their pure, useful, powerful lives. "Let your light so shine before men," etc.)

(2) That I know I can't do it without help, and that in so far as my willingness to submit my life to the government of Christ is honest and whole-hearted,

I believe that Christ will answer and use my life for His work, of which promise this sacrament is the pledge.

As regards the Bible, I think that in the Gospels we have the foundation of our knowledge of Christ, which we must use (as other biographies) critically, trying to get behind the letter to the spirit.

The Epistles are tremendously valuable as showing the interpretation which the first missionaries put upon Christ's life, and as showing how great a power had come into the world.

I do not think we are bound to accept in all details the interpretation of Paul or any one else, though they must be treated with the greatest respect.

With regard to prayer. Here, I know, is one of your difficulties. I have never been brought up to have any definite ideas about the objective efficacy of prayer. I know that it is only by continuous prayer that one can keep in communion with God, and that it is only by keeping in communion with God that we can hope to express His Spirit in our lives.

In that way I regard prayer as a kind of continuous effort to realize that God is present, that He alone matters. This is the condition of all courage and goodness, and it is awfully difficult. All one's failures are failures in perseverance in this kind of prayer. The moment we look, like Peter, away from Christ, to the waves of the sea, we begin to sink. At first it is almost certain that we shall always be sinking; but in this, as in other things, perseverance, determination, effort is rewarded, as I know, not from my ex-

perience of myself, but from my experience of other people.

When I ask for definite things to happen, I do not expect them to happen. It would be absurd to do so, for we do not understand enough to know whether it is good that God should exercise His power in that way or not. It is so obvious that the power of God cannot be given into the hands of men simply by their asking for it. It is so obvious that nothing but ruin would result if it were, that I cannot understand how any one can expect it. The more we become like Christ, the more will our prayers be answered, because they will be inspired, not by our own ignorance, but by the wisdom of the Spirit. Nevertheless, I think it is right to pray for things which we believe to be right, because it gives an avenue for God's action, without His destroying men's free will by over-ruling the Law.

I don't know whether this is any good to you. It is an attempt to show how I can believe in Christianity without metaphysical definition, or rigid doctrines that have no real meaning for me. I believe that Christianity must more and more become a thing of practice—"a way"—and less and less a "belief"—i. e., a complicated theology, differing with every sect.

I am,

Yours ever,

P. S.—Can you tell me what Bede, Kit, and any other important people did in Schools? I missed the lists. Who got Firsts?

P. P. S.—I know I am a prig and a snob and a weak-minded rotter, and have no right to write the above. But it is my ideal, rather than my working creed. If I might give one little exhortation, write down your doubts. Get them in black and white and find out where you are. Face the devils, and see what they look like in the clear light of day. It often happens that an enemy behind cover looks stronger than he is. Have him out and look at him!

53, HOLYWELL,—OXFORD,
Nov. 20, 1909.

DEAR HILDA,—

The C. S. O. Council meeting was awfully funny. I can't describe it. There were all sorts of strong-minded and rather unbusinesslike women, doddering old men, very prolix, parsons with plums in their mouths, shrewd commonsense doctors, an aggressive sort of journalist (*Morning Post*), etc., etc., and Gore in the chair. And they didn't *'alf* talk!

Yours frat.,

Friday.

DEAR DOROTHY,—

A Music Hall is a place which exists for an undesirable class of person.

The second-rate business man, the racing man, the young dog, the bourgeois provincial *père de famille*—every one who is without refinement, who likes coarse jests . . . the sort of man that makes it necessary for newspapers to print nauseous details of divorce

cases and murders in full . . . all such persons support the music hall, especially on Saturday night. The music hall exists for them; it has to keep "respectable," but it speaks in parables, so that if there are any decently pure and refined people, "seeing, they shall not see, and hearing they shall not understand."

That is, *you* might go to a music hall and not be shocked at anything; yet at the same time the *swine* would have got a plentiful meal off the suggestions, innuendoes, etc., which had escaped you.

I am not in the least afraid of your being shocked at the ——, because I have not the least doubt that you would find nothing to be shocked at; but I don't like it myself, and I should not like to take you among those people, especially on Saturday night.

I would not mind risking the Palace, or the Coliseum, but we ought to go to fairly good seats. Let me get them to-morrow morning. Tell me how many to get.

Yours ever,

2. *SYMPATHY.*

To an old friend.

May 20, 1910.

DEAR MRS. D'A——,

I don't know what to say. I cannot forgive myself for not coming to see him last vac. If only I had

known it would be my last chance! I had looked forward to many good long yarns, for many years to come. And now he is gone. What a splendid companion he was! But he was very much more to me. For not only was he an old friend, and a link with happy days in Brighton, but I know that he was one of the sort of old friends which is not too common—one whom one could absolutely trust to be always the same—kind, genial, frank and generous. Such friends can never be replaced.

I know that I cannot help you to bear your sorrow, and that I cannot even understand what the loss of his life-long companionship must mean. But I should like, if I may, to remind you that I do know something of what it is to lose the best beloved, and that when I say I sympathize with you, it means something more than mere words.

For him I think neither you nor I can grieve, for I am sure that our Lord loves such kind generous men as he was. Isn't it something of a consolation to know that both he and we are in the keeping of the one Lord and Master of us all, Who knows what mourning means, since He too wept with the sisters of Lazarus, and knows what death is, and knows men as they are, and judges them "not with respect of persons," but truly?

Peace, perfect peace, our loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

I know that is the thought which comforted me most. And, too, are not these loved ones who have gone before fresh links which bind us to our true home?

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

But these things are, perhaps, an impertinence from me. I was thinking of my own beloved ones, and of the things which comfort me for their absence. . . .

If I can help in any way whatever, I think you know that I shall be glad.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

June 12, 1910.

DEAR MRS. D'A——,

I am so sorry that I have not written again, when you said I might. The fact of the matter is that my exams began last Thursday, and I was cramming for them. It is a serious thing being examined after two and a half years' reading!

I do wish I could come and see you and talk, for it must be very lonely for you without him. I do not come up from Oxford till to-morrow fortnight. Then I will most certainly come and call. I do not know how to help you to bear your loss. But I am absolutely certain that those whom we love, and who are gone from our sight, are not really far from us. We cannot see them, because our vision is limited to what we see with our bodily eyes. But I do not think that it is so with those whose life has become more spiritual. You know how sometimes people who are very much in sympathy with each other are able to know instinctively if the other is in danger, even though they may be at the other end of the world. It is what the

scientists call telepathy. I know several cases of that. Especially when some one is dying, or just dead, a dear friend or relation very often seems to see him at the moment of death even though they do not know anything about the illness. My housemaster's sister at Rugby saw her mother in that way, though it was at night, and her mother was in the South of France, and she did not know she was ill. I know many other cases of this.

I think this shows that those who are freed from this mortal body are able to see us and be near us and sympathize with us when we do not see or feel them.

I think that just as God is always near us and watching us, and glad when we come to Him in our thoughts and prayers, and comforts us with the sense of His presence—so when we think of the departed I am sure they know it and are glad.

I think, too, that just as we are able to feel God nearest to us in Jesus, when we go to Communion, so it is at Communion that we are able to feel the love of the absent ones whom we love in the Communion of Saints.

I am sure they are glad when we think of them, and that there is a real bond of love and of prayer between us and them. I am also sure that they are sorry when we grieve overmuch for their absence, when, if only we could see it, they are not really far away—not so far away as if they were in America, for instance.

I am sure that what we must aim at is to think of them with love and calmness and hope of reunion in a better life. I am sure that people are wrong when

they try to distract our mind with other things so that we should forget them.

All the same, you must look after your health and try to cheer up, so that you may be able to think of him with a peaceful kind of love and not grieve too much.

And so I want you to go away for a short holiday, which will do you good physically, and make you more cheerful and able to sleep. Please do not think this cheeky of me! I am sure it will do you good, and if I were in London I should come and fetch you!

I am,

Yours aff.,

P. S.—It was very nice of you to end up your letter "affectly," and I am being bold to do the same. It is nice to think of old friends who have known one since one was a baby, and one's mother and everything. Newer friends are never quite the same.

I am off to Africa on July 20th.

I used to find it a help to think of all I could remember about my mother and write them down. I got the idea from good old Samuel Johnson.

3. VARIOUS.

Woden's Day,—Feast of Corpus Christi, 1910.

DEAR HILDA,—

I quite recognize the force of your objections to my "philosophy" of life. One is a social animal, and must express oneself in a social environment. One cannot have a social environment if one is always gadding about.

I suppose every way of life has its fetters. But I must say that I think London Society—and by that I mean all the upper middles, as well as the uppers—have extraordinarily numerous fetters.

There is dress: one must have half a dozen to a dozen dresses for various occasions (I am talking about men as well as women), and they are expensive and troublesome.

There are conventions of calling and entertaining, which means that a large amount of time and money is spent on "entertaining" and "doing one's duty" by people who are thoroughly bored by it, and who bore you.

Then there are the difficulties of the different sets and circles. It would shock so-and-so if I asked him to dine with B——, because B—— might turn up in a velvet coat!

The whole thing is so artificial and complicated. Yet the real joys of social intercourse are dependent on its freedom and informality, and on the genuine feelings of kindness and interest with which people inspire one. (There is no time for these to grow in "society"!)

Up here it is just the same. The ordinary man who wants to be in "good society" in a college—and there is a satisfaction in being one of the optimates, and also the optimates are better mannered and cleaner and more soothing, etc.—well, the ordinary man who likes the sort of easy-running atmosphere of the "best people" finds he has to confine himself to them. He must not be friends with Jones because Jones is weird

and it would "give him away" socially to be seen with Jones. Yet Jones may be a person of originality who has a great attraction for him. It is a question of choosing between Jones and Society. You cannot know Jones and Mammon!

For a Christian it is very difficult, because Jones may be "of the Household of the Faith," and therefore have claims on one! Of course, this doesn't affect me, because, owing to my great age and the standing which my military career (!) and my being a Rugbeian gives me, I am able to do as I like. Like the Princes of the blood, I am above criticism in social matters, as long as I am here!

But it hampers other people a good deal. I don't quite know the solution. It depends on temperament, I suppose. I think I am really rather like Aunt Louisa, and prefer people who are "rather homely"—to put it in the nicest way.

My friend —— (the nice lad who went to India as a pseudo-missionary) is going to St. Mary Abbotts as a curick. Be nice to him if you come across him.

I am,

Your ever fraternal

P. S.—I don't think I quite see the application of my "philosophy" to Eldon Road.[1] It is, after all, not really a brake on one's independence, and of course you have definitely set your face against being drawn into the wheel of any social set. Only you must practice

[1] His home in Kensington at that time.

Dear Eileen,

Many happy returns of the day.

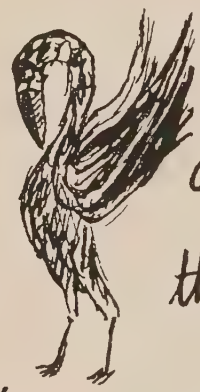
These animals are Owlets.

Where I live there are a lot of Owlets.

I am very busy just now asking them to come to coffee with me next Sunday.

There is a Pelican here too.

He is a very wise old bird, and wont ~~talk~~ ~~about~~ use any words of less than six

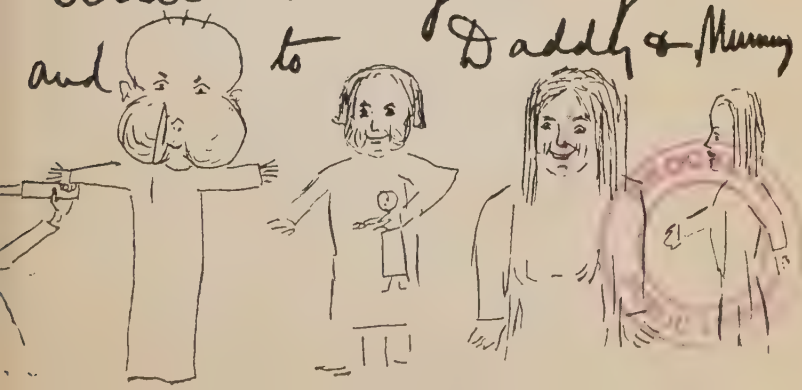


syllables, and the Owlets don't understand him, So I shall ask him another day

I am your affectionate Uncle

Donald

P. S. Give my love to Kathleen and Bubbles and the little baby boy. and to Daddy & Mummy



indifference to such as the Tomkyns woman! That is where the fetters begin to show!

I quite agree with you about marriage in general, but I would almost go further, and say that some people are devoid of a certain faculty or—*je ne sais quoi!* I think I must be without it. I never feel that way about people.

With regard to the faith which creates its own atmosphere in any circumstances, I agree that that is the ideal. But personally I feel the need of isolating and developing the faith first, so that it shall be strong enough to mould circumstances, and not allow me to be moulded by them. I want to be alone, in order to catch the tones of silence.

To his Niece, Eileen Spelman.

DEAR EILEEN,—

Many happy returns of the day. These animals are Owlets.[1] Where I live there are a lot of Owlets. I am very busy just now asking them to come to coffee with me next Sunday. There is a Pelican[2] here too. He is a very wise old bird, and won't use any words of less than six syllables, and the Owlets don't understand him. So I shall ask him another day.

I am,

Your affectionate Uncle,

P. S.—Give my love to Kathleen and Bubbles and the little baby boy, and to Daddy and Mummy.

[1] The "Owlets" is a club in Corpus.

[2] "The Pelican" is the Corpus magazine.

To Bernard Hartley.

28, Eldon Road,—Kensington, W.

July 18, [*1910*].

Frater Carissime,—

Thy felicitations conveyed in thine epistle received this morn were all the more welcome inasmuch as I know well that it is not thine habit to take up the pen with epistolary intent unless the occasion verily seem to require it. Indeed thy congratulations seem to make my small success more worth the having than it did seem to be before.

Thou knowest I covet not empty honours and care not except to acquire the ability to serve our beloved mother the Church, and to have that alphabetic dignity (I refer to the B. A.) which may seem to give a certain guarantee to such opinions as I hold to be pertinent to the well-being of the Faith. I trust that wherein we differ, if thou be right I may even come through the grace of God to be of thy mind, and similarly that if it chance that in aught I be more right than thou, thou mayest come to be like-minded with me. I doubt not we both have much to learn, for as the blessed Ignatius saith, we are but "beginning to be disciples."

If I may give thee the advice which I have found profitable, and I trust agreeable to sound learning, "Read always as though thou wast going about to write a book."

By this means thou wilt avoid the snare of reading aught in isolation, and whatsoever thou readest will be seen to have significance not only in itself but also in relation to the whole subject and to its other several

parts. Thus if thou readest the epistle of the blessed Paul to the Corinthians consider it not merely in itself, but also in relation to such larger subjects as the life of the early Church, the practice of Holy Communion, the evidence for the resurrection of our dear Lord, and so on. So thou wilt find pleasure in comparing it with other documents which bear on these and other subjects, and thou wilt be more likely to remember its contents through having appreciated its significance in relation to the whole subject of Christianity, and in contradistinction to the other books wherewith thou hast compared it.

My papers were all marked "B" by the examiners, but curiously those whereof I was chiefly ashamed were chiefly commended by them, whereas those wherein I had thought to have excelled were held by them to be of little account. Judging by the fact that these papers were adjudged the best wherein, by I know not what dizziness of the head, I was compelled to cease from my labours before the expiry of the time allotted, I suppose that in their opinion "Brevity is the soul of wit."

I depart on my journey to-morrow. I trust that if God will to bring me back in safety it will not prove profitless.

All benisons upon thee and thine! See that thou find in brother Thomas no occasion of stumbling, but rather opportunity for self-control and forbearance, which are of God.

Hold fast thy working faith, even in seasons of dryness. I think thou wilt find that it is that which we

feel and love and by which we are comforted and inspired which hath true substance and reality, rather than the intellectual expression thereof, by which we endeavour to explain and impart the same to others. Such is my conclusion.

Now I will bid thee farewell. Maybe that in the quietness of the land whither I am bound I may find occasion to write to thee further. I fear me it is vain for me to suggest that a letter from thee would be welcome. A letter addressed to this present abode would be forwarded anon.

Pax tecum, et in labore tuo sapientiae amorisque spiritus.

Semper tibi tuisque summam amorem habebit frater tuus,

DONALDUS GUILELMUS ALERS HANKEY.

To the well beloved brother in Christ
BERNARDUS HARTLEY.

The following fragment of a letter was found among Donald's papers.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

. . . You could say, "Your heavenly Father was glad when you risked your life for that child." You would think of the cross of Christ, and the empty tomb. You would remember such texts as "he that shall lose his life shall find it." "Inasmuch as ye have

done it unto the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me." "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

This is just one example.

Take another. One of the happiest people I know is a parson in the North of England. He has been lame all his life, and has great difficulty in getting about. He spends his whole life "helping lame dogs over stiles." He lives in a most Spartan fashion, in a beastly, ugly, manufacturing town. He is always full of other people's troubles. Yet, though he has so few *pleasures*, I have absolutely no doubt, simply from his face, that he is one of the happiest men I have ever met.

Why is it that the people who spend their time bearing other people's burdens should be so happy—so much happier than many people who are free from care and anxiety?

That is another fact which wants explaining. If the thing which the Christian calls "The peace of God, which passeth understanding," is not that, what is it?

Of course the Christian says, "You will be most happy if you get in tune with God, and God wants you to be sympathetic and eager to serve others."

Isn't this a satisfactory explanation?

And if we need a knowledge of God, that knowledge must come from God. It must be revelation and not imagination.

Two things seem to me to stamp the teaching of Christ as revelation:

(1) Its tone of authority and certainty, and its consistency;

(2) Its completeness. Though nineteen centuries have passed since Christ died, I still find in His words, His parables, His aphorisms, and paradoxes, and in His actions, the most perfect and complete exposition of what my conscience approves as "the good" and "the true."

Yet He was, humanly speaking, an unlettered peasant, living in a barbarous age.

I am sending you some books, but do not know what to send because I do not know the sort of book you want, and the sort of difficulties you have to contend with.

Of one thing I am certain, the better one understands the teaching of Christ, the more wonderful and satisfactory it is.

One wants to read it direct from the Bible, to think it out for oneself in its obvious meaning, free from prejudice, and free from ecclesiastical dogmas.

One wants the spirit of Jesus Christ, which explains everything. Then one wants to go out into the Vineyard of God, which is the world.

I was once longing to feel more love for Christ, and a keener sense of His presence, and the thought came "If you would find your Lord, go, look for Him in His vineyard. You will find Him working there."

And I am sure it is true. I do not think I have ever felt Christ so near as at the bedside of a boy who was dying of consumption in a Bermondsey slum.

Suffering is the inevitable result of human freedom.

Freedom is the only thing which makes Faith of any value. So suffering is not wholly evil, but through Christ it is a great opportunity.

If you want to be able to "give a reason for the faith that is in you," my advice is, "Study the need for religion, and the effects of religion, and above all the mind of Christ; but do not try to argue with people on their own ground."

Unless one is extraordinarily clever, one cannot hope to do anything in argument, for argument hardly ever convinces.

Yours ever,

III

THE TRAVELLER

July 1910–July 1912: *æt.* 26–27

In July, 1910, on the invitation of "X.," Hankey joined his old friend in B. E. A., and spent some time in his company, travelling and sight-seeing. He came home via Madagascar and Mauritius.

1. *OUTWARD BOUND.*

Ye Baie of Biscaie,
Friday, July 22, 1910.

Beloved,—

Ye last days have been ye limit. As usual, I have suffered severely for not being sick. Now, however, I begin to recover, perhaps because I have been "doing a fast!" The ship is full of Germans going to Naples. The "W.'s" are two little girls (the ones in my carriage) who are travelling home to Lisbon in the charge of the Captain. I found the sovereign which one of them lost in the train, so we started by being good friends. Unfortunately we have neither of us been sociably inclined the last few days.

There is a middle-aged lady who is going to Nairobi to stay with friends and is afterwards going round the world, all by herself apparently. She is very

C. D., poor soul! There is a youngish woman bound for Zanzibar, in I know not what capacity. Then there is one man S——, whose profession is to arrange shooting tours for people. He is rather a nice soul of the simple British outdoor type,—rather like a subaltern. He has a certain amount of imagination. In fact, though he is not exactly my sort, we hit it off well enough so far. He will be very useful too, I think, for of course he knows the country backwards.

I think I rather puzzle him when I confess that I am neither capable nor desirous of shooting things!

I am very glad I have got a single berth cabin, for the Germans are of rather an objectionable type for the most part. There is a "Herreferender" (which means Reverend, I suppose), who is awful to look at. But I have not spoken to any yet. They are all getting off at Naples.

There is one rather pretty girl who is passing at the moment, but I do not know if she speaks English, so despair of getting to know her. I am afraid this is not a very bright letter, but so far I do not feel bright!

I hope you are all well.

Yours fraternally,

DONALD W. A. HANKEY.

Saturday, July 23.

P. S.—Some of them (the Germans) look quite nice, but most of them are terrible. They all wear yachting caps, but most of them wear dinner jackets in the evening. Isn't this very surprising?

DONALD.

You will be relieved to hear that so far I have got no nearer to an introduction to the beautiful German Fräulein.

Yours fraternally,

DONALD.

To his Sister.

LISBON,

July 24, 1910.

ACH WUNDERSCHÖN!

Meine Liebe Hilda, green and blue and red and purple masts and cargoes of the barges, and the sea opalescent with the reflections. Houses up the sides of the hill white and yellow ochre with tiled roofs. Bright sun, men dressed like amateur pirates.

Mrs. ——— is the name of the elderly sportswoman who is going round the world, and we are to trot round this morning. The Germans have all gone off on a tour at 7 A. M.

I will write further when we get to sea again.

Thine fraternally,

P. S.—I quite recovered yesterday and hope I am now acclimatized.

July 27, 1910.

BELOVED,—

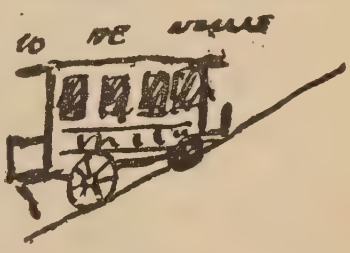
Since I last wrote I have "done" Lisbon and Tangier, so you mustn't mind if this letter is rather guide-booky. Lisbon struck me as a mixture in about equal proportions of Genoa and Port Louis. It is built on a lot of steep little hills on the northern bank of the Tagus. The streets are some of them very

steep, some of them are steps, and up one of the hills there are two elevators.

There are trains everywhere, but sometimes the streets are so steep that they have to be built as on opposite page, with two big wheels and two little ones.

The houses are mostly quite new,—I mean there is very little that is ancient,—in fact, as far as I know, the monastery of Belem is the only really ancient and thrilling building in the whole place.

This Belem, however, really is a gem. It is what is known as Manueline Gothic, which apparently means a mixture of Portuguese "renaissance" with Gothic. The Gothic spirit comes out in the grand simplicity, and the Portuguese renaissance in the wealth of stone carving—at least, I suppose so. The church itself is a huge empty place, almost square, with no aisles or naves or transepts, but just one or two chapels. Except for three altars and a holy water stoup the main portion of it is absolutely empty. The walls are plain, and the roof is supported by six stone pillars gloriously sculptured all over.



Outside it is the same thing. The walls are plain and unpretentious, but the door is the most elaborate thing you can possibly imagine, and there is a domed tower which reminds one of Venice, being elaborate and yet quite graceful. I suppose this sounds rather an incongruous mixture of styles, but the interior is one

of the most impressive I have ever seen. The absence of aisles gives an impression of spaciousness. Adjoining the church is a two-storied cloister, which is in the elaborate style. The arches are most intricately carved, and yet the general effect is light and graceful. I took some photos of this. I went there twice, and the second time I walked back rather circuitously, and saw about six miles of the less savoury streets of Lisbon.

There are quite a lot of blacks among the inhabitants, and an *enormous* number of mulattoes. This is where the resemblance to Port Louis comes in. I wore my black flannel suit with the white line in it, and my brown felt Oxford hat, and looked like a Portuguese clerk. Those hats which are so fashionable at Oxford are *exactly* what is worn by the rather second-rate men in Lisbon! The aristocrats wear straw hats or bowlers. Silly asses!

Well, the inhabitants of the back streets were ludicrously like the Port Louis Creoles. They had just the same slouching swagger, the same large dark restless eyes, the same air of indolence, quarrelsomeness, and gritlessness (I cannot bother about the proper words!). The poorer classes all wear big black felt hats, and seedy black clothes. The shops, too, are absurdly like those of Port Louis, being mainly unsavoury looking wine cabarets (is that the right word?) or cigar dens, or emporiums of unwholesome looking patisserie. There were also, as in Mauritius, a phenomenal number of Pharmacies full of patent medicines.

The shops mostly have no glass, but just big doors with shutters. The funniest shops were the dairies, which generally had a cow in a stall at the back of the shop!

On the tops of the hills there were often monasteries or big houses with lovely gardens, and sometimes small public terraces with little gardens. But these public gardens were *very* small, and very dried up.

The streets were steep and cobbled, often very narrow, and with very high dirty-looking houses, rather like Genoa, but in the suburbs they were more like Port Louis,—broader, and with a sprinkling of gardens. They were full of barracks and weedy-looking conscripts.

There was a most unpleasant smell everywhere, which I suppose accounts for the excessive expectoration!

I was walking along one of these suburban back streets when suddenly about six more or less intoxicated men dashed out of the doors and windows of a house just ahead, all shouting, and brandishing chairs and sticks and brooms, with which they proceeded to

bash each other's heads. They kept up a running fight in my direction, so I cautiously retired up a side street. However, very soon they gave up battering each other and took to words again, so I was able to pass. The incident brought every one to the windows, and they were a most unsavoury-looking lot—mostly mulattoes apparently. Yours fraternally,

Good luck in Norway!

I have been projecting a story, but I am afraid my style is too turgid and my interests too serious for fiction.

MARSEILLES,
July 29, 1910.

DEAR HILDA,—

Many thanks for your letter, and the cutting about Prison Reform. I most thoroughly approve of the latter. It means that people are beginning to do things with a view to their effect in the future instead of with a view to their authority in the past. I mean, that punishment, which has hitherto been considered as a compensation to justice for damage done, is now regarded as a means of protecting society, and healing a diseased individual. (Simultaneously, new views of *Hell!* The same principle must be applied to religion and *worship.*) I suppose, though, that they will probably end by making prison a much better training school than the street or the factory, so that the man who has committed a crime will positively have a pull over the man who hasn't! Then a Sidney Webb will come along and say prisons should not be made de-

terrent, but that any one who feels his moral backbone in need of strengthening should be encouraged to come under the Prison's curative care. And so we shall all go to prison sometimes just as we might go to a religious "retreat"!

No, but what I do think about prisons now is that the iron regularity of a number of petty discomforts tied in bundles with yards of red tape is as cruel as anything mediæval, and though doubtless more hygienic in a sense, the prisons are appallingly insanitary when viewed from the side of the "Hygiene of mind." A German gent (a most festive old bird, who knows Menelik of Abyssinia and the Sultan of Morocco and all sorts of weird people), told me that he considered our prisons much more cruel than those of Muley el Hafid. In the latter, he said, there was no distinctive dress, no solitary confinement, and the prisoners could get food from outside. So we are learning something from the Barbarian. The only danger is starvation if your friends and relations outside don't play the game. But this never happens because of

(1) The facilities given for earning money by work.

(2) The kindness of prisoners to each other. If you forget the occasional barbarities of flogging, etc., and the filth (probably) this is an almost ideal prison system, and costs so little!

I was much amused at your eulogy on the R. C. priests. Yes, it is the confessional. You will find the same thing at Cowley, among the "fathers." It is also partly due to the fact that the R. C. Priest (like

the Cowley Father) is trained with a view to his ceasing to belong to any particular class of society. He may retain the coarseness or fineness of fibre appropriate to his birth, but his function is to be of no class himself, but the father of all his flock. With keen R. C.'s and especially children I think the confessional is a real thing, and a good priest will be the constant source of shrewd worldly wisdom as well as ghostly counsel to his flock! Many priests have a quite phenomenal knowledge of human nature I think.

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

To his Sister.

Sunday, July 31, 1910.

BELOVED,—

Several people got on at Marseilles, many of them English. Some of them are quite nice. The great feature is a painted lady with a face like Cleopatra and an *enormous* quantity of somebody's hair, and the highest possible heels, and the narrowest possible skirt. I don't think she will be able to move a step in rough weather!

Another feature is a body of friars and sisters going to Zanzibar third class. They are very apostolic looking—the men in long white cassocks, brown beards, gentle eyes, and brown cloaks. I am told that they will none of them ever be able to return, according to the rule of their order.

Some of the new English are nice-looking—or rather, "look nice." There is one very young, conventional, rather vague-looking youth who, S—— says, is dead certain to be destined for an Assistant-District Commissionership. According to S——, it is a thoroughly bad job from every point of view. The pay and prospects are inconsiderable, and in a row the Government always goes back on them. If they are lax, they are blamed for not being firmer. If they are severe, they are offered up at the altar of a sentimental public. I think I am the first serious Oxfordite S—— has met. He regards me with increasing astonishment, not unmingled with awe! I am a phenomenon to him! I reason learnedly of Socialism and Higher Thought, and he gasps. That I should also be an ex-subaltern and know quite a lot about the wicked world makes me still more incomprehensible! Naturally, under the circumstances, I am getting very fond of him!

Yours fraternally,
DONALD W. A. HANKEY.

Aug. 2,
The day after Naples.

BELOVED,—

I am beginning my letter to you now because it is the nearest approach I keep to a diary. Naples was lovely. Some went to Pompeii, and others to the Museum, but S. and I went to look at the town and the people and the food! We spent the morning, as a matter of fact, looking for Thos. Cook; but as we took

the wrong tram and went in entirely the wrong direction, we saw a good deal of Naples in the process.

Then we had a very bad lunch which ought to have been very good. Then S. insisted on going back to the ship, and I was left to follow my own devices. As usual my two ideas were (1) to get high, (2) to get a walk, so I took a tram which went right up into the hills behind. It ended, and I walked on up a steep narrow street, which degenerated first into steps and finally into an unpaved lane between hedges. At last I found myself walking along the tops of the hills among fruit trees and vines with glimpses of a beautiful view. At length, however, the path bungled right against a house. Just as I was turning back in disgust, an old peasant lady who was sitting sewing at a window called to me, and I proceeded to explain in my best French that I was taking a walk to see the view, and that I was sorry if through ignorance I had trespassed. She, however, was all smiles, and indicated that the best view was from the windows of her house, and that I must come up and see it. After some hesitation, I went, and was shown the view from every window of a big rambling house, and finally was taken up to the roof. From there the view was simply marvellous. One seemed to be at the highest point for miles, and saw all round.

All the foreground was of fruit trees and those jolly flat-topped cedar things. In one direction we saw over Naples to Vesuvius, then all round the coast and the islands, and then on the other side a long ridge covered with fruit, and ending in a little peak with a big house

on it. It is quite indescribable, but I think that as you know Fiesole and Naples you will be able to get a good idea of it. My old lady then presented me with two carnations and a glass of lemonade, and I presented her with a lavish tip, and we parted the best of friends amid much flowery French and much waving of handkerchiefs. Wasn't it luck?

The house was such a funny great place with lots of big empty whitewashed rooms. It was quite cool, as every room had about six huge windows. I think it must originally have been a gentleman's villa. Now it appeared to belong to a sort of chief gardener person.

August 3.

There is a certain Col. B. on board who is an ex-gunner, and with whom I have fraternized. He is an awfully nice man, I think, and he is going out as a "sportsman" to B. E. A. He and S—— and T—— (the man in the King's African rifles) sit round of an evening and tell blood-curdling yarns, while I, like the good little boy, am seen and not heard. Col. B. told me one queer story about an Irish friend of his in the R. H. A. He had not seen him for a year or two, when he went to Rome. One day he was told that a priest wished to see him, and to his astonishment in walked the ex-captain who was being trained as a priest in Rome. He is now an R. C. Missionary in India!

I have been reading William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*. It is my first excursion into psychology, and I find it intensely interesting. I be-

lieve it would interest you. It is very "popular" in its style and phraseology but of course he is one of the greatest thinkers of our time.

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

THE RED SEA,
Aug. 9, 1910.

DEAR HILDA,—

I think that this would be too hot even for you! The nights, at any rate.

Suez reawoke in me my sense of colour and desire to paint. Fortunately my paint box was inaccessible, so I had to content myself with writing down what colours I would have used if they had been available.

The sand was certainly the most lovely orange, which I am sure I could just have hit off. We only stopped long enough to take on quantities of sweet grapes, so the question of one's duty to one's brother's wife's father's brother did not arise! As a matter of fact I should have liked to look up Mr. Bush,[1] but as we did not land I couldn't. I don't think I envy him his place of residence!

I have been reading chiefly novels lately—*A Man of Property,* which I know you have read, *A Winnowing,* by R. H. Benson, which *you* would *loathe;* and *The Duenna of a Duchess* (*7d.* series), which is quite pleasing and would suit your convalescence rather well. I am also reading Miss Loane's *Neighbours and Friends* with which I am *awfully* bucked; and *Thais,* by Ana-

[1] His "brother's" (Clement) "wife's father's brother," then resident in Suez.

tole France, which seems as if it were going to be interesting.

I don't seem to have any "copy" available for a letter. To say the truth, the English people on board are mostly dull if amiable, while those who are interesting at all are almost exclusively so in a sporting direction. Col. B. is quite a pleasing person, for instance, but we never get on to any subjects except such dull ones as women's suffrage or mutual acquaintances such as Mrs. R—— and Col. A——. S—— spends all his time trying to buck up his wife. She is a very pretty young woman with a lot of character—or at any rate perverseness! She is thoroughly run down, but will insist on eating ices, and drinking quantities of iced drinks, which of course don't improve matters. She is quite nice, and rather amusing, but she rather goes in for a pout! Perhaps it suits her. At any rate it is rather her attitude towards life in general at present—a pout with a certain amount of humour and cleverness too. Sorry this is such a dull letter. You must put it down to the weather.

Yours fraternally,

2. BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

MOMBASA,
Aug. 18, 1910.

DEAR HILDA,—

It *is* nice to be on shore again!

Off to-morrow (D. V.) and hope to meet X. at Nairobi. I have explored Mombasa pretty thoroughly and shall be glad of a move. It is quite a nice place.

There is the usual sort of Indian-Arab quarters with narrow meandering lanes and villainous smells, and merchants selling the usual Indian silver and brass and silk at the usual fabulous prices. There is also a European Villa quarter which is less attractive, tending to run to galvanized iron and rather squalidly suburban. There is an African quarter of mud-huts with palm-leaf roofs.

The people from the ship who are staying here are rather awful. They have a strong cockney accent and are always talking about "good form," etc.! I think they regard me as rather stuck up! It is a question of tacking on to them (which, as I rather avoided them on board ship, I cannot very well do) and going about by myself. I choose the latter as the lesser of two evils!

Yesterday some Nairobi friends of theirs passed through on the way to Zanzibar. Their name was R. and they *were* funny. The husband was a nice old man, very hospitable and genial; but very middle class. It did not matter with him though, because he talked about interesting things, and did not try to put on side! His wife was just the sort of person whose daughter I shall one day marry—rather like Mrs. C., or a rather vulgar Mrs. W. She immediately adopted me (and every one else) as her personal property, and made me promise to look them up in Nairobi when I pass through on my way back!

I am afraid this letter is rather acid! Sorry!

I tried to do a sketch from the hotel verandah today, but there was nothing really sketchable, and I

hadn't got my proper brushes, and I haven't got my colour eye back yet, so it was rather a failure!

Yours fraternally,

NAIROBI, *Aug. 19, 1910.*

DEAR HILDA,—

Arrived here this morning rather expecting to find X., but he has not turned up so far.

It was quite cold in the train (especially at night). There was a cold wind and a cloudy sky. The country was at first quite what one expected—palms, etc.,—then we got into a long weary wilderness of dry leafless shrubs and coarse burnt grass, then followed a tract like the Downs in autumn, long brown grass dotted with low trees, but greener than the wilderness. Then at nightfall we came to some mountains and saw a lovely sunset behind them.

All this morning we went through bare plains like Salisbury Plain, without any trees, but full of game,—Wildebeeste, Hartebeeste, Gazelle, Ostriches, Zebras and Giraffes. It was quite interesting looking out of windows at the animals. Nairobi is a rambling town, largely built of galvanized iron and mostly under trees.

So far it has been disappointingly like England! That is to say, after a time one could quite imagine the Hartebeeste were cows, and the plains a vast field, and the sky and temperature were quite like an English autumn!

A fat, rather vulgar-looking "Italian" with whom I travelled up from Mombasa, turned up trumps and

dragged me about all this afternoon,—to the polo and to the club.

He is such a funny person, with a huge double chin and a bad complexion, but very kind and apparently a very popular character! He is, I am afraid, suffering from too much popularity at the club at this minute, and I doubt whether we shall meet at breakfast!

The ladies at the polo were ever so smart; and there were two Lords and a Knight! X. is turning up tomorrow afternoon. Ooray!

Sunday, 8.30 A. M.

I have just seen the Cavalieri! "Good morning! I haf just returned from the club! I slept there! By jofe, those polo fellows!" I gather that he probably has a headache. These barbarians are rather deplorable, but they have great and pleasing virtues such as benevolence. I share Donald's theological doubts as to the relative merits of the very respectable prig (myself, for instance) and the frankly, childishly pagan with his generosity, barbarian courage, and loose morals (I know nothing about the Cavalieris, I am generalizing!). All of which are alike attributable to lack of thought and foresight! The person who thinks and calculates will never be so generous and unselfish nor so foolish and disreputable as the impulsive soul, but I don't know that he has the best of it always.

The vice of the thinking man is, after all, a much worse sin than the dissoluteness of the unthinking! Anyway, it is much more unsavoury. But of course if your ancestors were bankers you cannot be naturally

impulsive, any more than you can expect the son of—say—a country gentleman whose ancestors' sole interests have been the chase and the bottle, to be cautious and rational. In short, the difficulty and danger of the parson is that he must have a different ideal to set before every different man! He must understand each type of man, however different from himself. Perhaps, then, it is not a bad thing that I should have a liking for my Italian, as he is not likely to lead me astray, and he is more likely to teach me his virtues than his vices! However, I shall probably never see him again after to-day. I don't know if you pass my letters on; if so you had better omit the theological and moral disquisitions!

The people I cannot take any interest in are these D—s (from the ship); they pretend to be gentle, but have low minds! Unfortunately they are just the ones who are going to church!

6.45 P. M.

X. has arrived with his faithful Mohammed. So all is now as happy as a marriage bell.

Yours fraternally,

EMBU, B. E. A.,
Aug. 27, 1910.

DEAR HILDA,—

I arrived here yesterday with the pianola which X. is now playing with much apparent satisfaction. The place is on the top of a hill—or rather spur—with a rushing river running round two sides. The country is mostly covered with bushes and low trees, and is

full of lovely flowers. It is quite cool,—in fact there has been no sun yet.

X. has a very comfortable little storehouse and a jolly garden. The house and verandah are adorned with native shields and spears and the skulls and skins of the animals he has slaughtered.

The motor drive to Fort Hall was rather uncomfortable, as the motor was very full, and there was a regular stack of luggage covered with "boys," which threatened to fall on us every minute!

Sunday.

The march from Fort Hall we accomplished in three days. Five miles the first day to the Tana river, then fifteen miles to "Kutu's," and then fifteen more on here via a mission station. The Tana river camp was quite pretty, and we went a jolly walk in the evening, when X. shot a guinea fowl and missed a water buck. "Kutu's" was a glorious place on the top of a spur, with a big river rushing round three sides, and we went to sleep with the sound of waterfalls in our ears. I tried to sketch, but it wasn't a great success. While I was sketching a funny old native came and shook hands, and took a great interest. It turned out that he was the great and powerful Kutu himself, paramount chief of half the Kipuyer, and responsible for Rs. 50,000 hut tax. He told X. he was sure I must be hungry after my voyage, and sent me a live sheep!

We travelled in great state, with fifty outrageously savage porters, three spearmen (or "Moran") in feathers, shields, and crimson cloaks, a few native police, and innumerable gun bearers, etc. The Moran

are most beautiful people. I mean to paint a picture of one some day. I took some photos of the pianola and its savage porters of which I am going to send copies to the Orchestrelle Coy.!

X. was frightfully suspicious when we went to the mission station. However, I am glad to say he came away reassured that they were not doing anything very pernicious! In fact, he is actually doing what he can to get a C. M. S. in preference to Italian R. C.'s in his neighbourhood.

The last few miles to Embu were very infuriating, involving continual crossing of steep valleys. The last hill up was worst of all, and of course being very high up, one's wind goes easily! X. talked about the possibility of Rhinos charging us, but I was much too tired to care if they did or no!

In the evening X. made some ice with a new ice machine, much to the amazement, not to say alarm, of his "toto" (or "boots"), a small infant of about ten years, who was made to hold some in his hand. We had dinner with S. K., X.'s immediate boss, and spent the evening festively. Yesterday the pianola was unpacked, and K. S. came in to dine with us. My claret was broached, and much appreciated. In this country European stores are prohibitive in price, while you can get a native chicken for fourpence! Bread costs about tenpence a loaf! But there are plenty of eggs, mealies, honey, butter, milk, game, chickens and vegetables.

I found a letter awaiting me from the Bishop of Mauritius asking me to stay with him. I am waiting for your answer before I accept.

I had my hair cut by Mohammed this morning. He is not an expert!

I am,

Your affectionate brother,

EMBU,
Sept. 2, 1910.

DEAR HILDA,—

This place continues to be a great success. We had a dance of the spearmen the other night, which was awfully good value. After dinner we went and sat opposite a great log fire in a big open space, while the spearmen danced round, singing weird chants, and waving their spears and shields. It was awfully like a dream. The glow of the fire emphasized the blackness of the night, and the figures of the spearmen were indistinct, like shadows. Only their shields, and their teeth, and their white plumes caught the light, while the spears glinted.

The chants were quite irreducible to our scale, and the whole effect was indescribably strange and fascinating. The interest was not diminished by the reflection that these people are the chief agents of our civilized Government!

Yesterday we tried to shoot Kongone, but they were so shy that we couldn't get near them. We afterwards found one which had just been killed by a leopard, but though we must have disturbed him at his meal, we saw no other sign of his presence. We had a most weird walk back in the dark, the only light being the red flare of distant fires.

I have not shot anything yet. We went out shooting one day, and I hit an animal as we thought fatally, but it afterwards got up and ran away. I am not very keen on shooting, (*a*) because I am rather a bad shot, and (*b*) because it seems rather pointless to shoot deer and buck (which are nice beasts), unless one wants their meat or their horns very badly. (*c*) Because if one is a bad shot one is very likely to wound an animal and not kill, which means that he falls a prey to leopards or lions.

I have no excuse for wanting horns because I don't care for grinning skulls as ornaments, and I have not in any case the time to make a collection which would be of value to the scientist.

Altogether I have concluded that I will not shoot anything henceforth unless I have to. Of course it is different with Elephants or Rhinos or Buffaloes or Lions and Leopards. With all these there is the element of personal danger which makes it interesting, and in the case of Lions and Leopards a shooter is simply killing a pest. Yours fraternally,

P.S.—I am glad my god-daughter revels in animals. I am sure it is a wholesome trait.

To his Cousin.

EMBU, B. E. A., *Sept. 22, 1910.*

DEAR DOROTHY,—

Just back from my fortnight's "Safari." We went right up to the forest of Kenia in search of elephants, but had no luck at all. We camped at an altitude of about 8,000 feet, in the shade of some huge trees. Just below us was a turbulent little stream, and all the sides of the glen were simply cut up by elephant tracks. However, they had all cleared off the day before we arrived, and we didn't see any. It was awfully jolly, though. I dare say that we were the first white men to go to that particular spot; anyway it was just about as complete a change from Oxford and London as you could conceive.

In the morning we used to go off and try to find recent tracks of elephant, and follow them up. In the afternoon and evening I would go and sit in some lovely forest glade and sketch, or take my gun and hope that a monkey (Colobus) or a buck would appear. In the evenings we used to put on all the clothes we possessed and sit over a huge log fire, and sip hot gin toddy. And yet in our schooldays we were taught that the equator was the hottest part of the world!

The day we moved we really did think we had got an elephant. We moved camp about 7.30, arriving at our new one at about 10, and according to custom immediately sent out native scouts to look for elephant. About midday they reported fresh tracks of a lone bull, quite near camp, and after a hasty lunch we dashed off in pursuit.

An elephant being a large and heavy beast with an impenetrable hide doesn't mind where he goes, and just barges his way through trees and bushes, and roots up or tramples down anything that gets in his way. The human animal (1) has not got an impenetrable hide, (2) is comparatively small and light, (3) has to carry a gun and a camera; consequently the pursuit was somewhat arduous. We tracked him through a marsh, and up a hill and through a wood, and through a bamboo forest and round in a semi-circle into the marsh again, until at about four o'clock, after three hours' relentless pursuit, we saw camp about a mile away, and were apparently no nearer to our elephant than when we started.

Our gunbearer was pessimistic, and so we decided to leave some natives to follow up the elephant while we went back to camp. I, being sceptical, changed, but just as we were contemplating some tea in the near future, a breathless spearman arrived with the news that the elephant had been sighted. X. dashed off at a run, and I, hastily winding some puttees under my flannels, did ditto. The old beast had chosen the densest bush for his wanderings, and it was like following through solid acres of hedge. However, he made a pretty fat path, and we got on pretty fast, though every three steps one put one's foot in a hole or one's hand in a nettle or one's hat was caught in a thorn branch, or we tripped over a root, or had to climb over a fallen tree. We pursued till sunset, but though we can't have been more than half an hour behind, we didn't catch him up. Then we had to find

our way back by moonlight. If it was hard work following in an elephant's track in daylight, it was much worse making one's own path by moonlight. Barring my adventure with the prickly pear in Mauritius, it was the most sensational walk I have ever taken. The spearmen went first, hacking at the bushes with their swords, and we stumbled after them as best we could. We reached camp about eight o'clock, after spending about nine hours of the day on our feet. My flannels were in ribbons!

The only other beast that has been in close proximity was a Rhino, who thought my tent rather odd in the early hours of one morning. He came along and sniffed at it, and woke me up by making a noise like a prolonged sneeze, but he cleared out before I could see him, and so I can't at present send my promised animal. I hope for better luck when we go to Msengulene.

At present we are leading a civilized life in the station, as the D. C. insisted on going to Suka instead of us. X. has one Indian servant (Mohammed), four "totos" (or child-helps, about ten to fourteen years old) and a Uganda cook. Yesterday we had great fun, as he has a box of conjuring tricks, and performed for the benefit of the totos. The people here cannot make out why, if X. can make one rupee into ten, he should bother them about hut tax! I believe the totos think he is no end of a wizard. One of them spent all last night blowing on a rupee in the hope of making it into two!

I am most riotously fit out here. Yours ever,

EMBU, *Sept. 22, 1910.*

DEAR HILDA,—

We returned from our fortnight's "shooting Safari" the day before yesterday. I did not even fire my gun, and X.'s bag was one pigeon and one hawk! The reason was that we went after Elephant. We went first to a place called Nigeri, which is about 45 miles away. There we found a refreshingly enthusiastic D. C., also named X., with a wife who had been a South African nurse. She was very nice too. We lived in each other's pocket, rather for a day and a half, and they all talked shop hard, and I was a little bit bored. However, it was an interesting place to see, as Browne is very enterprising and had made a little canal about six miles long to bring water into the station, and had all sorts of fish ponds, and little falls for working motors, etc. Also the station garden was full of lovely flowers and approached by avenues of mulberry trees. It was very cold though!

We then made our way slowly to the forest of Kenia, and finally camped under the big trees, overlooking a little glen, with a bubbling stream at the bottom. But for our porters we could have quite imagined ourselves in the valley of the Webbern at Leusdon. We must have been about 8,000 feet up, and it was very chill, and I promptly caught a cold.

A herd of Elephant had been in the Kenia forest about two days before, and the whole glen was covered with their tracks. However, we could not find them, and our native spies reported that they had shifted off higher up the mountain.

After three days we moved, and very nearly got an Elephant.

We broke fast at 6.30, and marched from 7 to 10. At 12, we heard that fresh tracks of a lone bull had been found quite near, so after a hasty lunch we dashed off in pursuit. We went through a marsh, and up a hill covered with dense bush, through bamboo forest, and round in a circle through more bush and bamboo, then down into the marsh again, and then off into more bush, until after three hours of incessant pursuit we found ourselves in sight of camp, and apparently as far as ever from the Elephant. We left some natives to follow him up, and returned to camp.

I changed, and we were just going to have tea when a breathless spearman arrived with the news that the Elephant had been sighted, and that a companion was watching him. X. dashed off at once at a run, not having changed. I followed as soon as I had wound some puttees on under my flannel trousers. Then we pursued till sunset, i. e. another one and half hour through the densest jungle, and trying to run most of the time. No better luck than before, and at sunset we had to turn back, with the pleasant prospect of having to find our way through a pathless jungle by moonlight. Again the spearman had to be called in, and they hacked a path of sorts with their swords, but it was the weirdest and most tiring scramble I have ever had. Fortunately there was no prickly pear, but there were any number of thorn trees, and blackberry bushes and nettles, and my trousers were torn to ribbons. At one time I found myself climbing up the

trunk of a fallen tree, and it was so steep that I honestly didn't know whether I should find myself on the top of a steep hill, or on the tops of the trees when I finished! Fortunately there are no leopards so high up as we were, so there was no danger, and it was only weird and weary. We got back at about 8 P. M. after having spent about nine hours of the day on our feet, most of it in the roughest kind of scramble.

We came back by forced marches from Kenia; and arrived feeling no end fit, but rather sick at our empty bag. The only comfort is that there wasn't any other game we could have shot right up there, except by a lucky fluke.

I haven't any letters to answer, so I will merely hope you are as fit as I am and finish up.

Your affectionate brother,

P. S.—Did you see that Collis got a first class in history?

EMBU,
Oct. 7, 1910.

DEAR HILDA,—

I was awfully glad to hear that you had got through your troubles so successfully. I believe it is quite a good thing to be ill sometimes: it prevents that almost morbid dread of that side of life which the healthy person sometimes has, also it tests one's friends and I think tends to restore one's confidence in human nature!

Of course R—— would be a brick on such an occasion. I was interested to hear that you had had a talk.

Of course it is difficult for a scientific man to have much sympathy for religion or philosophy. He is accustomed to deal with the objective, in which human language can be used in exact definitions; whereas in religion and philosophy, the moment one gets beyond the language of allegory one goes astray.

For instance, the doctor can show you what he means by a liver, preserved in a bottle; whereas a soul is merely a name for the objective in man, and no one knows whether it can exist apart from matter or not,—whether it is an attribute of matter, or a "spiritual substance" capable of independent existence, and so on. The man of science looks for a soul and can't find it. He weighs a body before and after the "flight of the soul"; all this is because he cannot conceive existence without physical properties,—his axiom is "what isn't matter doesn't matter," or "the non-material is immaterial." Of course that axiom does rule out the whole idea of religion.

But if you follow out your materialism to its logical conclusion, the idea of man which you seem to me to arrive at, is that he is a kind of record—like a phonograph record—of the interaction of certain hereditary influences with certain immediate conditions, and all you can say is that it is very deplorable that he should be self-conscious.

The argument leading up to this is quite sound from the scientific point of view. The man of science compares the human embryo with the beast's, and can't find any difference. The historical chain connecting the one with the other is so nearly complete as to be

almost conclusive. The influences of heredity and environment on character are so clearly traceable that there seems no room for human will.

From the scientific point of view the cumulative evidence is overwhelming.

But in practice it doesn't produce good results to treat oneself or other people as if they were self-conscious phonograph records. It produces much better results to treat them as if they had a degree of freedom of will and responsibility.

That seems to me sufficient proof that it is truer to say that man has some degree of free will than to deny it.

The choice seems to me to be so far between logic and practical common sense. I say to the scientist, "Your sum has gone wrong somewhere. The answer is obviously untrue. It seems to me that you have left out a paramount though incalculable factor (the subjective, or the spiritual) and that your science is unequal to the task it has set itself. You must not be so ambitious."

Similarly with philosophy. The idea of change or progress is obviously inconsistent with the ideas of infinity and eternity. Yet the answer of the consistent philosopher (the Hindu) that change is an illusion, is so obviously untrue that I have no use for philosophy either, when pressed to its logical conclusion. The philosopher's sum has gone wrong too.

Similarly the logical theist is Mrs. Eddy. If you believe in a good God, evil is obviously absurd, and Mrs. Eddy is quite *logical* when she says that evil is

non-existent. Her sum has obviously gone wrong too, though the conclusion seems to me to be obvious. All one's sums go wrong because there is a factor in them which we can't calculate. Therefore we must not be logical, i. e., we must be agnostics.

But there are different kinds of agnostic. There is Omar Khayyám, who is obviously as bad from the practical point of view as the logical person. There is the noble agnostic who goes in for being "perplext in faith but pure in deed." I admire him as an individual, but we mustn't have too many of him, because he is living on the capital of faith accumulated by previous generations. As far as the life of mankind is concerned, works which do not produce faith are as vain as faith which does not produce works.

Finally there is the religious agnostic, who is, of course, a logical absurdity; but as I think for that very reason more likely to be right. His chief characteristic is humility—a humility exasperating to the logical mind. He uses phrases such as "Our Father in Heaven," "The resurrection of the body," "Very man and very God," which are obviously illogical and unscientific; and when pressed he refuses to be logical and says, "these are pictures and allegories of something which I cannot understand; I know they are unscientific, but they represent something which cannot be represented scientifically because it is incalculable, and we only touch the fringe of it, but it is something which helps me to live and to hope."

The funny thing is that very few people realize that the early church (I mean in the age of the great coun-

cils—say 300 to 450 A. D.) had just this kind of agnosticism. The whole struggle was between the philosophers of Antioch and Alexandria, and the practical men of Rome and the West. The Antioch people especially were always trying to define the relations of the divine to the human in Jesus Christ and the relations of the Persons of the Trinity. The Westerns always objected to any definition that was suggested, because they felt that it would destroy the practical working value of the faith. The result was that the Catholic definitions of our Lord's divinity and the Trinity are paradoxes—contradictions in terms—because they were designed to exclude every possible logical explanation which was successively offered.

It is absurd to turn one's back on religion because it is illogical, for in the nature of things it cannot be logical without being untrue. There is mystery in life and it doesn't pay to despise it. Humility is a practical virtue.

As long as people find inspiration and power in Christianity they will cling to it. Personally I regard Christianity as the only possible religion, simply because it is the only optimistic religion I know of which combines agnostic humility with something definite.

The Cross is a paradox (God suffering, how illogical!) but it is a paradox which symbolizes the experience of mankind—life through death, joy through sorrow, wealth through giving, etc.

At the same time, of course, I am all in favour of bringing Christianity up to date as far as possible, and disentangling it from the mass of obsolete science and

philosophy and mythology which only dim its brightness. I am also, as you see, in favour of going back on Protestant and Papist dogmatism, and returning to the ancient agnostic Catholicism,—which, of course, existed in an age which was intellectually very much like our own, since it displayed a mixture of frank "Omarism," wild superstition, and mysticism, and lofty logical but unpractical philosophy.

I am glad you have got a more favourable idea of doctors, nurses and sick visitors! I certainly think that the last is the most easy form of visiting to do naturally. In Bermondsey the ill children were generally awfully pleased to see one. You see, their parents and relations have to be out or busy all day, so it is very dull for them. As Donald says, if one can contrive to do that sort of thing from motives of real compassion and sympathy, it is all right. It is only when it is done as a religious, or rather "ethical" duty, without natural inclination, that it is foredoomed to failure.

I was sorry to see that William James, the psychologist, was dead. I think his book on *The Varieties of Religious Experience* is very valuable, especially on the subject of Christian science. Of course he was also the first person in modern times to formulate the "Philosophy of Common Sense" (Pragmatism) whose chief doctrine is the one which I tried to explain—namely, that the test of the truth of a thing is not "is it logical?" but "does it work?" The ordinary "idealist" philosopher is always trying to prove things logically. William James said that nothing was

"absolutely true" but only "relatively true"; e. g., you cannot prove the existence or non-existence of the will "absolutely"; that is, you cannot locate it and explain exactly what and where and how it is, or even that it is at all. But it is sufficient proof that we have a will if it works best to assume that we have. Dr. Schiller, who is the Oxford exponent of "pragmatism" (or as he calls it "humanism"), said once (when I wrote a paper on Buddhism) that a nation with an optimistic religion was more fitted to survive, in the struggle for existence, than a nation with a pessimistic philosophy (i. e. one which ignores reality, like Hinduism), which was sufficient proof for him that an optimistic creed was nearer the truth (just because it fits in better with the facts).

You talk of the influence of people like Mrs. Bush and our grandmother Bakewell. My experience has been that although the influence of a good life is always great on those who come into contact with it, the influence of a good life which is the expression of a great faith is fifty times greater. That is what I mean when I say that works without faith are as vain as faith without works.

It seems to me that modern writers on morals (like Galsworthy and Wells) are really giving practical expression to the "phonograph record" theory of the human character. But it shows how impossible it is to carry the theory out in practice, that although they shift all responsibility off the individual will, their only remedy is to shift it on to the collective will of a community of individuals. So the will crops up again as

illogically as ever. It never pays to be logical. Half the cruelty in the history of the world, from the Inquisition to the modern jail, comes from being too logical.

I am still marking time here placidly. To-day is a Mohammedan festival (the end of Ramadan). Mohammed has given me a cake, and X. has given the police a bull, and there are to be police sports this afternoon. I am,

Your aff. brother,

MOMBASA, *Oct. 23, 1910.*

MY DEAR HILDA,—

I forget where I left off—I think at Fort Hall, wasn't it? I was hung up there for several days waiting for the motor, and S. K. who was D. C. at Embu, and is acting P. C. at Fort Hall, very kindly put me up. I left him, I am sorry to say, in bed with fever. He is a rash fellow, I fear, and has not yet learnt what to do and what not to do in a tropical place. I had a perfectly loathsome ride to Nairobi on the motor. We kept on picking up dreadful people belonging to the public works department and so forth, who were great pals of the chauffeurs, and moved in the same set in Nairobi, and made me feel as much a "social ostrich" as the most exclusive London—I was going to say duchess, but probably banker's wife would be more to the point!—could do!

The hotel at Nairobi was rather unpleasant because there were some very objectionable men staying there, who generally went to bed roaring drunk. One of them was a major and an "honourable," which, how-

ever, did not make me condone his conduct, especially as he had a room separated from mine only by a wooden wall! I do not think you would have cared to be left at Nairobi in accordance with X.'s revised programme! It is a hideous little galvanized iron town, dumped down in the middle of an absolutely flat plain, which is now covered with scorched grass which looks like sand. One part is on a slight hill—here are the better residential houses, the club and Government house. But even the "hills" are only another plain, slightly more wooded, and slightly higher up. Of walks I could find none which were not hideous and monotonous. So I was glad to come down here.

I know quite a number of people here, and am wondering whether to make myself known. I don't think I shall. It is a most fascinating place regarded as an Arab town, but I think it would spoil the artistic effect to open one's eyes to the bungalow side of the business. I might cadge an Italian lunch off the Cavalieri Frijevio and a German mittagessen off Herr Oscar Von Gebhardt, but otherwise I think I will prefer the French cuisine of the Grand Hotel.

3. MADAGASCAR.

TAMATAVE, *Nov. 4, 1910.*

DEAR HILDA,—

I have been on shore at three places in Madagascar. The first was Najunga—a very dull little place, dumped down on a very uninteresting coast—flat and burnt up, with large salt mangrove swamps extending far inland. I went for a long walk, but beyond a very

shabby little native village, and a few cafés and shops and some native barracks, there was nothing to see.

Nossi-bé, on the other hand, was the ideal tropical place. It is a lovely little town, shaded by flame trees and palms and mangoes. The roads were like garden paths, and were full of native women in frocks and bright orange and green silk shawls. I went a delightful walk round the coast. The road wound in and out among beautiful bays, shaded everywhere by beautiful trees, and bounded by a wealth of vegetation. Every few miles there were jolly little fishing villages. At last I came to a bigger village nestling at the end of a deep bay, just under quite a big mountain. There were one or two store houses, and a lot of native huts of wood and palm leaf. They were awfully neat, and generally built on piles. It was the quaintest little place imaginable and awfully pretty. Unfortunately I had sent my camera back to the ship!

Diego Suarez was different again. It is, *par excellence,* a healthy place, with rather bare scenery, and a number of broad bays all forming one big one as far as the sea is concerned.

The Madagascar natives seem to be rather nice, and are quite good-looking. The women do their hair in the most elaborate rolls all over their heads. There are rather a lot of half-castes and some of them seem to be quite "in society."

On the ship there were only two English,—Mr. and Mrs. L——. He is going to Mauritius to try and persuade the sugar planters to grow cotton. He was a stout, jovial, and stockbrokery sort of man, and she

a rather pretty red-haired woman with rather a pleasing fastidiousness. I did not like them *very* much, but they did well enough! There were a lot of French people on board, including the new Governor-General of Madagascar—rather a tubby little man with a long nose, and a rather ponderously important manner. He had a rather florid and muscular wife who enjoyed the situation even more than he did. Of course they were fêted everywhere, and all the many officials on board were very polite to them. One is struck by the enormous proportion of officials to colonists here.

The French women were rather admirable. They carried themselves so well, and made such good mothers to the many children on board!

On the whole I am rather pleased with this place. The hotel is cheap, though somewhat dirty, and the food is excellent. The town is rather charming. The market has all sorts of jolly fruits—custard apples, li-chees, a sort of weird raspberry, mango, pine-apples, etc. There are also quite a number of festive things such as Madagascar lace, stuffed baby alligators, and weird tablecloths and so forth. Then there are the most delightful public gardens up the middle of one of the streets — beautifully shady and very tropical. There is a delicious walk through a fir wood where there is a lovely sketch to be done of washerwomen and stagnant water—only I think it is quite beyond me. . . . Sketching, however, has this virtue, that it does instead of *company!* If I had sufficiency of paints and paper I could live quite comfortably on a desert island!

Tananarive is sinking into the region of improbabilities. I have a chance of going to-morrow, but do not feel inclined to, especially as the train will be very full. It means *four days* on boats and trains, and I only have ten! Also it is high up, and probably cold. Also it is a large town, and the buildings mostly modern. If I had a month in the island I would go.

Nov. 12.

The exploration of the "environs" has continued to be highly satisfactory. About 6 miles away there is a most lovely river—with a beautiful name, the "Ivolina." I have spent several days walking up it and near it, and trying with indifferent success to sketch it. It is awfully jolly to start out after a *petit déjeuner* of chocolate and bananas, and spend the whole day in the open air, from about 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. I take my lunch, and have some *bière peu alcoholique*, and some fruit at a little café place on the riverside. The river is quite broad, but very shallow, and it flows between low lumpy hills covered with jolly palms and things. The road winds along the edge, shaded by palms and mango trees, and passes many pretty little native villages, all of which have their complement of quaint little "dug out" canoes.

I am,
Yours frat.,

To his Sister, Mrs. Spelman.

TAMATAVE, *Nov. 15.*

MY DEAR G.,—

I have never thanked you for your letters at the time of Hilda's operation, because they got lost in chas-

ing me about Africa, and I only got them on the day that I left Mombasa! Thanks very much all the same. I am writing now to ask you to send the enclosed cheque to C. for Christmas. I cannot remember her address. This is the only Christmas present I am giving! I was afraid she might count on it. C. can revel in "Very sad Christmas, pore little things" with some reason this time. There is a certain cat here that comes to *each* table at *each* meal and whines "piteously" during the *whole* of the meal, *whether it gets fed or not.* It is a *"habit-whine,"* and it often does it at the most unsuitable moments—e. g. when it has just gobbled a sardine! The cat reminds me of C. I am rather partial to cats, and to old retainers in the abstract—but ——!

What a pity C. isn't a virtuous old lady like Nurse Jenkins! How almost filial and wholly picturesque would be my pilgrimages then! Nurse Jenkins was one of the very few people I have met who seemed as if they had come straight out of a thoroughly nice story book. I had the same sensation the other day when, as I took a bottle of bière at a little wine shop in the country about ten miles from here, I "stood" a few old natives who were there a sixpenny bottle of wine. The tone of the Creole woman who explained that "ce bon monsieur," etc., etc., and the tone of the thanks, were somehow ridiculously reminiscent of goody goody stories. I felt, if not like a "ministering child" (bottle of wine!) at least like a fairy prince, or an intensely aristocratic and virtuous marquis—preferably revisiting the scenes of his childhood—rather on

the lines of the gentleman in *La Sonnambula.* C. is like a sort of *spectre intrusif* from which I have succeeded in escaping for a time, by wild travel! I assure you that she was one of the minor reasons which induced me to travel; just before my exams. she got on my nerves to an extent—! So I foisted her on to you. It was not kind. Sometimes I feel inclined to say to her, "My dear C., I am going to make you an allowance of so much per month, which will be paid to your credit at such a bank, or, which will be paid you by such a solicitor. I shall in future be very pleased to see and hear from you on every subject but finance. You must expect nothing more from me, and you may count on so much."

The result would be, I presume, that she would drink herself to death in no time.

The only really effective move would be to become curate at Bexhill and lodge with her! That's an idea! Ask Arthur if he would like to do it!

I must stop now and pack.

Yours frat.,

4. MAURITIUS RE-VISITED.

BISHOPSCOURT,—MAURITIUS,

Nov. 24, 1910.

DEAR HILDA,—

I have been here four days. The only incident on the voyage was that a French lady, who had a tame abbé, as tutor to some nephews, was very sanguine about making me a papist in three days! Unfortunately the abbé was *un peu moderniste*—too much so

to make a good proselytizer! So I am still a "Protestant!"

The Bishop is more delightful than ever. We have read so many of the same books, are interested in the same things, in the same way, and with naturally such a very different equipment, that conversation is altogether delightful. He has such a mellow judgment. Also he was at Corpus with a lot of very interesting men, and his recollections are full of interest.

Mauritius is as beautiful as ever.

I don't know that I have much news. You will see me probably within a fortnight of getting this letter, so it seems hardly worth while to elaborate!

Your aff. brother,

To Bernard Hartley.

BISHOPSCOURT,—MOKA, MAURITIUS,

Nov. 24, 1910.

DEAR TARTLES,—

I stopped about twelve days at Tamatave, in Madagascar. It is a good thing you didn't spend a fortnight there by yourself! You would certainly have fallen in love with the Creole lady who kept the little wine shop by the River Ivolina, where I used to have my *déjeuner* when I went long expeditions into the hills. The Creole ladies are so soft spoken, so soothingly flattering and *sympatica,* and such devout Catholics! I, however, was able to steel my heart successfully!

The other side to my experience of a French town was an absolute nausea of their national scepticism—

or rather atheism. It seemed to take all the beauty out of life.

I don't sympathize much with the papists, because they really are not honest in their dealings, and are always plotting in an underhand way. Duplicity is essentially an Italian vice, and it seems to have got ingrained in the *Roman* church! But having rejected Rome, and not having evolved a true Catholicism (as the South Germans are doing), the French have tried to make a cult of the Republic. You know Schiller's dictum, that a nation without an optimistic philosophy is bound to deteriorate because it is less fitted to survive in the struggle for existence? Well, it seems as if the French had realized that, and they have done their best to make the Republican idea into a religion. But just think what it means. A theistic religion means on the one hand that one's idea of humanity is infinitely ennobled—since it is seen as sharing something of the divine life; whereas on the other hand the individual is made infinitely humble by his sense of his own littleness in contrast with God. The result is infinite hope blended with infinite humility—ideal conditions for progress.

This cult of the Republican idea, on the other hand, is an atheism, and therefore implies materialism, and therefore lowers one's thought of humanity till man is seen as little else than an unfortunately self-conscious phonograph record. Whereas on the other hand, it holds up as an object of reverence the product of human ideas, and so destroys humility!

The *services* of this cult consist of panegyrics on

certain frankly human ideas. The worshippers praise their own handicraft! It is nothing but an idolatry! (See Jeremiah and Ezekiel.)

The contrast was rather well typified in the cemetery. The typical grave of the "*libre penseur Républicain*" is a broken pillar with a laurel wreath, and a panegyric on the virtues of the departed "who was and is not." I suppose the typical truly Christian epitaph is that in Weston's *The One Christ*—"In memory of —— who was dead, and is alive."

I am really glad to have stayed in that French place, because it made me realize as I had never done so vividly before how completely atheism takes from life all that I find beautiful, and yet how it can retain more than all the cant and priggishness and dogmatism and vulgarity which are apt to disfigure "popular religion."

I hope you had a good term last term, and did not quarrel too much with Thomas ap Thomas. I hope that pressure of exam. work is not making you an atheist! It is always impossible to keep one's sense of proportion when the ratio of one's reading to one's thinking is as 50 to 1!

Personally, however much of an agnostic I may be in details—and no one realizes more than I do the great difficulties which we must always have in expressing spiritual things in terms of the material—I always come back to this positive foundation—

(1) I am *absolutely convinced* that if we ignore the spiritual side of life we are bound to deteriorate; therefore it cannot be true that there is no spiritual side of life.

(2) I am *equally convinced* that mere human speculation about the spiritual is bound to become vague and nebulous, and can never have real grip and power.

(3) I am *finally convinced* that in Our Lord we have—I know not how—the bridge between the material and the spiritual—the divine life manifested in terms of material life, and the material organism taken up into the divine life—and that it is in the sacraments of the Church that we come into real and potent touch with the divine life. Incidentally, I think you would find Weston's *The One Christ* very suggestive on the Christological question, and remarkably clear.

It is awfully jolly being here again. The Bishop was at Corpus with Illingworth, Bishop of Manchester, Bishop of Lincoln (who was a don), Skrine, Lock, and lots of other interesting people. Illingworth was his great friend. The Bishop is a most awfully nice man, with such a mellow mind.

Best of luck in your theological studies!

Yours ever,

To his Sister.

BISHOPSCOURT,—MOKA, MAURITIUS,

Sunday, Nov. 27, 1910.

BEST BELOVED,—

We *are* enjoying ourselves. *Ain't* we just! Oh my! Why? (1) "His Lordship" (as he hates to be called) is an absolutely perfect host. I am beginning to be quite polite myself! (2) He is no end of a theologian, and has read all the very latest writers, especially Tyrrell and the Modernist School of the

Roman Church. He has such a fine mature judgment, too—so reasonable and unprejudiced, and at the same time truly conservative—by which I mean that he has as profound a belief as I have in growth and continuity as opposed to iconoclasm and revolution. (3) Not only has he an excellent library and a fine mind, but he has an *excellent* cook, and that other necessary factor in gastronomy—frugal tastes.

I don't know that I have ever been in such a well-ordered household. The furniture is beautiful too. He went to the Holy Land on his way out, and brought some really lovely inlaid Damascene tables.

He has presented me with a lovely handkerchief of Madagascar lace for you. Remind me to give it you.

I have got a camera for Rs.40, and am making an awful ass of myself over it, as it is on rather different lines to my old one. I have met far more people who remember me than I expected. The present gunners that I have met are perfectly charming lads. My old servant nearly wept when he saw me, and so altogether I have had a very pleasant welcome. I have had some lovely walks. The lilies and the monkeys are still going strong.

Yours ever fraternal,

5. *ITALY AND FRANCE.*

In January, 1911, on his return from his African tour, he went to the Leeds Clergy School.

During the few months he spent here he was not happy. The effect on him of the teaching given was to decide him against ordination, as will be seen in an

autobiographical letter written to Canon Cremer in 1915.[1] But a growing desire to be of value to men—especially working men—led him to break away from Leeds and go to the Oxford Mission in Bermondsey ("O. B. M."), "to learn service," as he put it. While resident in Bermondsey, he visited, in September, 1911, the Italian Lakes, and, in July, 1912, with his sister and cousins, Haute Saône in Eastern France.

To Bernard Hartley.

BAVENO,—LAKE MAGGIORE,

Sept. 6, 1911.

DEAR TARTLES,—

Many thanks for your letters. Your enthusiasm for the Railway Mission in Canada does not surprise me; but it does surprise me that you should think me the man for it! I wish I thought I was. I have sometimes wondered whether that sort of environment would make more of a man of me. At present my work is always spoiled by accesses of depression and diffidence and almost misanthropy which my doctor tells me are "liver" or "gout." To go out to that sort of life would be kill or cure. I might find that my "gout" was largely imagination and too good living. On the other hand I might find that I was a burden to myself and every one else. I have half a mind to try something of the sort next year if the English bishops refuse to ordain me. For this year I am bound to Bermondsey for two reasons. The second reason is that I have undertaken to be guide,

[1] See letter to Canon C., page 289.

The Inn Parlour, Faucogny

philosopher and friend to M. C. for a year. He is coming to live at the Mission.

O. is at Cuddesdon now and tremendously keen. He needed what your brother needed—seasons of refreshing—and they have come to him there as to your brother. I am awfully glad.

My experience of Bermondsey teaches me more and more that holiness is the only thing which counts in our work. An era is coming when "the gentleman" will no longer exist. If the Christian has also ceased to exist, woe to England!

After all, the *virtues* of the gentleman are Christian virtues—absence of self-consciousness, consideration for others, contempt of public opinion, and honour before life.

The connection of this letter is I fear, not obvious, except to my mind! But I am too sleepy and the pile of correspondence before me is too big to let me elucidate it for you now!

Yours ever,
DONALD W. A. HANKEY.

To his Sister, Mrs. Spelman.

AU COQ GAULOIS,—FAUCOGNY,
HAUTE SAÔNE, SAÔNE,—FRANCE,
July 23, 1912.

DEAR G.,—

This place is IT. It is THE place for an able-bodied person who loves the simple life, likes walks, and wants quiet. The inn is just the sort of place one has always wanted to stay at. You walk straight into

the kitchen, and then there is a large room behind where they have meals for the million on fair days, and behind that a little room where we meal. The people are simple and cordial, the food plain and good, the wine costs nothing and is excellent. There is no bath; but after all, what does that matter? One has a sponge and a basin!

As for the country, it is my ideal realized. There are hills all round, which are free to all. They are covered with heather and woods and flowers and cascades and brooks, and on the top there are lakes with water lilies in them.

The town is as old as anything. It seems to exist for fairs. There are numberless café-restaurants which are quite idle except when the folk come in from the country.

Gladys and her friends are living in a delightful old house in the street, and Hilda in a sort of self-contained annexe to another house. Hilda's room has a huge bed in an alcove, and the rest of the walls are all cupboards!

It is very rainy; but the air is so delicious that it does not seem to matter.

Yours fraternally,

IV

THE EMIGRANT

1912–1913: *æt.* 28–29

In Bermondsey Hankey worked hard in the Boys' Clubs, and in visiting. He made many friends among the men and boys, and was able to help some of them in their fight against an evil environment. But he was painfully aware of a social gulf which he felt discounted a good deal of his influence. He did not really know their difficulties. He had money and leisure, while to most of them life was a struggle for existence. How to bridge the gulf was the problem. He disguised himself as a workman, and went on tramp through Surrey and Sussex, sleeping in "doss-houses." He tried to get casual work as a labourer, but the difficulties here were insurmountable. He thought of enlisting, that he might share Tommy's lot and understand him. At last the thought came, why not go out to Australia, steerage, dressed as a working-man emigrant, and hire himself to a farm in the bush? By such an adventure he might profit in two ways. (1) He would gain first-hand experience of actual toil. (2) He would spy out the land and try the experiment of starting a farm in the Colony in which to train boys from Bermondsey and turn them into useful Colonists.

He went through his adventure, with what result his letters tell.

1. *STEERAGE TO AUSTRALIA.*

To Bernard Hartley.

60 RILEY STREET,—BERMONDSEY,

Aug. 9, 1912.

DEAR BERNARDINE,—

I am going "steerage" to Fremantle! But mind you are discreet about this: I must keep it dark until my escape is accomplished. Also, as is inevitably the case, my programme is much more extensive than what I am likely to accomplish, and I don't want my failure to be public property!

I am strongly of opinion that what is wanted in the Christian—and if the clergy can give the lead, *tant mieux*—is not "a greater interest in social reform," but a greater humility, a greater love of human beings, and a more obvious and recognizable contempt of privilege, place, wealth, and so forth, *in their own persons.* I don't mean "despise the dukes," but "love the dustmen"!

I think that we want more people like Monsignor Bienvenu in Hugo's *Les Misérables.*

Yours ever,

DONALD.

P. S.—This point about the dukes is important. I really hate the blatant people who "despise the dukes!" But I think that a priest—or a Christian for that matter—ought to be almost classless. The

things which divide man from man, and prevent mutual respect and confidence, are the little conventions which don't really matter at all—the fact that one would not be seen carrying a bag on one's shoulder, that one wears a dress coat for dinner, and a black coat on Sunday, that one wouldn't be seen doing manual work in public, and that in one's heart of hearts one considers oneself superior to shop assistants—that one has dinner in the evening and has a club in Piccadilly where one would not be seen with "Jim" or "Alec"—that one is afraid of dirtying one's clothes, or staining one's hands—except with cigarettes!—that one's hospitality is graduated according to one's guest's social position, and one wouldn't wear a gardenia in a buttonhole, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., *ad lib.*

The Christian ought at least to demonstrate that in his case the love of a fellow-man is stronger than the barriers of social convention, and the humility of a man before his God outweighs the pride which is begotten of wealth or position. And it is the practical—even theatrical demonstration which carries weight. Your righteous, just, merciful, and conscientious gentleman who is a preacher, and—probably with good faith and much reason—draws the teeth of the story of the rich young man (what a metaphor!) does not save so many souls as the ass who tries to apply it literally to his own case! But God uses the asses of this world to put to shame the righteous gentleman.

——— is an ass, and I am an "officer-and-a-gentleman-damn-it." But ——— saved many souls, and I don't think I have saved one.

Very few people take Christianity seriously. It is nearly always the case that people take the conventions as axiomatic, and fit in as much religion as they can. Not many have the requisite sense of proportion to see that God must either overshadow everything else, or be disregarded.

And so we run on.

Be discreet. Yours ever again,

DONALD.

DEAR HILDA,—

I am awfully grateful to you for being so nice about the whole thing. Of course I see that from one point of view it is selfish, and yet—well, I suppose I *am* selfish. I want to know more, to see more, to *be* more than I am now. This year at Bermondsey has been an awfully happy one, and now that I am going every one is so awfully nice that I know I must have been able to help people a bit. Only it is just that knowledge which gives one the desire to go on and get so that one can do more—or rather be more. The teacher must, I think, always be learning, and following his own teaching up further and further.

The only thing I want to be quite clear—and I think you understand—is that whatever I do, I shall do for gain. I don't believe in asceticism or renunciation, or anything of that sort. But I want more of everything—more adaptability, more knowledge of people, more hardiness, more freedom from shyness and self-consciousness and timidity—and I don't think I can get what I want without doing without a certain number of things for a time.

As I said before, I am awfully glad that you trusted me and bucked me up. It has made all the difference. I must stop.

Yours frat.,

S. S. *Zieten*,—ANTWERP,
Oct. 26, 1912.

DEAR HILDA,—

The voyage so far has been most successful. We had it as calm as a mill pond coming over, and have had the whole day at Antwerp. I am sorry to say that I did not see the Museum you recommended, after all; because I went with a man who was evidently desirous of not paying out francs. However, we went up the Cathedral tower, from which there is a wonderful view, and enjoyed a good walk about the streets.

My boy[1] is an excellent companion, and there are several very decent people travelling third-class—in fact, I am almost the worst dressed person there! The man I went on shore with to-day is a ship's engineer, and a New Zealander. I think that the voyage will prove interesting and instructive, and not very uncomfortable. . . .

Really, the sort of people on board is almost disappointingly aristocratic! The lady I sit opposite at meals is going out for a trip, and has been similar trips to New York, Canada, Switzerland, Paris, etc.!

There is a lovely Cockney boy from Southwark, and a lot of people whom I have not fathomed, but whom

[1] Jack Reeves, a Bermondsey lad, whom Hankey helped to settle in Australia.

I suspect of being North country men dressed in their best. There is a charming old man with a shaven upper lip and a long grey beard, grey eyes, and a fine big nose, forehead and chin. He has a brother who is a gardener, and he himself is going out to Australia for the sixth time!

I must stop now.

Yours ever frat.,

P. S.—I sometimes feel like Hugh Voysey[1]—a lay figure animated by an income! You will find all my motives in these modern books, only I don't see why one shouldn't take one's discontents seriously. To do so is my idea of religion!

I don't wonder at your envying me my chance! I am a lucky beggar to be able to do it. So few can.

S. S. *Zieten,*
Oct. 30, 1912.

Dear Hilda,—

Many thanks for your letter, which I received at Southampton. I am glad you understood about ——. To say the truth, it was an extraordinarily funny evening. —— regards me much in the same way as X—— does, I think—as a very odd fish who is quite entertaining—*at intervals.* I told him all about my plans. We started with an excellent dinner at my club, went on to the "little café" (which is really very humorous) and ended up at Gambrinus. I found it very difficult to believe that it was my last night of opulence for a con-

[1] In Granville Barker's Play, "The Voysey Inheritance."

siderable time, and felt quite mad and impossible and festive in consequence. I talked rather well, much to ——'s appreciation, and pinched myself at intervals to see if I was awake. The memory remains as a quite wild and rather festive dream. ——, like H., has improved a good deal. He is still a sceptic; and, like X., is always astonished at getting candour from one who tries to be a believer. I think one owes it to be quite candid to such people when one is still a layman. Otherwise they think that one is burying one's head in the sand like an ostrich. He is much improved by being really and truly in love, with apparently a very nice girl, with a strong character. She sounds as if she was one of those rare women who can become the wife of a strongly marked personality, and while helping her husband no end, does not lose her own individuality.

To many men marriage means—as it meant in St. Paul's eyes—a renunciation of the heroic, and an acceptance of the prosaic, while to many women it means the same thing. Only in a few cases it happens that a man and a woman find in each other the means to accomplish their own individual aspirations. When such a partnership is possible I suppose it is about the best thing in the world, for the egotism which spoils most aspiration is at any rate halved.

H. is improved because he has got hold of the real thing in religion, and has lost his egotism in the idea and experience of worship. In losing his egotism he has lost his waywardness, and become happy and constant.

In contrast to these I find that the Bay of Biscay makes one the worst sort of egotist!—that is the self-pitying sort! To say the truth, it was a pretty unpleasant experience. I am in an "open berth," which means that one is in the same apartment as 109 other persons, and when a fair proportion of them are sick—on the floor—and it is too low in the water for the portholes to be opened, the result may be imagined. However, that is now over, and we have all got our sea legs now, I think.

I think there are about 600 third-class passengers, and the Bay of Biscay has shaken off a good many collars, etc.! I hesitate to say that there are only half a dozen shots at gentlemen, because I am sure that no one would mistake me for one at the moment! There are some *very* nice men and boys, though. There is a lovely little Cockney from Southwark, with all the pluck and humour and cheerfulness and imagination of the genuine article, and the ugliest face and awkwardest manner you ever did see. There's a very nice young bricklayer from Cardiff—very honest, simple, and also interested enough in other people to be interesting himself. Then there are others who are purely animals, with the language and ideas and instincts of quite irrational beings. They have their virtues—good-nature and a cheery pluck of a sort—but they need a good many "allowances." The North-countryman I have not yet sized up. He seems more serious, more keen to get on, and yet in a way less attractive than the Cockney. He is certainly much better dressed! There are a good many people who are ap-

parently travellers of many years' standing, and who beat me utterly: e. g. this lovely old man who has been to Egypt seven times! Why, I cannot conceive.

With regard to coming home, I honestly can't say for certain now. I am really keen on trying to start the O. B. M.[1] Farm in Australia if I am capable of it, and that may mean that I shan't be able to leave so soon. On the other hand, if, as is quite on the cards, I don't go through with it myself—owing to incompatibility of temperament—I had an idea of trying to reënter Bermondsey in a year or two as a working man, to try and see the place from a still more intimate point of view before going on trying to Christianize it. This would mean doing at least the last part of the journey third class. I still regard as the supreme ambition to which a man can aspire, the rite of ordination; but I am bound to confess that I wouldn't take it on without far more humility, unselfishness, love, and orthodoxy than I have at present. The alternative seems at present to be a lay priesthood like that of Alec Paterson,[2] combined with literary work, and possibly politics. But the future may lead in quite other directions, one can't tell.

I think this is more than enough of a dose!

Your aff. brother,

Thursday. A topping morning like warm spring. Very happy!

P. S.—I made a confidant of Dorothy before I left.

[1] Oxford and Bermondsey Mission.
[2] For a time Warden of the O. B. M. Author of the well-known book, *Across the Bridges.*

S. S. *Zieten*,—Between Genoa and Naples,
Nov. 6, 1912.

Dear Hilda,—

Thanks very much for your letter to Genoa, and—in anticipation—for the letter and book addressed to Naples. I am very excited to know what the book is!

William James, in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, has a chapter on "Saintliness," in which he represents it as a sort of triumph of moral values over material values, and cites the "gentleman" whose pride is in something intrinsic—his honour—and is quite independent of material prosperity. X. was particularly delighted with one or two of the paragraphs, and underlined them in my copy. I suppose that this is really why the "middle-class" city family fails to be heroic. They are lacking in intrinsic nobility, and have no sense of eternal *noblesse oblige*. Their nobility is conferred on them by their incomes, and their superiority to material anxieties—when it exists—is simply the result of having a big financial margin.

On the other hand, I think that the real nobility—the intrinsic nobility, which is personal, and not dependent on the fluctuations of fortune—is peculiarly often found in country people—in families which have been established in the country for generations—and in military families. People like H. T. have it to an astonishing degree. But even in country and military families the real thing is the exception rather than the rule, and the affectation of superiority common to "county families" and wealthy families is disgusting in either case when unaccompanied by any moral or

philosophic superiority. It is this fact—that the upper classes—i. e., the ruling, the rich, and the employing classes—have failed to show a nobility consonant with their privileges, which is causing a revolution of society. The working classes do not, I think, grudge them immunity from manual toil and from anxiety as to the necessaries and moderate luxuries of life, nor do they grudge outward respect, and political power, to men in whom they recognize a higher nobility, a loftier and more disinterested set of motives than their own. On the contrary. Even at the present day a man who displays these qualities—disinterestedness, generosity, unselfish and lofty motives, etc.—even in a small degree, meets with a love and devotion from the working people with whom he comes into contact, which grudges him nothing in the way of fortune and luxury short of outrageous bad taste. Such, at any rate, is my impression.

Another interesting point is that among working people you will find men and women who show as high a sense of honour, as lofty a set of motives, as altruistic and unselfish conduct, and as great a superiority to material considerations as any you will meet. Mr. Peggotty, in *David Copperfield,* is representative of a type which really exists, and which fulfils my definition of the word " gentleman " as surely as any other type. In Bermondsey I have noticed that this type has been produced out of most unpromising material, and in the most adverse circumstances, by the power of a genuine Christianity. This, to my mind, is the real Christianity. Not assent to dogmas, not conformity to ritual

obligations; not the glib passing of phrases; not an emotion; but the acceptance of a new point of view towards life, of a new set of motives and a new standard of values. This is being born again, not of the flesh, but of the spirit. This is the kingdom of heaven within. This gives the peace which passeth understanding.

It may imply dogmas, it may express itself in forms of worship. But essentially it is an innate nobility, the sense of noble descent and lofty obligations of the Sons of God—combined with the *humility* and gratitude of the son who knows that his sonship is not inherent, but is an adoption accomplished by the love and grace of God, and the self-sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Though now he is so near, he remembers that once he was afar off. As far as the question of "class" is concerned, I do not undervalue the nobility of the upper classes, in so far as it exists; but my ideal is to feel myself a member, not of any *class*, but of what an old Christian Father calls "the new race"—that is a race of people of all "classes" and nations, who are bound together not by similarity of occupation or the acceptance of common standards in outward refinement, culture, and taste, but by the acceptance of a common ideal in respect of the motives of conduct—an ideal involving unselfishness, humility, and superiority to material advantages where honour and morality are in jeopardy.

What "irks" me is that one should have a natural inclination to associate with a man who has a similar taste in dress and food and cigars and drinks to oneself,

rather than with the man who has a similar ideal of life, who acts from similar moral motives, etc., but has dissimilar tastes and habits and prejudices.

The thing which I feel prevents me working properly as a teacher of religion, or a priest, is that dress and gastronomics mean so much to me, to say nothing of immunity from the *necessity* to work, and from all discipline except what is self-imposed. This makes real sympathy with men of other classes difficult.

I value my education, my good taste, my ability to mix comfortably with the upper classes. I don't want to lose it. But I want to lose the pride in these outward and rather material things, which makes it impossible to mix freely with men of other classes. If I could feel myself more a member of every class, and mix with working men without condescension, and the upper ten without abasement, then I would be ready to be a priest of "the new race."

I am sorry to have run on so; but you know how great a pleasure it is to follow out an argument of this sort when one has the infinite leisure of a ship.

This voyage is doing a good deal of what I wanted, and I certainly do not regret it in the least. Australia, I think, may do even more.

The third-class passengers are a *very* great mixture!

I must stop now.

Yours frat.,

P. S.—With regard to marriage, I quite agree with you—if, indeed, I have not entirely derived my ideas from you! I could once have married a person who

would have given me the self-confidence which I so wretchedly lacked, by her apparent illusions with regard to myself!—I mean a younger Mrs. C.! I could not now marry any one for whom I had not a prodigious admiration, and in whose character I could not see the perfection of the things which I find so unattainable. Frankly, I should prefer to be married; but I don't think that present conditions are likely to produce the only sort of woman whom I can conceive myself marrying! To marry just for the sake of arriving at the estate of marriage, is as inconceivable to me as to you. To say the truth, the number of young women I have met who have any interest for me at all could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

I am therefore shaping my life—as far as I am shaping it at all—more or less on the assumption that I shall not marry, or at any rate not for another five or ten years.

I know that I think and read too much, and am not human enough. I know I do miss a lot by not enjoying dances, etc. But I think I am built that way!

S. S. *Zieten*,—Nearing Port Said,

Nov. 9, 1912.

Dear Hilda,—

Thanks awfully for your letter, and *Marriage*, which arrived safely at Naples. We took on such a lot of cargo there and at Genoa that we are a day late.

I shall be very glad of *Marriage* soon. I am at present just about to begin on the second volume of Anna Karenina (in French). There are some awfully

good things in it, I think. The man who was liberal in his views on religion because he always got cramp in his legs in church; the lady who was always harried by domestic catastrophes, and yet supremely bored when there weren't any; the indignation of the young lady (Kitty) who was sent to German baths to recover from an *affaire du coeur*, and found peace in sitting at the feet of the mystic Mme. Stahl, and then suddenly realized that *"Je vous ai aimé tout simplement,* but you! you only wanted to save me, to convert me!" the determination of Levine, disappointed in love, to marry a peasant and become one—until he met his lady love again and woke up—all these and more struck my fancy enormously.

Yes, you could have come with me, but you would have hated it. To say the truth, I think that the difference between women of different classes is almost more marked than that between men—or else it is that in one's relations with an opposite sex one understands less and therefore thinks more of externals. German is not necessary; but it is a good thing to be able to ask for what you want. Nothing should induce me to come back before the mast! My stomach is not strong enough! The worst I should dream of doing would be to come back as a steward!

I know I should have admired and loved Hugh's large-mindedness and liberality, and his keenness, and I know that I should have appreciated the fact that his was not simply the shallow *bonhomie* of a naturally healthy body, but that it represented a triumph over the family failings. It is that which makes all the

difference. Rich people who have never been poor, healthy people who have never suffered—and so on, are intolerable to me. But I know that Hugh was sympathetic because he understood.

What I always felt was, both with Hugh and Maurice, that having succeeded themselves, they couldn't understand my failure; and having succeeded in becoming positive themselves, they could not understand my *negativeness*. I always tended to make friends with Clement because I felt that he had the same negativeness, and over-sensitiveness, and sense of failure, and sense of the need of philosophical consolations that I felt myself.

I loved and admired Hugh—but it was always as a demi-god—a glorious being of another order, who could never be an example to me any more than a whole man could be an example to a lame one. I can see now that there was a lot of childish exaggeration in this.

I don't think I ever (excuse pencil, ink has run out) suspected him of being conventional.

The simile of the whole man and the lame one really suggests best what I felt. You probably don't know how strongly I felt my personal failure at Rugby and Woolwich—my failure to make my mark as a personality, or in games. Except at Oxford, where I had an undue advantage in years, and at Leeds and Bermondsey, on account of my wider education, I have never been able to take the lead in anything, or felt myself in any way a success. My whole life, from the day I went to Wathen's until the day I went to Oxford,

was poisoned by the bitterness of feeling myself a failure, deservedly looked down on. It was that which made me so devoted to my pre-Oxford friends, such as X. and Fleming. They saved me from despair by appreciating me in spite of my failure! That is why I could have married (at that time) any one who had buttered me!

From the day I went to Oxford until the present day, I have been progressively more and more happy, because I know that I have been useful and that I have been loved.

All this sounds awful; but it is the truth.

Your aff. brother,

PORT SAID,
Nov. 10–12, 1912.

DEAR TOM,[1]—

Just a line to let you know that I am getting on all right. I wanted to tell you that your friendship had meant an awful lot to me and that you have taught me some things which will make a difference all my life. If we don't meet again in this world, it will be my prayer that I may go to the same place as you in the next. For I am sure that if any one has been tested and purified like silver in fire, and if any one has passed through "great tribulation," it must be you and your wife. We have not talked about these things, and, after all, I think there is probably too much talking, and one can sometimes understand a man's real ideas better if he doesn't talk. I am afraid that talk

[1] Tom Graves, a Bermondsey working man, bedridden for years.

about religion conceals what one's real faith is more often than it expresses it.

I am,

Yours ever,

S. S. *Zieten*,—Red Sea,
Nov. 15, Friday, 1912.

Dear Hilda,—

It is immensely hot. I had forgotten it could be so hot, even in the Red Sea at this time of year. I am vegetating, and am getting on all right, and the food is still wholesome! In fact, it is really rather nice.

It is curious how fascinating Wells' faculty of putting down what he sees is. Why can't we all just put down what we see? The difficulty with my writing is that I always want to get everything into one book, and it gets so dreadfully disorderly. I have got all sorts of "King Charles' Heads" which *will* creep in. And then I have to begin again. I want six months' absolute leisure to do any good. I hope it won't be too late when my present adventure is over. I am trying to do a serious bit of writing now, but I can't think clearly enough.

I want it to be a series of rather nice but very candid "Letters of a Layman to the Clergy"; or "Papers for Parsons"; or "Teaching his Grandmother," by a Layman!

The difficulty is to be nice and "chatty" without being too wandering, and to be pointed without being offensive. If I could get it done, I might make Barkis[1] publish it in his new paper!

[1] Barclay Baron: *The Challenge.*

I liked the general idea of Wells' book[1]; but the end was rather an anticlimax! Surely they might have done something better than write a book. And a mildly journalistic lady (not the one you guessed was a journalist—I think she is only a husband-hunter), said the style was worse than any of his other books. But it fitted in well with *Anna Karenina*. In the latter I thought that the description of Levine and Kitty at the deathbed of Levine's brother was awfully good. If I had been Levine, I should have been just as furious at Kitty insisting on coming, and just as hopeless at the details of helping. In practical Philanthropy I think that the same thing holds. The combination of a man and a woman is really much more effective than either singly. I think that a man is generally more broad-minded and generous, but he is a perfect fool at practical help. Auntie Mie did the work of a genius in finding out little things to help Tom Graves; whereas I, who was quite incapable of thinking of any of the practical things, perhaps got into closer sympathy with his mind.

Your aff. brother,

P. S.—*Marriage* amused me so much that I finished it in one day! It is now going the round of my friends.

DEAR HILDA,—

We had a day at Colombo, and I got an attack of extravagance, and drove Jack out to Mount Lavinia,

[1] *Marriage.*

where we found most of the first-class passengers having tea on the lawn. I, however, was feeling extraordinarily good-tempered, and we carried it off very well, and even scraped acquaintance with a friend of Algy's over a bathing incident. We were really within about ten aces of being drowned, because there was a beastly current, and Jack can't swim. However, I managed to make for some rocks, and got him on shore with no damage beyond a few scratches.

I will not write any more now, because I have a lot of Bermondsey letters I ought to answer, and there really isn't much to say, and I do not feel very inclined to philosophize. My mind is full of the refrain, "only three nights more."

Yours frat.,

2. *IN THE BUSH.*

PERTH,—WESTERN AUSTRALIA,

Dec. 5, 1912.

MY DEAR HILDA,—

I have got here safely, and things have not turned out a bit as I expected! I went to a labour bureau (kept by a lady). She sized me up in double quick time, and instead of making money and learning the discipline of paid work, I am going off to a place where I shall be ostensibly "looking out for land" and "finding my way about," and actually camping out with half a dozen men, and doing as much or as little work as I like. She is a wonderful woman! She gave me to understand that I was so English, and so much of a "gentleman" that I should get on the nerves of any

farmer or foreman, and had much better be my own master for the first few weeks at any rate.

I am going to have an interesting few weeks, and it has prospects of leading to something more responsible and remunerative. It is not going to cost me much, though I have had to lay out about £10 in camp kit and a bicycle. I am to get my food, and 10*s.* a week,—if I feel I earn it!

The lady is a most amazing person, as I said before; and is full of a peculiar blend of Christianity, Theosophy, and Haeckel, which seems to make her very happy; and of an epoch-making law suit of which she is the heroine. I can't tell you about it now, but it is most thrilling.

Perth is a charming place on a sort of lake. One can get very cheap and good meals here.

I am frightfully busy at present, but will write more when I have leisured evenings in the bush. I think I am going to like it awfully if I can get on with the men up there.

Your aff. brother,

P. S.— ——, I always did think, was a bit of a snob; but up till now he has been so many nice things more that it hasn't mattered. Very few people are not worshippers at *some* shrine of Mammon, though there are many. I hope he will get over it; but it is *religion* that makes one humble. —— is naturally religious; but he starves himself. He can't be helped unless he meets a saint whom he admires.

Yours very frat.,

TOOTIKEN,
Dec. 12, 1912.

DEAR HILDA,—

I had a fearful time getting here. Mrs. M—— had advised a bicycle, and so I trained to a place called Quairadin, divided my kit into two, took half on my bicycle, and left half to be put on a "Contractor's train" on the unfinished line of railway which is not yet open to the public.

On Saturday I started off from Quairadin and found that the roads were *impossible*. Most of the day I was pushing my bicycle with a fairly heavy swag, through thick soft sand.

I was put on the wrong road, and went fifteen miles (six hours' work) before I found my mistake. Then I had to go ten miles back.

A nice Irish farmer gave me some dinner. I hadn't even taken water—only a lemon—and only passed two homesteads the whole day. Finally, after pushing over some ploughed fields, I found a little camp of three men who were working on a farm. They told me I was four miles from Quairadin, and made me stay the night with them. They were rough working men, but *awfully* kind, and gave me tea and beef and jam, and breakfast next day, and sent me on my way rejoicing. It was worth it to have found such kindness. They referred to me as "the young fellah," which flattered me!

On Sunday I started off again, and after a frightfully hot day, which necessitated many rests, I arrived at my destination at about 8.30 P. M., having taken

twelve hours to do about 24 miles. It was then too dark to find the camp, and I was utterly done up, so I went back to a farm, where the people were again awfully kind and gave me a scrumptious tea with pickles and jam tart and all sorts of good things, and then saw me back to my bicycle, where I spent a glorious night in the open, using my tent as a sheet.

Monday I got up at four, loaded up and went to the camp. The man in charge—named ——, was genially abusive, cursed Mrs. M—— by all his gods (not without reason apparently), and was so unconciliatory that I decided to move on, and go (if necessary) to a man I had met on the way, about ten miles away, to whom I had broached the subject of hiring me for work.

First, however, I went to the L——'s, who had given me tea last night, and finding them very charming and very short-handed, I arranged to camp there and learn as much as I could.

In the afternoon I went to the 17-mile siding on the new railway where my luggage was to have been thrown out, but could not find it, and had about 15 miles' walk for nothing.

On Tuesday I went to Coarin higher up the line, to try and make inquiries, lost my way, walked about 21 miles instead of 10 (which took me eight hours, owing to the heat). I didn't find my luggage, but had a meal off two tins of sardines, a bottle of oil, a tin of plums and a loaf of bread, which I got from a store in a tent.

Finding there was a luggage train going to Quairadin, I got on a truck, and got down about 8.30 P. M.,

paying for my fare by helping to load and unload some wood.

They just throw out such parcels as they have, without waiting for the train to stop, at the mile indicated on the label. I found on arriving at Quairadin that my luggage was on the train and had been thrown out somewhere between 16 and 17 miles!

I managed to get some bread and cheese at the hotel, and a *very* large beer and ginger ale (price 1*s.* 6*d.*) and next morning got the 5 A. M. train back. I had to go on to Coarin and walk back 7 miles on the line; found my luggage, and walked 8 miles back to the farm with it.

This morning I was very footsore and exhausted, and after doing a few hours' clearing scrub with an axe, went and lay down. It was frightfully hot—104 in the house, with a burning wind.

The homestead consists of two rooms made of wood and canvas, papered inside with old *Daily Mirrors!*

Mr. L—— was obliged to come out owing to a weak lung. His wife is the kindest of women, and used to be a keen Church worker in Bermondsey. There are two brothers from Suffolk, nice quiet boys, who work for them.

The situation is high, and the land is naturally covered with gums, but a lot has been cleared. There are beautiful rocky hills in the near distance. The objections are that there is no water for three miles at this time of year, the sun is terrific, and the flies dreadful. But this is almost the worst time of year. I am very footsore after my 90 odd miles walking in

the last few days, but shall soon be all right. There is only one mail a week.

How hard the L——'s have worked! Even Mrs. L—— has had to work with an axe as well as doing her household work. They make one feel an awful rotter, for I should never have the "guts" to do what they have done.

The country is really beautiful in its way, and there are lots of lovely flowers in parts. Coarin, where there are very good wells, is very beautiful and green.

The worst of it is that in many places there has been such a ruthless destruction of timber that the country is in danger of turning into a sandy desert.

I must stop now. I don't mind who knows where I am now, or who sees this letter!

Yours frat.,

P. S.—I rather expect to go to Adelaide in about six weeks, and may take up land here for my O. B. M. farm later, returning in about three years. I shall travel first class! Any chance of your coming out to housekeep for the O. B. M. farm? You would have to learn cooking!

KELLERBERRIN,—WESTERN AUSTRALIA,
Dec. 19, 1912.

DEAR HILDA,—

Your letter *re* the aristocracy and . . . to hand. I think that as a matter of fact the landed gentry *have* failed.

(1) They have failed in the country, where in

many cases the housing, and payment, of the agricultural labourer is still a scandal. A person named Holland who knows Bermondsey got a living on the estate of the Duke of Northumberland, and found worse and more overcrowded houses in a little village than he had seen in Bermondsey! If you read some of the old books of fifty years ago—such as *Yeast,* or *Alton Locke,* you will get a picture of it; while the T——'s could tell you some stories to make your hair stand on end of what they found when first they went to Hampshire.

(2) Of course the county families couldn't remain the ruling caste when the centre of gravity shifted from the country to the towns of Industry. They have never succeeded in understanding the needs of the industrial population, as is very natural.

I am very doubtful what it is that gives the "gentleman" his "Honour." It is not "in the blood," for even Royalty has been known to be strikingly deficient in it; while men of no birth have shown it in the highest degree. Whether its origin be in a philosophy or a religion, or what, it can only be the asset of a *class* as long as it is a cherished tradition, handed down from father to son from earliest years, and as long as that class has the guaranteed freedom from the sordid struggle for existence which is essential to the permanence of such a tradition.

The tradition must be re-created in our present moneyed classes—if indeed these new families are stable enough to endure. It is being re-created to some extent by public schools and the Universities, where

the cult of the useless has some moral value for the bourgeois.

Mr. L—— is very interestingly connected . . . Also an uncle of his married a sister of Octavia Hill. He himself was a research chemist in the sunlight incandescent mantle place, which is very consumptiony, so he had to give up and go abroad. He used to meet Sir Wm. Crooks and several scientists of note.

I admire his wife tremendously; she has emerged unsoured and smiling from the life here.

I may go to Perth for Christmas. I am uncertain.

I must stop now. I don't really get much time for writing, as I generally work from 7–12, eat and sleep from 12–2, work from 2–6 and go to bed about 8.30!

We are at present sinking a well, which is already 40 feet deep, and I should be getting very muscular!

Yours frat.,

P. S.—My beard is getting on fine!

To his Cousin.

PALACE HOTEL,—PERTH, W. A.,
Christmas Eve, 1912.

DEAR DOROTHY,—

I took the train to Fremantle, where I arrived dead tired at 11.30 P. M. Of course everything had been shut for half an hour, and so I asked a man if he could recommend me to an hotel. He said he knew a place where I would be very comfortable, and off we went. It turned out that he was rather drunk, and that his name was ——, and I being straight from the bush,

with no decent clothes on, he took me for a not very particular person. We landed eventually at an absurd little shop where they sold sweets and wine, kept by an Italian with an Irish wife; and the Italian called me "boy" and said he would make me very comfortable over Christmas, and I being dog-tired and rather amused agreed to see what he could do. First, however, we sat down in an indescribable little back parlour, and drank beer. There was O'Farrell and myself, and the Italian (who pretended to be Irish) and his wife, and two spotty infants who wouldn't go to sleep. Then there was an immensely fat woman in a blue cotton gown, named Mrs. ——, to whom we were all very deferential—why, I don't know, except that she had a very red and inflamed face.

Whenever the infants cried, Mrs. —— gave them a sip of beer to quiet them, and then she poured out half a glass of milk, full of flies, as being more suitable, but filled it up with beer by mistake. We discussed me at great length, and couldn't make me out at all. As far as I remember (I was very sleepy) we came to the conclusion that I was twenty-one, and looked like a p'liceman, and that I had used my brains more than my hands, and that if I had only been in the bush three weeks, I couldn't have much money. I don't think I contributed much to this conversation!

At length mine hostess took away the guttering candle and left us in the dark, while she "put on a clean sheet," and at last I retired to bed. The room had three beds in it, but I was the only tenant; and it contained a small Roman Catholic booklet of wise

platitudes and stories of the saints, a novel which had once emanated from the G. F. S., two photographs, both of obviously mulatto ladies, and a clock.

I went to bed and to sleep.

Of what I found in the bed next morning in the light of day, I will not give a detailed account!

I fled.

The whole house appeared (by daylight) to be full of dirty plates, glasses, and linen. They looked as if they had been there for months and months. I paid my hostess (who was as honest, good-natured and incompetent a person as you could meet in a lifetime) a shilling, and escaped.

The result was, of course, reaction.

I straightway bought a shirt and a collar and a pair of boots, and a few other odd externals, and came here, which is luxurious and clean, but very expensive. I had a protracted hot bath, and really feel morally and socially regenerated.

I met —— in a shop in Fremantle, just after I had donned my new shirt and collar in the fitting-room; but before I had time to greet him, he had remembered a pressing engagement and bolted, so I suppose he thought he had made a mistake.

Dear, dear, it's a funny world, and it's very amusing to look at it from different points of view.

I have not written to your brother Arthur yet, because I really haven't the clothes to appear in respectable society. Regarding the matter from the philosophic pedestal of an armchair, and a stomach pleasantly and scientifically replete (they *have* got a good

cook here! The "Brains au gratin" and the "Cheese Palmiers" were superb!), I may say that I like my life on the farm. I am really extraordinarily well. I look (see above) twenty-one, and I have eaten four immense meals to-day with huge satisfaction. I like Mrs. L. and Hubert the hireling, and Mr. L. interests me. I like my tent. I like cutting down bushes with an axe. I like corned beef and jam tart. I prefer the heat to the damp and cold of England.

I don't like Australian men. Especially I dislike them in country hotels, trains, and bars. They are beastly cock-sure, and dogmatic, and very often their dogmatism is very silly. I think they are making a muck of this state. I have seen more well-dressed men drunk and incapable here and at Kellerberrin and Fremantle in two days than in my life before.

What the Australian men lack is humility, religion, a sense of proportion, a sense of humour, a sense of what is good and beautiful and desirable. *There are not enough good women here.* Men are always the same when they get together without good women. They degenerate horribly.

Moreover, my impression is that the average Australian hasn't a very high sense of honesty or commercial honour. I am talking of course of the average man, and not of the gentleman.

I feel as if I would like to be a parson here out of defiance. I would like to flout all their ideals openly, and make them angry. But wrath worketh not the counsels of God.

I am afraid that you will not hear anything of me

in Bermondsey. You will not come across any one that knows me. I only left a very small mark, in a very small number of hearts.

But do not think that there is any *danger* in Bermondsey. You are far safer in Bermondsey than in Holland Park. It will very likely need courage and patience to win your way to knowing the Bermondsey people. It took me a long time; but I do *love* them now. But there is absolutely no danger, and there is not even much fear of unpleasant words. They very soon recognize it if you are wanting to help them and are not merely an interfering and meddlesome inquisitor. Some ladies are like that. They never study their patients; but prescribe for them dogmatically as soon as they look at them. No wonder they are resented, and people appear "ungrateful." Truly, patience, and humility, and readiness to learn, and to alter one's preconceived ideas, are, as Socrates taught, the conditions of growth in wisdom.

I must stop now, for your sake as well as mine!

I wish you would show the first part of this letter to Hilda; I don't want to write it twice, and it may amuse her!

Thanks so much for writing.

Yours ever,

The following letter was written, but never posted, to the Bishop of Western Australia after the Christmas Service in Perth Cathedral. For Donald Hankey the whole service was spoilt by the recital of the Athanasian Creed.

PERTH,
Christmas Day, 1912.

Subject: The *Quicunque Vult* and the Defence of the Faith.

MY LORD,—

It is with the utmost diffidence that I venture to ask you to read a letter on the above subject, because I am fully aware that for an utterly unimportant young man like myself to do so is but to illustrate the proverb "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

I do venture, however, for three reasons:—

(1) I believe that in this case I am voicing the sentiments of the great mass of the inarticulate laity, both in your diocese, and in the Anglican Church as a whole.

(2) I suspect that the clergy are sometimes glad to meet with utterly unofficial candour, which is not always forthcoming.

(3) Rightly or wrongly your sermon this morning made me think that you would be sympathetic to my complaint.

I will, therefore, ask your forgiveness, and your patience, and pass on to the matter in hand. I sometimes wonder whether the clergy realize:—

(1) That in the life of the average faithful layman there is a continual struggle against the forces of aggressive scepticism.

(2) That it is by the laity that the warfare must be mainly carried on, and that it is they who will eventually lose or win for the Church as a whole.

(3) That the laity are deplorably ill-equipped for the fray.

If you will excuse a military metaphor from one who has been a soldier, the average layman does not understand the position which he is called upon to defend. In this position, or rather, apparently subsidiary to it, are two very exposed and indefensible points, upon which the enemy chiefly concentrates his attack. Those two points are, (1) The theory of verbal inspiration; (2) The theory that salvation is earned by assent to incomprehensible dogma.

I feel sure that you would have no hesitation in agreeing that as a matter of fact these two points are not only untenable, but quite devoid of importance with regard to the main Christian position.

Unfortunately the average clergyman is not explicit on the subject, and the average layman often fights with unintelligent devotion in these obsolete trenches until wounded to death or captured by the foe, because the recall is not clearly sounded.

Moreover—and this is the point—the theory that Salvation is earned by assent to incomprehensible dogma appears to be directly stated by the *Quicunque Vult.* This document states:—

"If any man (wishes to) will be saved, it is before all things . . . . . catholic faith."

This is the C. F.

Then follows, what I think you will agree is a definition of the faith, which is utterly incomprehensible to the average layman.

I am sufficiently a student of church history to agree that in the main the document represents what, in the circumstances of the Arian controversy, was a justifiable conclusion on the part of the Church. Thinking it out in relation to the controversies of the third and fourth centuries few people would venture to say that the document was valueless. But that is not the point. The average layman knows nothing, and is not expected to know anything of the Arian and subsequent controversies, and to him the language of this document is sheer nonsense. Therefore, as long as it continues to be used in public worship at the great festivals, the average layman will feel that his enemies are right, and that assent to incomprehensible dogma is the condition of salvation as clearly stated by the authority of his church. So long, too, will he be at a grievous disadvantage in dealing with his unrelenting foe.

On the other hand, students are aware that:—

(1) It has no œcumenical sanction.

(2) Its origin is lost in obscurity.

(3) It is neither Athanasian nor a creed.

Why then is its obligatory use continued?

I am aware that in England the difficulty is that that extraordinarily incompetent body, Convocation, has not the faith, the courage, nor the prestige, to carry any proposal of Prayer-Book revision before parliament; but in this Commonwealth, where the Church is independent of the State, surely the matter is more easy of accomplishment.

I only desire to express to your Lordship for what it is worth, my firm conviction that if you felt willing

and able to take any steps towards abolishing at least the obligatory use of the document in your diocese, you would earn the gratitude and receive the support of the vast majority of its laymen; and that you would thereby save many of your men from unnecessary bloodshed and danger.

I am convinced that were it once made clear that bibliolatry and the *Quicunque Vult* were not essential pillars of the Christian faith, the real strength of the Christian position would be made very much clearer, and that the weakness of the attacks upon it would be simultaneously revealed.

With apologies for the length of this letter,

I remain,

Your Lordship's obedient Servant,

The following letter refers to a Dramatic Club in Bermondsey. Hankey took the greatest interest in its Performances. "Will" is Will Clift, a Bermondsey boy—a very active member of the Boys' Club. He is now one of the chief helpers in the O. B. M.

To Will Clift.

TOOTIKEN, *Jan. 11, 1913.*

DEAR WILL,—

I was much amused to hear from my sister an account of the O. B. M. Shakespeare performance. She tells me that there were only two *real* actors on the stage, and that one was Charlie Thompson, and the other took the part of Fluellen, and that the latter, though he was said not to care for the part, threw himself into it, and made a great success of it. She

concludes: "He is a real artist." Hear, hear! Well done, Will; but we all knew it already.

I hear that the staging and everything was admirable; but I was slightly consoled (is it beastly of me?) by her saying that perhaps on account of the more ambitious staging, etc., the *tout ensemble*—the general effect—was "less striking." Never mind. Now you must go on and get the O. B. M. Shakespeare rendering as good as—nay better than—the Rugby House one—which is saying a very great deal.

I am having a very quiet, but rather strenuous time here, wielding an axe most of the day. I am afraid that Western Australia is only suitable for the very roughest and toughest of our fellows. A chap of the physique of Bob Bavin or Tom Ervine[1] might do all right; but none of the weaker brethren would be happy here.

I rather like axe work, because it makes a pleasant accompaniment to my thoughts. But if I hadn't got such lots to think about, I shouldn't care for it at all.

I am longing to get a letter from Bermondsey, to hear how Tom Havitt and others are getting on.

I shall be back in England probably next January, or *possibly* next August. My heart is still in Bermondsey, and I mean to go back there in some way, at any rate for a bit. I still want to write some books, and after that I think I shall again offer myself for ordination. But I am afraid that they will say I am too much of a heretic. Anyway, if I write my book first, there will be no excuse for misunderstanding.

[1] Two prominent members of the O. B. M.

I am hoping to go to the goldfields in a few weeks, and then pay a flying visit to the fruit districts, and then go on to Broken Hill, Adelaide, and Sydney.

This country would be awfully jolly if there was water; but there is none—only wells, and not too many of them. The flies are simply *awful*. They wake me up at dawn, filling my tent with their hum, and they try persistently to get into my eyes, nose, mouth and ears till sunset.

Yours ever,
DONALD W. A. HANKEY.

My beard is getting on fine!

TOOTIKEN,
Jan. 12, 1913.

DEAR HILDA,—

Many thanks for your description of the O. B. M. Shakespeare, which amused me much.

I should like to put over the new building of the Rugby Club some such motto as "Timeo Danaos," or "Beware of Success." A religious mission, in my opinion, owes it to itself or to society to be a failure in the eyes of the outside world, in order that it may be a success in the eyes of God. The moment men set out on the perilous path of advertisement, expenditure, and fame—woe to their real aim!

But—

"What is our failure here, but a triumph's evidence
Of the fulness of the days? . . ."

I am, Yours frat.,
DONALD W. A. HANKEY.

How the ideas and ideals with which I started have fizzled out! It is partly constitutional and partly a lack of patience and perhaps pluck.

TOOTIKEN,—WESTERN AUSTRALIA,
Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1913.

DEAR DOROTHY,—

It *has* been hot! And the flies! Lor'! But taking one thing with another it isn't a bad life up here in the Bush, and were it not that my liver requires fruit, and that I feel that I have responsibilities elsewhere, I should feel strongly tempted to remain.

I am very glad I came, if only to have peace and time in which to think and pray. It is an awfully good thing, I am sure, if one *can* get away from all the 1,001 things that fill one's life, and just think things out. I now want about six months' quiet to write down what I have been thinking, and can't decide whether Rotherhithe is remote and peaceful enough for the purpose! I am afraid it is too interesting.

I *am* a lucky beggar to be able to get away like this. How few people can! It seems to give one a big responsibility; and I hope to turn out something useful, whether by the pen or otherwise. Only each time I take up the pen, I find that I am not a decent enough person myself to be able to write about the things I want to write about in the spirit in which they ought to be written about. Rancour and sarcasm will creep in! They are like King Charles' Head in Mr. Dick's memorial, and I can't even make my waste paper into kites!

In the Australian Bush

But time has come for "all good little boys" to go to bed, so I must go too.

Yours ever,

KATANNING, W. A.,
March 9, 1913.

DEAR DOROTHY,—

I have just come from Kalgoorlie, where I spent three days. I liked —— very much indeed. He was extraordinarily kind in taking me about, putting me up for the club and so forth, and also very interesting to talk to. He is the sort of man who makes one respect the Australian, for he has what in my opinion is one of their best characteristics—a right idea about men's values. What I mean is that in Australia there seems to be a definite idea that a man is a "waster" if he doesn't or can't work. No one is despised because he does work which dirties his finger nails. Hard work of any kind is regarded as equally honourable, and the hard worker is respected with an equal respect as long as his work is honest and useful. On the other hand, the dilettante (like myself, I fear) and the man who makes his living by being impressive (clothes, family, etc.) is justly despised. I liked ——'s manner, which was equally genial, and devoid of condescension towards all honest men. It isn't necessary to make friends of every honest man—many honest men might be strongly antipathetic as friends—but it shows a fine breadth to be able to honour them. In England we disburse honour and respect by very perverted and artificial standards.

The phrase "Jack's as good as his master" sounds

offensive in English upper-class ears. The average Australian worker would undoubtedly amend it to "Jack's better than his master." Well, he often is, though it is conceited of him to say so.

Kalgoorlie is a perfectly beastly place in my opinion. I would far rather live in the Bush at Tootiken than at Kalgoorlie. I am not sure that Orientals are not wise to build their streets narrow and high in hot places.

I will stop now, as the dinner bell has just rung.

Yours ever.

FREEMASONS' HOTEL,—STIRLING TERRACE,—ALBANY,
March 15, 1913.

DEAR HILDA,—

I am due to leave for Adelaide to-morrow, and shall be mightily glad to go. Albany is a dull little place, specially when one is by oneself, and my legs have been rather varicose for long walks. I went one, and the country was certainly much prettier than any other I had seen; but that is not saying much. This state seems to have nothing exotic about it. I was eating a passion fruit the other day, and I said to myself, "Yus," I said, "this has got some flavour about it, it reminds me of the East, and of odd and festive conditions of life, but W. Australia is like a mere apple, hopelessly straightforward and unsensational!" That is what is so nice about Mauritius, Madagascar and Zanzibar, they are so utterly different from what one knows. The very air has a different savour. But Westralia! Poof! Prosaic!

I still rather hanker after the idea that something could be done for Bermondsey people with this cheap land, and that an infusion of some O. B. M. spirit would do no harm to Australia, but I can't quite see my way clear at present. There is the question of my own future, too, which is puzzling me. I have rather an extensive program in view if I return to London this year; but I am by no means sure that I should not be choosing the better part by staying out here. No doubt my course will be indicated. It generally is, if one leaves it alone.

Yours ever fraternal,

In the following letter, "The article I sent home" refers to one of a series of eight articles Hankey wrote and sent to his sister to "place" for him with an editor. These appeared in July and August, 1913, in the *Westminster Gazette,* and attracted much attention for their candid and not too encouraging advice to emigrants. These articles discuss the settlement of town-boys, Public School Boys, Women, and Poor-law children.

KATANNING, W. A.,
Sunday, March 9, 1913.

DEAR HILDA,—

I got here last night from Kalgoorlie, and am staying two nights more before going to Albany.

Kalgoorlie itself is the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the Prophet. The desolate appearance is enhanced by the enormous width of the streets, and squatness of the buildings.

I have revised my notions about W. A. considerably since seeing Noora and this place, and very much hope that that article I sent home didn't go the round. I have talked a lot since then to all sorts of people and have got a rather better opinion of the State as a whole. There is no doubt that Tootiken is in one of the worst and driest areas.

In talking to Warren and others I am very glad to be able to say that I have done three months' bush work. A mere traveller is rather despised here, where every one works so hard.

I have been reading a lot of interesting books lately—Sarolea's *Life of Tolstoi,* Arnold Bennett's *Hilda Lesssways,* Oscar Wilde's *The Soul under Socialism* and Foster Fraser's book on Australia.

Tolstoi's Life is very interesting because I have shared so many of his beliefs, especially the idea that simple living and hard manual work form the best sort of life possible. We both (!) felt that it was no good thinking so unless we tried it. We both (!) found it practically impossible to escape from the conditions in which we had grown up.

I have done three months of it out here, and looking back I still feel puzzled as to the result. On the one hand, I did feel nearer to God. I found prayer easier, and had more good thoughts. I didn't feel this fatal shallowness so much. On the other hand, I did not feel that I was doing what was required of me except temporarily. I felt an urgent desire to work in other ways—especially in writing what I felt that I could write differently to other people. Finally, I can't say

it was a success physically. I have seldom slept so badly. I always felt dead tired in the morning, and had a permanent backache!

Incidentally, I don't see that the question of whether one is *paid* or not matters. I gave my work to people who needed it badly, and couldn't afford to pay for it, which I think was more satisfactory really than earning money from people who could afford to pay real working men.

I am pretty sure that simplicity of life is a good thing. I think that it is easier to be humble, and, after all, humility is the first condition of finding the Kingdom. On the other hand, I think it is best to do the work which you can do better than other people, and try to make your individual contribution to the general scheme of things, rather than attempt the job you are least fitted for, and which others can do better. One thing I have learnt, that though one is frightfully narrow, and in consequence hampered awfully in dealing with a catholic subject like religion, one can't be anything else. I have learnt a new respect for other people's knowledge, and a recognition of my own limitations. The knowledge of nature possessed by old Mutton, who has been on the land since he was born, is a splendid thing—as splendid as my knowledge of Higher Criticism and early Church history, if not more so. But it is as much beyond me as Miss ——'s knowledge of painting. Similarly R.'s knowledge of science and medicine, or the engineer's knowledge of machinery. All these things a catholic writer must acknowledge as best he may. It is by forgetting their

excellence that Theologians and Philosophers become contemptible. The little world of congresses and books is a funny little artificial mutual admiration society just as surely as is a trade union! I don't think I really have any more respect for Mr. S. or the biographer of Count Tolstoi than I have for a thoroughly competent engine driver—I speak from the point of view of catholic religion.

Tolstoi himself seems to have been a hopeless failure as a man, when judged according to his ideals; and mainly, I imagine, because he attached too much importance to the form in which those ideals presented themselves to him—farm labour and a smock frock—at the expense of the spirit underlying them, which should have dignified and transformed the work which he was really fit for. It is an extraordinarily interesting and pathetic story.

Yours frat.,

BRISBANE, *April 29, 1913.*

DEAR HILDA,—

I spent last week in Sydney, and visited the training farm for boys, and also some of the official people. Every one is very keen on boy immigration there, specially a Dr. Arthur, a most delightful Englishman who has been out there a great many years, and who will very likely be a minister if the Liberals get into power next time. In his early years he did slum work in East London. He wants me to try and help engineer boy emigration on a large scale, and to see all the premiers of the different States about it, and has given

me lots of introductions to people here. He also wants me to try and promote the emigration of public school boys via the Agricultural Colleges out here. I am convinced that it would be a splendid opening for boys like M——, for instance, and hope that people here will see it. The officials I have seen here strike one as very unintelligent and narrow. They are *protégés* of labour, I suppose.

I should like to revisit Brisbane, and see the Gutton Agricultural College, which is apparently impossible at present as there is a new Principal, and things are pretty unsettled.

I have also been inquiring about girl emigration, and there is no doubt that there is a good opening for domestic servants, and lady helps on stations.

The boy I told you about behaved very idiotically, loafing about towns and stowing away from port to port. I found him in Sydney last week, and sent him off to the Dreadnought farm with another stowaway. I hope he will stay. It cost me about £10 altogether, though! The fact is, I am getting broker and broker! In spite of the most economical intentions I have spent £2 a day since I left Adelaide!

I am,

Your aff. brother,

P. S.—Sydney *is* beautiful.

BRISBANE, *May 5, 1913.*

DEAR HILDA,—

Just got two letters from you. (1) I don't think I thought that *you* drew an odorous comparison be-

tween V—— and myself, but *I* did! The sore point is that V—— did what I intended to do! I am naturally and *by instinct* a very cautious and unenterprising person, with a great tendency to keep within the indicated restrictions of convention and caste; but my *religion* has always been a widening influence. My beliefs have always been clean contrary to my instincts, and to the extent to which my beliefs have been stronger than my instincts I have done violence to the latter. I have always found that although the process was extremely unpleasant, the results were far beyond my wildest dreams. For instance, in Bermondsey I have reaped a harvest of happiness and friendship which I never hoped for. I must confess, however, that when I came to Australia I struck a bedrock of prejudice and a sort of social inertia which I had to compromise with. I have made a second attempt to overcome it here, but it is no good. I have got to the "thus far and no further" in the way of emancipation. I think that health has something to do with the limits of my adaptability. Having now, as I feel, stretched myself as much as possible, I am feeling very ready to seek ordination again. If I can first write a book with my layman's freedom I shall be ready, if they will have me.

(2) I *am* grateful to you for editing my articles. I do hope to goodness that they are not too outrageously absurd, as they well may be. In defence I must remind you that when I wrote them it was the Oxford Economic Review that was in my mind, and in Oxford one must cloak one's vigour with a mantle of philo-

sophic doubt! I have not sent any more because I have had no "adventures," and consequently nothing to write about.

Brisbane is a *loathsome* place. I am very liverish, and shall be glad to be off.

Your aff. brother,

If I am ordained, I will very likely come out to N. S. W. or Western Australia; but *not* to Victoria or Queensland. Sydney suited me very well.

TOOTIKEN,—MT. STIRLING,
June 27, 1913.

DEAR DOROTHY,—

I got back here nearly a fortnight ago, and have really been enjoying it very much indeed. It is cool, rather rainy, and instead of stretches of dusty ploughed land, there are expanses of tender green—the springing crops. Conditions have improved in every way. There is now a beautiful well quite near. Mr. L.—— has built me a little house with an iron roof instead of my tent. He has also built me a securer bedstead than the last! I am feeling remarkably at peace with myself and my surroundings.

These quiet times in remote places appeal to me no end. One can do such a lot of thinking. But though I have been thinking hard I cannot find yet the solution of my future! I *think* it is to be ordination; but I *don't* want to be even the best of conventional parsons—which indeed would be an impossibility to me. During the last year or two my attempts at Christianity

have all sent me in the same direction—wider human interests. The text "I came that ye might have life and have it more abundantly"—I think there is a text like that in John[1]—has realized itself in my case in just this direction. I am no longer so shut off from people of other types and classes as I was. I found I could be "quite one of the family" when staying with Mr. P——, the plumber, at Sydney. I feel "quite at home" in this little bush humpy, burning off the timber, digging post holes, etc. I did not feel so very out of place at the little boarding house at Brisbane, and got on quite well with the three carpenters and the tailor who lodged there! I feel quite as friendly to ——— of Bermondsey as I do to X.!

All this has been sheer gain, and has brought me more happiness than I have ever known before. But what I am asking is whether the donning of a clerical coat is going to put an end to it, and if so, whether the sacrifice is worth it. I must settle down to something, and that seems the obvious thing. But ——

I can't quite size it up yet.

The funny thing is that all this has not weakened my liking for good living! You will find me on my return as ready as ever to dine at Frascati's, with a bottle of "Pape Clement," and to sup off Münchenbrau and leberwurst at the New Gambrinus!

Your aff. cousin,

P. S.—I saw Hilda on her way through Fremantle. She seemed very fit. I sent about half a dozen more

[1] S. John x. 10.

articles to the *Westminster* a fortnight ago. I wonder if they will publish them.

In July his sister arrived and they spent two months in Australia, travelling and visiting relatives and friends. In September they started on a leisurely voyage homewards, taking in Ceylon and Mauritius *en route*.

NOORA, *July 24, 1913.*

DEAR MRS. L——,—

I reached Perth only to find that my boat was not sailing, so I am going by the Riverina on Wednesday.

The novel is progressing rapidly.[1] H. R. is really doing his part well. By the way, if you do talk about him, better not mention his 'umble origin. He doesn't mind a bit, but he says that experience has taught him that there are a good many snobs in Australia whom it would prejudice against him. For instance, a clergyman going home, offered to look up his mother and tell her how he was getting on. H. gave him the address; but when he returned the man went about saying that H. was "a very low fellow. A regular gutter-snipe." Which of course was not pleasant.

Yours sincerely,

ADELAIDE, *Aug. 7, 1913.*

DEAR DOROTHY,—

I would like to be ordained, and at times (i. e. on the

[1] Hankey's first literary efforts were in the direction of fiction. Among his papers there are several novels, and the first drafts of novels, but though most of these are full of promise, nothing was brought within sight of completion.

rare occasions when I go to church) I *crave* so to be! But in calmer moments there are some very big buts.

I have a sort of feeling that at moments I have come very near to the kingdom of heaven, and that has made it seem the one thing worth bothering about; but how to proceed I don't know. Conventions hinder; e. g., it is necessary to my ideas that I should meet these Bermondsey fellows who are at Adelaide in a perfectly friendly way and on equal terms. But as long as I am staying with my very kind relations it can't be managed. The question is whether I as a parson could rise above the traditional position of the profession. How can a parson be an example of humility, and the servant of the servants of Christ, if he is fixed in a high state of society? For instance, according to my ideas a parson ought to be on terms of equality with the hands on a station as well as with the master. He should be of no class or of all. But *practically* whatever his class by birth, he always ranks with the master. This, I think, is destructive of the real religion. I am sure that we Western Christians have an awful lot to learn from Indians in respect of humility. If I felt that I could be a parson and also humble I would ask to be ordained; but I fear that tradition and circumstances would be too much for me.

You know Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables,* and the story of how Bp. Myriel transformed Jean Valjean? If you don't, read it at once. *Les Misérables* is, in my opinion, one of the greatest books ever written (far more "inspired" than half the books of the Old Testament!) Well, I once imitated the conduct of Bp.

Myriel as nearly as I could, and for the time his power was mine, and I transformed a life. I am uncertain, however, whether my second appearance on the stage, in a suit by Hawkes, and as the guest of "the boss," didn't destroy most of the faith that I had called out!

Ah, but that moment of power was worth living for! The moment when one knew that without saying a word about religion, and simply by trying to make one's body a "member of Christ" one had driven back the hosts of pessimism and doubt, and established faith upon the throne of one mind.

It didn't matter much. The victory may not last (but it has lasted a year). But the joy of it was something incomparable with any other.

All the more one feels one's failure on the average. But it is less disastrous to fall miserably short of one's ideals as a layman than as a parson.

As you see, I am still in a state of wretched indecision. I have long thought of thirty as the age of decision. I am now 1912—1884=28, i. e. I shall be twenty-nine in October, so I have another year of grace!

Yours ever,

FREEMASONS' HOTEL,—BROKEN HILL,
Sunday, August 17, 1913.

DEAR MRS. L——,—

Just a line to accompany some of the last batch of photos that I took at Tootiken.

I shall very likely return to Australia in eighteen months, perhaps as curate of Noora preparatory to

being rector of Merredin, and finally Bishop of Adelaide! Meanwhile I am looking forward to getting home again, for of travelling I am heartily sick. I find staying with relatives extremely trying, and long for the freer life of Bermondsey or Tootiken (pardon the comparison! They are only alike in that one respect).

I am up here for one night to see some Bermondsey boys. Think of it! Two nights of thirteen hours each in the train, two days of activity in a new and horribly dusty hot tiring place, and one night's sleep. My head feels as if it was made of cotton stuffed with tow.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

I hope that all goes well.

3. HOMEWARD.

S. S. *Macedonia,*
Sept. 1, 1913.

DEAR MRS. L——,—

I want to know if you can give me some really hard axe work for a month next September? I have planned to complete my course of training for "the meenistry" by working for a month or two on the mines at Broken Hill, which could be quite easily managed. But I should like, if I may, to come to Tootiken first to get my hands and muscles into training. I hope to leave England early in August. But of course "*l'homme propose, Dieu dispose.*"

Hotel Suisse,

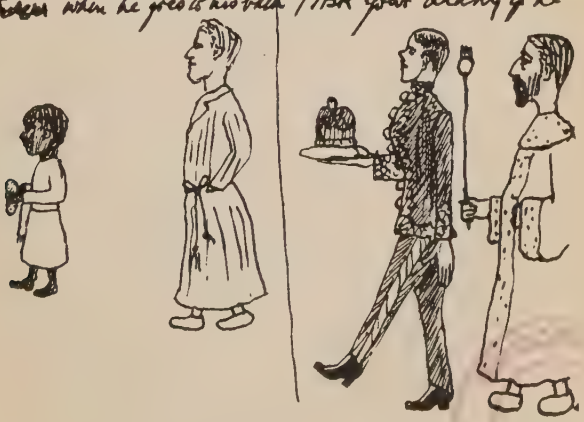
TELEGRAMS "SUISOTEL"
A. B. C. CODE 5TH EDITION
TELEPHONE NO. 24

KANDY,
CEYLON.

Sept 17 - 1913

Dear Robin,

Auntie Hilda and I are having a very good time here. It is a very funny place, full of brown people who never wear very queer clothes. We have a small servant, and when I go to the bathroom he carries my sponge and towel in front, and I feel rather like the [illegible] king who (I believe) has his crown carried in front [illegible] when he goes to his bath. Ask your daddy if he



doesn't, he knows all about it because he a Commander of the Bath).

When we go into town we ride in a rickshaw, and have to wear a big white hat because the Sun is so strong

Most of the ~~temples~~ Churches here are what they call Buddhist temples Generally they are tiny little places, very dark, with a huge ~~statue~~ image of a man called the Buddha in them

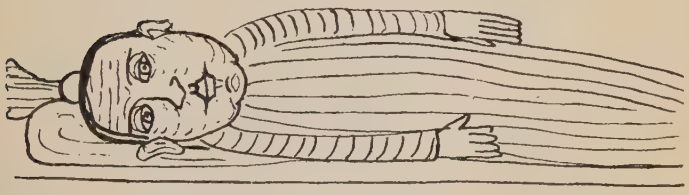
Hotel Suisse,

TELEGRAMS:-
"SUISOTEL"
A B C CODE 5TH EDITION
TELEPHONE NO. 24.

KANDY,
CEYLON.

191

Some of them are ~~Carved~~ hollowed out of ~~a~~ the Soled rock, and the image inside cut out of the back rock wall



Then in front there is a table covered with flower ~~blosso~~ petals, and little glass cases with small images of the Same man

It is so dark in these places that they have to be lit up by candles

The parsons belonging to these churches aren't a bit like English parsons They have funny yellow robes and bare arms and feet

Another quaint thing is that lots of the men wear long hair with a comb in it, and a table cloth round their legs instead of trowsers

Some of the ladies wear rings in their noses

your aff Uncle

Donald Hankey

My sister and I are now *en route* for Mauritius and Madagascar, and we hope to reach London on January 6. I am intending to spend from January till August in Bermondsey, mostly in trying to write books. My other articles to the *Westminster* have been accepted, and my sister, who is a very trenchant critic where I am concerned, reported favourably on a recent effort I showed her, and so I am encouraged. I've got something I want to say, and I will see if I can say it, although I wouldn't really care to become a "nauthor" for writing's sake.

I enclose a short note for Mr. L——.

Yours very sincerely,

To his nephew, Robin Hankey.

HOTEL SUISSE,—KANDY,—CEYLON,

Sept. 17, 1913.

DEAR ROBIN,—

Auntie Hilda and I are having a very good time here. It is a very funny place, full of brown people who wear very queer clothes. We have a small servant, and when I go to the bath room he carries my sponge and towel in front, and I feel rather like the king who (I believe) has his crown carried in front when he goes to his bath. (Ask your daddy if he doesn't, he knows all about it because he is a Commander of the Bath.)

When we go into town we ride in a rickshaw, and have to wear a big white hat because the sun is so strong.

Most of the churches here are what they call Bud-

dhist temples. Generally they are tiny little places, very dark, with a huge image of a man called the Buddha in them. Some of them are hollowed out of the solid rock, and the image inside cut out of the back rock wall. Then in front there is a table covered with flower petals, and little glass cases with small images of the same man. It is so dark in these places that they have to be lit up by candles. The parsons belonging to these churches aren't a bit like English parsons. They have funny yellow robes and bare arms and feet.

Another quaint thing is that lots of the men wear long hair with a comb in it, and a tablecloth round their legs instead of trousers. Some of the ladies wear rings in their noses.

Your affectionate Uncle,

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,—MAURITIUS,

Oct. 30, 1913.

DEAR DOROTHY,—

Excuse pencil. My fountain pen is dry. Thanks awfully for your letter received to-day.

Your remarks on ordination interested me very much. I grant most of what you say. The advantage of ordination, however, is that it gives one a chance to air one's views. A parson is looked to to give by example and teaching an idea of what Christianity aims at being. He is looked upon as representative. And if a parson really has anything to teach, that he can express in his life and preaching, it has a much wider effect than the same thing would have in the hands of a layman.

A man, for instance, like Father Stanton, who was the personification of love and unselfishness and unconventionality and humility, made any number of people realize that these things were in the gospel. I only saw and heard him twice, but he made such a distinct impression that in a way I think I learnt more from him than from any tutor at Oxford. I don't think that a layman could have the same influence, because he is not regarded as in any way representative—unless he is a very good writer.

What I hope is that in about eighteen months' time I shall feel that I could stand for something which is not generally found in the ranks of the clergy, and which ought to be represented.

Another thing is that I believe strongly in the Church as a means of gathering up, absorbing and coordinating and perpetuating, various individual contributions. If one is outside the church one's individual ideals and points of view only affect just a few other individuals. But the more active a member of the Church one is, the more those ideals are taken up into history. The individual can only achieve a very one-sided representation of the fulness of Christ, the Lord of *all* good life, and if his little bit is to become catholic and universal it must be coördinated to other people's little bits, so that all the members of the Church combining and supplementing each other may build up a full and many-sided "body of Christ." The unfortunate thing is that at present the laity have so little power in the Church, and I want it to be one of the achievements of my life, to help to extend their power.

A clerical Church is a disaster. If I can see a way of doing this as a layman, I think I will; but at present I don't. I quite agree with you that the summons to make a "venture of it" in things that one can't prove or understand is merely irritating. But I think that there is one sense in which a venture of faith means something sensible. All the *really* important doctrines of Christianity are expressions of experience and are amenable to proof or disproof by experiment. For instance there is the fundamental doctrine, that one can only possess the Kingdom of God by loving one's neighbour at least as well as oneself. Possessing the kingdom means, I think, the peace of mind—aequanimitas—which comes from faith in and a sense of the nearness and love of God. The only way of proving or disproving this is to try to love one's neighbour and see whether as we achieve that we do not also achieve a power of faith and a power to pray. Again, another doctrine is that humility is necessary to the possession of the kingdom. I think that was the chief reason why I wanted to go out to Australia steerage, and do labourer's work when I got there. I hoped that in giving my pride a hit in the stomach I might be able to get nearer to the Kingdom of God. I went to Bermondsey from Leeds, because when I went there before, I thought that at the bedside of a little boy who was dying of consumption I got nearer to Christ than I had ever got before.

I think what one has to do is to try and find out one's weak spot, and then to find what Christ's remedy was, and then to put it to the test of experiment. My weak-

est spot was self-centredness and hardness and coldness, and dependence on money and comfort, and I tried to smash them by trying to cultivate humility and love of my neighbour. But other people have other weak spots and need other remedies; one has to worry things out oneself.

However I think that 'nuffs said. To sum up, I hold that "It doesn't matter what you believe unless it's going to alter your whole view of life."

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

For doubt implies a recognition that beliefs matter, and are meant to be effective, whereas half the creeds make them a mere farce by being content with a formal assent.

Yours ever,

MAURITIUS,
Nov. 8, 1913.

DEAR WILL,—

This is to wish you and all the Ds[1] a happy Christmas. I am afraid I shall be spending mine on board ship, and shall not be very happy, except at the thought that I am on my way "home."

I have enjoyed revisiting Mauritius, and it has not been altogether waste of time, as I have been able to do a lot of thinking and a little writing. Besides, the place has valuable associations, for it was when I was here that I received the solution of my intellectual

[1] Members of the Decima Club, Bermondsey.

doubts, and that the thought came to me, "If you would know the Lord Jesus, lo! He is working in His vineyard."

Also it was here that I made two of my best friends —X——, whom you may remember, for he came to Decima once—and the bishop.

It is a most extraordinarily beautiful place. There are deep river gorges with rocky cliffs on either side, lovely wooded passes over the mountains, and Madonna lilies and Amaryllises grow wild.

Every one has been awfully kind, from the Governor, who is a friend of my brother's, to my old Hindu servant, who has come back to me. But my best friend here is a parson; a deaf man, but one of the best and simplest and humblest men I have ever met. I am to preach at his church to-morrow morning!

I still hope to be back in Bermondsey early in January; but cannot be certain of the exact date.

I hope that you are all flourishing, especially Tom Hewett and Bob Cotton.

Yours ever,

P. S.—I am preaching about the O. B. M. and the doctor.[1] I hope that your mother and sister are well.

[1] Dr. Stansfeld.

V

ONE OF THE IMMORTAL HUNDRED THOUSAND

1914–1916: *æt.* 30–32

EARLY in January, 1914, Hankey arrived in England after his Australian experiment. For six months he lived in Bermondsey, writing hard by day and giving every night to the Club.

Then came the war. On the historic fourth of August he was in the country, near Portsmouth. On the seventh he offered himself as a recruit for Kitchener's 100,000. The day after he enlisted he was made a corporal, and before the week was out he received the sergeant's stripes.

On November 26 his company of the Rifle Brigade were billeted in Elstead. "I am sending you the best man in my company," said the Beloved Captain to Mrs. Coppin, who had offered, as had most of the householders of Elstead, to have some of "Kitcheners" billeted upon her. And Sergeant Hankey was her guest during his stay there. A strong and deep affection grew up between them. Soon after he was established in Fir Cottage, he proposed to Mrs. Coppin that she should adopt him for her grandson: "he was a grand-orphan and wanted a grandmother." She ac-

cepted him, and in his letters to her he always signed himself, "Your affectionate grand-boy."

"The Book" referred to in many of these letters is "The Lord of All Good Life: A Study of the Greatness of Jesus and the Weakness of the Church." It was written and ready for publication when the War broke out, and appeared in October, 1914.

1. *SERGEANT HANKEY: ALDERSHOT, ELSTEAD, BORDEN.*

ALDERSHOT,
Aug. 24, 1914.

DEAR HILDA,—

This is doing me no end of good in every way.

Funnily enough I have met in barracks a recruit who is the twin brother of a Balliol man who used to come down to Bermondsey a good deal, and a member of our men's club! As a last straw I believe that the newest appointed subaltern is "Bob Brandt," who has been in Bermondsey for about a year! I saw him going across to the C. O.'s office to-day, though whether he is to belong to us or to the King's Royal Rifles I don't know!

Yours fraternally,
DONALD W. A. HANKEY.

SERGTS' MESS, 7th BN. RIFLE BDE.,
MALPLAQUET BKS.,—ALDERSHOT,
Sept. 18, 1914.

DEAR HILDA,—

I find that a certain number of people are getting Sunday passes, and so I should very much like to come

up for Saturday night and Sunday sometime when you are back in London—that is, if you don't mind my being in uniform! At present, however, I think it is rather fashionable than otherwise to be uniformed—even if one is only an N. C. O.!

I had a very jolly letter from Maurice last week, in which he asked me to make an effort to attend the christening of Michael in uniform! But I could never get a pass in the middle of the week, as we are short-handed. I have been told that I shall never make a good N. C. O., but should be an excellent officer! Well, I could never be the ordinary sealed pattern N. C. O.—but I think I have my uses. I get on well with the junior N. C. O.'s, and I don't think that my squad is the worst on the parade ground. After all, this is not quite the ordinary sealed pattern army. Of course my worst point is that I have so little first-hand knowledge of musketry and infantry work. This will probably become more and more painfully evident as time goes on, and we get more advanced. On the other hand I am far smarter than I ever was as an officer! Quite simply, I do find that it is praying that makes the difference. The possibility of overcoming one's particular disabilities by the partial realization of an outside Power ready to alter the balance has been real to me.

My book[1] is not altogether abstract theory; but a good deal founded on experience. Must stop now.

Yours frat.,

[1] *The Lord of All Good Life.*

D Coy., 7th S. Bn. Rifle Bde.,
Oudemarde Bks.,—Aldershot,
Oct. 28, 1914.

Dear Dorothy,—

I am extraordinarily pleased that you like my book.[1] It is no end encouraging. Largely the reason why I wanted to publish is that in discussion it is so difficult to be *balanced*—to get in the positive side to counterbalance the negative. A book gives one the chance to do this. To say "Yes, I agree with you there,—but there is a gain here which more than counterbalances that seeming loss," and so on.

Yours ever,

To the Rev. Arthur Hankey, Brighton
(a distant cousin).

Nov. 22, 1914.

Dear Sir,—

I am very grateful to you for letting me know that you like my book. I suppose it was my name that attracted you; for I can't imagine any other reason why you should have read it; but far from resenting a parson "having the audacity" to read it, I am delighted!

I am afraid I am rather a humbug to put "Sergeant Rifle Bde." on it. I have only been a sergeant since the war broke out. I did it mainly to make it clear that I really was an ordinary layman.

It may interest you if I tell you that on leaving Oxford I very nearly became a parson; but at the last moment I funked it, and the head of my Clergy School

[1] *The Lord of All Good Life.*

rather funked me, so it didn't come off, and I became a rolling stone studying in various places and among very various people to try and write this book. But people have been so lenient to the heresies in my book that I am almost hoping to be ordained after all if I get through the war all right.

Yours sincerely,

On November 26, the Rifle Brigade was brought to Elstead, near Godalming, and billeted in the houses of the village and neighbouring farms.

To his Cousin, Mrs. Gould, née V. Bakewell.

ELSTEAD, NR. GODALMING,

Nov. 29, 1914.

DEAR VALERIE,—

I am writing to tell you that being billeted is very nice. My hostess is a very charming Irish lady of over seventy, and the house is a little new villa which looks as if it had no room in it, and really has quite a lot. Mrs. Coppin keeps to her room for the most part, and I have the run of the whole house. There are two riflemen here too. One is a Manchester man—a railway stoker—and the other a Londoner—a man who instals and mends elevators. We all have meals together with the cook-housekeeper and the maid; but Mrs. Coppin is getting up a bridge four for my benefit to-morrow, and the doctor and his lady are invited to tea to-day for my benefit!

The country is lovely—all woods and lakes and bracken and heather,—and the village is a nice straggling old place.

I hear that Rupert may be coming to you before he goes back to France. I am awfully glad he is getting on so well. My greatest friend at Rugby has got the Legion of Honour, 1st class, and has been promoted to Captain. I am very pleased, naturally. His name is D——.

Your aff. cousin,

ELSTEAD, NR. GODALMING,
Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1914.

DEAR HILDA,—

Many thanks for yours and Mr. Asher's, which I return. I confess that the postcard is more gratifying to me in a way than a great many of the other letters. What I meant in saying that people who didn't know me didn't seem to appreciate the book was suggested by the review in the *Challenge*. Par exemple: "This is quite worth reading—the author makes one or two blunders—his point of view is liberal—Anglican—etc." "This is just like a lot of other books: of the same sort, only with a certain individuality of its own." That probably is quite true; but it is depressing! For to me the book is my life's work. It represents the conclusion of my thirty years of living, thinking, speculating, experimenting. It is the best part of myself. I feel that if I were to die to-morrow I could say "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace . . . for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

If I am given long life I feel that I should be content to spend the years in trying to embody—to prove

in living—the truths which as I believe are in that book. To me it represents illumination, the sudden vision of just what everything that had been dimly and obscurely felt really meant—the drawing together of many threads—not absolute truth, but the truth as it has been given to me to see it. I felt, when I was suddenly able to write it off, like a man who had come out of deep shadows into a certain light—not noonday; but—say, clear moonlight. The day is not yet.

So when some one says, "What an extraordinary book," I feel that there is some one who has seen what it meant to me. Of course this is always the way.

A truth has been repeated to some one from childhood. It falls mechanically on his ears. Suddenly he discovers it for himself, it becomes personally appropriated, it is revelation to him. He wants to tell every one. He can't tell it. Then he realizes that it is an old truth, as old as the hills. He finds that scores —thousands—of people all through history have discovered it afresh, and that it has been as new and wonderful to them as to himself. Still, if he can help one single person to see the vision more clearly, to discover for himself the old and ever new truth, that is his happiness. Or if he finds one other person who recognizes that he has found the truth for himself, *that* is the sympathy that he values. If any one recognizes that the book is not written just for the sake of writing a book but because it *had* to be written—because it wrote itself,—if any one realizes that it was written not as a result of laborious reading and analysis and comparison and weighing of pros and cons, but that it

came out spontaneously as a whole—then one feels that some one has understood the book! All this is probably very sententious; but it is how I feel!

Tom Allen, who is in the Irish Guards now, is making some of his brother-officers read it!

Yours frat.,

P. S.—I suspect the Oxford reviewer of being one Leighton Pullan. If so it was bad luck his having to read my book, just as it was bad luck that I had to attend one of his lectures. Only it was worse luck on him than on me; because whereas I went to one lecture of his, and learnt to mimic his manner, and didn't go to any more because it was not what I wanted, he had to read enough of my book to be able to review it!

To Tom Allen.[1]

DEAR TOM,—

I thought that these times would find you in arms, and am glad that I was not mistaken. Doubly glad since you sound suited.

Yes, the book is mine, and I am pleased to say that it has gained favour with such various people as a sceptical doctor, my sister's cook, and Alec Paterson—so I hope that there really is something in it!

It was good of you to buy it, though I gather that your sense of delicacy was a little outraged by my method of calling attention to it! Sorry if so. Put it down to æsthetic deterioration due to low company if

[1] Donald Hankey says of him: "He was head of the Trinity Mission, Stratford, a Rugby Football Blue, and a Prince of good fellows." He was afterwards killed in the war.

you like! But honestly, if one writes a book, and believes that there is something in it of value, one does want it read so that it will have a chance of proving useful.

I am glad you like the book on the whole; and I wouldn't value absolute agreement so much as your qualified agreement. But I would like you to realize that it was written spontaneously, in a burst, in six weeks, without any consultation of authorities or any revision to speak of. I had tried and tried; but without success. Then suddenly everything cleared up. To myself the writing of it was an illumination. I did not write it laboriously, and with calculation, or because I wanted to write a book and be an author. I wrote it because for me problems that had been troublesome suddenly cleared up, and because writing down the result was to me the natural way of getting everything straight in my own mind.

To Miss S. M. Hankey.

ELSTEAD,—SURREY,

Dec. 9, 1914.

DEAR AUNTIE MIE,—

We are in luck's way here.

Nearly all the villagers who have taken us in have lads of their own in the Army—mostly in the Royal West Surrey—and they cannot do too much for us. As they get the not-to-be-despised allowance of 17*s.* 6*d.* per week per man, everything is going as smoothly and as pleasantly as possible.

My own hostess is an old Irish lady of over seventy,

and a great "sportswoman." She is very delighted that we are to be here for Christmas, though I hear that we are to have a week's holiday after Xmas.

We are learning a good deal here, I think, as we are undisturbed, and have no garrison duties to perform. Some of the men are splendid fellows, specially the North Country ones. I have a Manchester railway fireman in the house with me, who is a most philosophical person, and for broad good humour you could not beat John Davis—a Welsh collier. He talks to our Subaltern [1] "like a Dutch Uncle"—as Tom Graves used to say—and the Subaltern likes it!

This Subaltern is simply charming. He is a perfect "sahib," and has no "side" at all. It makes you feel quite jolly to look at him. Our new captain, too, is an excellent fellow—a son of the late Bishop of Norwich (Sheepshanks) and—which is unusual for a bishop's son—a good Churchman.

I hope you are keeping well.

Your aff. nephew,

ELSTEAD,—SURREY,
Dec. 10, 1914.

DEAR MRS. L——,—

I am sending you a copy of my book. I hope you will like it. The few people who have read it seem to like it; but I am afraid it will not have a very large circulation. Of course *I* think it is extraordinarily sound, because it represents the summing up of a lot of puzzling and experimenting!

[1] "The beloved Captain."

At present we are all billeted out on the inhabitants of this village, and are in clover. Every one is extraordinarily kind. We don't expect to go to the front till March, of which fact I personally am very glad, as it must be perishingly cold this weather.

I am afraid this is going to be a long war unless something unforeseen happens. Progress is terribly slow, and no doubt the Germans are heavily entrenched. If we advance 500 yards that is a glorious victory, and goodness knows how many yards it is from our lines to Berlin!

Here it is very difficult to realize that we are really going to fight in a few months' time—we are so comfortable!

I do hope that you will have some luck this year, and that all your efforts and sacrifices will at last begin to bear fruit. I very often think of you, when it is cold and wet, and wish I was back ring-barking or scrub-cutting! Tell Mr. L. that well-sinking and post-hole-digging was very good practice for entrenching!

If I get through the war all right, I think I shall certainly come back to Australia, and perhaps write books in the depths of the W. A. Bush. But as far as I can see the odds are against one's getting through, and the palmists tell me (!) that my line of life has a nasty gap in it. In contemplating such a possibility I consider my book, and feel that having said my say I am ready to sing my "Nunc Dimittis" contentedly enough.

Yours ever,

ELSTEAD, NEAR GODALMING,
Sunday, Dec. 13, 1914.

DEAR HILDA,—

Your letter of yesterday made me if possible more fed up at not being able to come up yesterday; and as I sat in the parlour of the *Woolpack* last night, I felt almost as bitter as my beer!

However, I don't know whether I should confess it, but when I am fit, if ever I get *very* depressed, I always recover pretty rapidly, and by 9 P. M. I was quite cheerful, and drew some really rather *like* caricatures in Mrs. Coppin's album, which consoled me still more. I shall therefore not enlarge on my grief, though I cannot help noting, as a final absurdity, that I shall have performed no official duty whatever between 2 P. M. on Saturday and 8.30 A. M. on Monday,—not even a Church parade. The only reason why leave was stopped was that an entire company was on its Christmas holiday, and so the Colonel saw fit to keep the others here.

This really is a rather delightful part of the country, though it is mostly under water at present. Some of the farms near are topping. One just at the back here has a real old-fashioned fireplace, where they burn enormous logs and roots.

At another to which I went the other day with my laundry there was a most charming old farmer and his wife, who gave us hot elderberry-wine (very good) and showed me an old muzzle-loading shot gun *six foot* long!

The *Woolpack* is a jolly old pub, in whose parlour

the sergeants are accustomed to assemble from six to eight, together with some of the more eminent of the village worthies. It is really rather Dickensy!

D Company, 7th Service Bn. Rifle Bde.,
Elstead, nr. Godalming,
Dec. 16, 1914.

Dear Hilda,—

Thank you very much for yours and Jane's. I think I partly understand Jane's point of view—enough to make it interesting to answer her letter. Granted that "God" is a subject of which we can have no real knowledge, whether is it better, to leave the word and all it stands for out of our vocabulary, or to make the best of a picture—"Our Father which art in Heaven"—which comes to us from a beloved, revered, teacher? I say the latter, because I believe it is justified by results both in the inner man, and in society. But just on the same principle as I would rather a child learnt the penny whistle than that he didn't learn any music at all, that he went to the Zoo than that he never saw an animal, that he saw pictures of other countries than that he grew up in complete ignorance of what they were like—and so on. That is the line I should take, I think it is "Pragmatism." . . .

Re the book,[1] I have a mind to take my cheek in both hands and send a copy to the author of *The Inside of the Cup!*

Must stop now.

Yrs. frat.,

[1] *The Lord of All Good Life.*

To Mrs. Robertson.

D Coy., 7th Service Battalion, Rifle Brigade,
Elstead,—Godalming,
Dec. 16, 1914.

Dear Jane,—

Many thanks for your letter about the book. It was very kind of you to write, and I am glad you liked it. I think I can partly understand your attitude towards religion. When all is said and done one cannot in the nature of things have any real idea of the meaning of the word "God," or any real idea of the value of the personality which survives death, if any does. I still feel that a deterministic attitude towards life is logically far more satisfactory than any other, and have been sorely tempted at times to adopt it. But as you will have perhaps twigged from reading my work, I decided to "put my money" on the—well, I suppose I may call it "Pragmatist" view, mayn't I?

Being quite sure that if I ceased to try and believe in a future life, I should make a much more deplorable fist of this one, I planked on that—though without much definition except "The survival of some sort of personality, and the continuity of self-consciousness." Arbitrary and inadequate phrases perhaps, but still, as I think (and here you will disagree), likely on the whole to be justified by immediate results.

Again, I have felt that to cut off the (perhaps imaginary) contacts with the (perhaps imaginary) divine, would be to destroy the balance of one's personality, to atrophy what after all I felt to be the best side. So I put my money on a belief in the divine within

man, and the greater divinity outside, and thought at last that the best was in Jesus.

So I accept that little word-picture "Our Father which art in Heaven." Not as an adequate or exhaustive definition of God in His absoluteness; but as a "true for me" picture, which would produce the best results in my little life.

The uncomfortable thing is that when one goes on to talk of the results of such an experiment, one immediately feels that one is setting up to be better than one is, and better than one's betters.

Don't think I set up to be better than any one else. When I was a very young man I discovered the evil that is in men, and I was violently repelled and became almost misanthropic. Since then I have been discovering the good that is in them—often more in those who are rough and—well, immoral and "careless." But I do think I can say that, as far as I can judge, my trying to believe my creed has made me happier, less narrow, less fearful, less egotistical, less introspective, has gained me more good friends whom I love, has made me a little bit less helpless when other people have been in trouble. So I ventured to write my parvum opus, and to recommend it to those who may feel that it fits in with what they have experienced the need of.

You see I am not really very dogmatic. My high church reviewer calls me "rambling, discursive, unsympathetic, and at times not quite reverent."

But other people have consoled me.

After all, what we all have to do is to try and form

our own ideals as to what is noble and desirable, and our own ideas as to what is likely to reach those ideals; and then to play the game for all we are worth, so as to give our ideals and ideas their chance in the great struggle for the survival of the fittest—or perhaps in the formation of "the higher synthesis" which will (perhaps) be for future generations.

I don't know whether all this will seem rather contemptible, or quite unintelligible to you, or whether you have a pantheon in which you can find it a corner.

Perhaps I never shall, for I suppose that before I can hear from you again, a good many of us will have set out on "the great Adventure," and put some of our theories to the test.

Anyway I am really grateful to you for writing.

Yours ever,

ELSTEAD,
Christmas, 1914.

DEAR VALERIE,—

Thanks most awfully for your pleasant little message of greeting, and the most chic and useful present! It was very kind of you to give me my only Christmas present, and to give me such a nice useful one, which will not lumber up my kit bag, and will at the same time give me (when I blow my nose in church, for instance) such a very marked note of distinction.

We are going to have quite a festive little party for Christmas. Mrs. Coppin is going to grace the feast, and two recruits from Smyrna are being asked. I don't know them, but I fear the worst.

However, they are doubtless patriotic "Britons," whatever their colour, and they are to be balanced by my pal Corporal ——— who is a very dry fellow, and gets more amusement out of his ailments than most

people do out of their robustness. An ex-naval lieutenant he is, also an ex-wireless operator, and several other things too, for all I know; and a nice tolerant

man of the world, with a humorous way of getting men to do what he wants with the minimum of friction—a refreshing contrast to the average ex-boy-scout

corporal, who barks at his men like an Irish terrier chasing cows! (and arouses their worst passions).

We have fearful but quite vague rumours of impending mobilization for the defence of London against a possible raid; but I don't worry and ain't agoin' to worry until I have to. I hear that the Colonel has been sent for to return from leave, however, and I presume that if he is made to come back he will probably want to make other people taste his ill temper.

Barring such alarums and excursions, it is good to hear that you hope to come again soon!

Your aff. cousin,

ELSTEAD, *Dec. 29, 1914.*

DEAR G.,—

I was very delighted to hear that Gerald liked my book. I hoped that a few people like that might get hold of it and find something that they liked in it.

The writing of it has been a tremendous help to me in fixing floating ideas, and making fast the gain of the last few years. I am so much happier in every

way than I was—say three years ago—that I can only sit down and wonder at it, and whether it is real, and whether I shan't suddenly wake up.

Your aff. brother,

ELSTEAD, *Dec. 29, 1914.*

DEAR AUNTIE MIE,—

Democrat, am I? I don't know. Only in a limited sense. I don't know any Dukes, Marquises, etc.,—not having the entrée to their circle! But I know a good many gentlemen of aristocratic tendencies whom I like very much.

I don't know that I believe in "blood"—by which I mean congenital superiority. But I most emphatically do believe that a certain disinterestedness, etc., which is a very necessary factor in the common weal, is most often and most surely attained among people who through their circumstances are removed from the baser ambitions and pretensions of the "climber"! Oddly enough, the man who is so aristocratic and wealthy as to despise or rather ignore social position and wealth often has most in common with the honest manual labourer who can never hope either for position or wealth, though he sometimes fails through lack of sympathy. Both are able often to be Christians and gentlemen in a truer sense than the intermediate class —at least such is my experience.

I don't think that "fineness" such as you find among people of really good birth is ever anything but splendid. But what is horrible is pretence and hypocrisy, and the striving after the outward symptoms

without any appreciation of the inner spirit. To be the sort of person who buys good clothes as a matter of course appears to me rather jolly, to be the sort of person who strives to appear well-dressed is to me contemptible. For me it is not natural to buy my clothes in Conduit Street because if I do I have to go without other things which I personally want more!

It is rather hard to moralize without being a prig; but honestly I think I give most people their due if I can unless they appear to me to go hopelessly earthly or hypocritical! I don't want any one to imitate my example: but I do want them to let me go my own way in peace, and I must say that they mostly do more, and send me on my way with benedictions! Which is very nice! I have very little bitterness in my composition in these days, and a great deal of thankfulness. From all kinds of people I receive more kindness and goodness than I should have thought possible even five years ago; and my life lately has been a bed of roses.

"Thou hast fed me in a green pasture,
Thou hast led me forth beside the waters of comfort;
Yea, though I pass through the valley of the shadow
of death,
I will fear no evil."

I have tried to do good. I have generally failed. Those whom I would have benefited have never prospered as a result of my efforts. But I have never failed to reap an abundant harvest of goodwill. It is very odd and not what I expected.

Here I am extraordinarily well treated. I am not a good N. C. O.; but whether officers, N. C. O.'s, or men,

every one helps me through if they can. When I have spare time I sometimes just sit down and wonder at my luck, and contrast the extraordinary and increasing happiness of the last three years with the misery of the years before. I simply can't understand it. I can only wonder at it.

I think that the secret of ruling men is to care for them. If your high-bred officer cares for his men—as the best ones do—they will do anything for him. If he regards them as animals—and many do—they will prove to be mules.

Must stop. Your aff. nephew,

P. S.—I think that an aristocracy whose motto was *noblesse oblige* would be splendid. Failing that, I incline to favour a democracy with the O. B. M. motto, "*Fratres.*"

ELSTEAD, *Monday.*

DEAR HILDA,—

I hope you have not been anxious at not hearing from me this Sunday; but events on Friday took an unexpected turn. At lunch time I got a letter from Mrs. H—— saying that Tom was really bad, and dangerously ill in Guy's, and in the afternoon the Sergeant Major remarked, "You can have a pass if you like, boy!" So I took it, and went up to see the faithful Tom. I had quite an amusing week-end really. Got up to town about 5 P. M. and went to Long Lane to try and get a bed. Went down to Rotherhithe, and found a depressed Belgian (wounded) who couldn't talk a

word of English. Took him off to dine at Frascati's and afterwards to the Alhambra, gabbled French quite successfully all the time, returned to Rotherhithe, borrowed a bed, talked to Reeks half the night, got up at 7, went to church, broke fast at Long Lane, returned to Rotherhithe at 10.30, found the Belgian cooking sausages and Reeks still asleep.

Ate *another* hearty breakfast, talked to Reeks, dined heartily at Long Lane, went to see Tom at Guy's, and found him a good deal better than I expected, and caught the 5.30 back. Poor old Tom, I'm afraid he hasn't much to look forward to this side of the grave; but he is a very nice old thing (only twenty-seven when all's said and done, though), and I believe he is a great deal fonder of me than I ever have succeeded in being of any one but myself. It makes me feel extraordinarily grateful to Providence that I should have had the luck to have people fond of me like that; only it also does make me feel horribly shallow and theatrical; because I really haven't got very deep feelings. I wish I had much deeper ones; but I don't seem to be built that way.

Yours fraternally,

To Prof. T. B. Robertson, of Toronto, Canada.

ELSTEAD,—NR. GODALMING,

Jan. 23, 1915.

DEAR THORBURN,—

I am really very grateful to you for your letter about my book and especially for your remark that my "presentation of Christianity is not repellent to the

scientific mind." I am not in any degree whatever a scientific person, and the bent of my mind has always led me in other and probably less arduous directions of thought, but I have had a good many friends who have been keen in a more or less amateurish way on scientific questions, and I have tried to understand what were their peculiar difficulties as regards religion. In fact I think I might describe my own mental history by saying that whereas I am naturally of a lazily orthodox frame of mind, I have been continually spurred into wider channels of thought by my friends. I suppose I have a certain inherent dislike of shams, like every other fairly healthy person, and the gradual realization that the traditional views in which I was educated were largely based on false premises made it impossible for me to continue in my allegiance to them. At the same time I could not help feeling that the main vital principles and ideas of a religious kind which had a real effect on one's point of view and manner of life were somehow separate in reality from the articles of belief with which custom had associated them.

This had been my great effort—to find out what really were the beliefs which made a real difference to one's outlook and character, and having separated them from their more abstract neighbours to ask what was to be said for and against them.

It appeared to me that there was a good deal to be said for them from the practical point of view, and that they were incompatible with certain tendencies of scientific thought, which tendencies might be accused of a practical artificiality. Hence the book.

With regard to your criticisms, I am not inclined to argue. You say you are an agnostic on certain ultimate issues, and that you doubt the possibility of a regeneration of the church. I don't know that I am very much more certain than you are. I don't think that at present, at any rate, absolute knowledge is humanly possible with regard to ultimate issues. It appears to me that we are still in a stage where, like children, in order to get on and live the best sort of life, we must be content with picture language, and that such picture language is often nearer the truth than formulæ of a more ambitious character. For instance, I do not suggest that "Our Father which art in heaven" is an adequate or comprehensive definition of God. But I fancy that it is probably truer for us ordinary men who have got to get on and make the best out of life than a philosophic definition would be. I would probably go much further in this direction than you would.

As regards the church, one often despairs, and yet it still seems to me to be the organization out of which the church of the future must be born. But of course if I had my way the church would make very startling alterations in its composition and everything else. What I want is to dethrone the rulers of it, and flood out the pew-holders with new blood, of the sort which gets the door slammed in its face at present. Winston Churchill has put something of the sort in his "The Inside of the Cup."

With regard to war, you have undoubtedly touched the sore spot. When one enlists one thinks of dying

for one's country, and before long one feels that one's business is to live and kill for it. Yet I am not at all sure that you are right. Suppose the Good Samaritan had come up while his neighbour was being kicked about by the robbers, his position would have been very unpleasant if, with every good instinct urging him to go to the rescue, his religion had compelled him to stand by and be knocked about himself! And if the robbers had chosen to ignore his presence, he would have felt an awful worm.

I am very glad to hear that the best American opinion is on our side, and I sincerely hope that nothing will occur to prevent its continuing so.

Incidentally when I had a confirmation class of boys I told them, on this subject of violence, that I thought that though there were occasions when it was right to turn the other cheek, I thought that there were also occasions when it was a duty to kick the other fellow. I think that such occasions are not very common; but they exist.

And as long as one is quite sure that one is doing it because one honestly thinks it will do him good, it is a legitimate course of action even to a Christian. But in my book, what I was chiefly concerned about was to repudiate the entirely wishy-washy and sentimental and hypocritical campaign against war which I thought was giving a false idea of the inner spirit of Christianity.

I maintain—and though this was the main idea of my book, very few reviewers have noted it—that the underlying idea of Christianity is the love of all that is

good and wholesome in life, and the hatred of all that is sham and corrupting.

Sorry to be so long, and again thank you.

Yours ever,

ELSTEAD, *Feb. 7, 1915.*

DEAR DOROTHY,—

Thanks v. m. for yours. It is awfully nice to know that people have been helped by the book and it does make me feel that one has not lived in vain after all. Though it is a continual marvel to me that I should have been able to write it. Whatever its faults it really does contain "all that I have hoped or dreamed of good"—or nearly all.

But it is what I have lived for—to be able to write that book. It is the end of many wanderings and much that was outwardly disjointed. I knew all the time that each new turn in my life was guided, and that it was leading up to something.

Whether the book was the end or only a milestone remains to be seen. Sometimes I am inclined to think it was the end, and that I am now only living an altogether happy epilogue. Sometimes I think that there is another part to come. God knows, and I am content to leave it at that.

By all means ask Hilda to show you the letters. She has them all. But in a way I am ashamed, because what I have written is, I know, so much better than what I have been and done, so that I am almost afraid of meeting people who have liked the book. This is not mock humility. We are all a mixture, and

only the best of me—what I aspired to be and was not —got into the book. The weak and indolent and muddled and timid side stopped out to an extraordinary extent—so much so that I was never more worthless than during the weeks I was writing.

Your aff. cousin,

ELSTEAD,—NR. GODALMING,
Feb. 7, 1915.

DEAR VALERIE,—

Another addition to the bourgeois-Bohemian element in Elstead society is the wife of the other Sergeant, and we had quite a party here when they came to bridge, and the Artist and his wife came too! I managed to cut out of the bridge and went with the artist to look at his pictures again. He paints extraordinarily jolly pictures of this country, in a style which reminds me of old Dutch painters (van Hoogh?) and a bit of the Barbizon school too. They are terrifically restrained, and get a lot of the charm of these big fir-dotted heaths after rain and mist, etc. I should like you to see them. They are not a bit Modern as I understand the word, and strike me as being awfully *good*. You would not see them at all in the Academy; but if you lived with them you would get awfully fond of them. He is now trying to paint his wife, and the efforts are a bit hard at present; but I think he has got the right stuff in him. He is an awfully nice man. Mrs. Coppin calls him and his little wife "The Babes in the Wood," which is not inapt. He is very Scotch. He is still a struggling artist, and quite young.

Must stop. Your aff. cousin,

BORDEN,
Feb. 23, 1915.

DEAR DOROTHY,—

As usual, I have a commission which I want you to undertake, namely and to wit to expend the enclosed 2*s.* 9*d.* in posting me a copy of the book—ultimate destination the chaplain—one of the very best. This is the abomination of desolation mentioned by Daniel the prophet—overcrowded huts, mud, cold, no coal, lousy (literally) blankets, guards, and all manner of minor abominations. No town—simply miles and miles of huts full of soldiers and mud and lice. However, it is always nice to be thoroughly discontented, because any change is welcome. Elstead was so delightful that one feared a change; which is unpleasant. I hate fear.

I am sorry to say that Longmans' report of the sales of the book is disappointing—so far rather under four hundred. But I hope it will make its way. I gather that the Bishop of M——s does not altogether like it! That is another disappointment. But on the other hand I have had an encouraging letter from the one prominent "working-man" Churchman, who has made the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Sheffield promise to read it!

Entre nous, I think we shall be going out yonder not very long after we leave here. We begin our final musketry course to-morrow, and after that I don't think that there is much more to be done in England. As I say, any change from Borden will be welcome! We shall probably get four or six days' leave of absence before we start.

I think I will stop now, as there doesn't seem anything else to say.

Your aff. cousin,

To Mrs. T. Robertson.

BORDEN CAMP,
March 3, 1915.

DEAR JANE,—

Thanks very much for your letter, which challenges an answer. I must try and think out my position on the question of Christianity and war more carefully. At the start I don't feel the difficulty, tho' I see it.

1st, *re* the Old Testament. Well, of course I don't hold that the Old Testament is in any way a guide to conduct; tho' I do think at times it rises to extraordinarily lofty heights of idealism and vision. On the subject of war I fancy that in the book of Isaiah—I cannot remember whether "proto-" or "deutero-", you get some wonderful ideas. "They shall not hurt or kill in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord"[1] (it must be Deutero-Isaiah). Akin to it, "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." (That's a minor prophet, is it Habakkuk?)[2]

Then "The Lion shall lie down with the Lamb and a little child shall lead them."[3]

And there is a wonderful passage in Deutero-Isaiah where "Israel shall be a third with Assyria and Egypt"[4] in the service of one God. Then there is

[1] Isa. lxv. 25. [2] Isa. xi. 9 and Hab. ii. 14.
[3] Isa. xi. 6 ("The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, etc.").
[4] Isa. xix. 24.

the promise to Abraham, "In thy seed shall all peoples of the earth be blessed."[1] At its best the vision of the prophets was of a world brought to *peace and brotherhood* through the knowledge of the Lord.

But meanwhile? While the existence of the Jewish people was continually threatened by Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt, what was to be done?

First, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."[2] The Lord can and will preserve the nation for the sake of the treasure (the knowledge of God) which they hold in trust for the world. But Israel is wiped out. Judah is over-run. What of it? Is the Lord's hand weakened? No. "Ho Assyria! rod of mine anger."[3] A new programme is unfolded. The nation is infidel, and is to be purged of dross by the fire of war. "The righteous remnant" rather than the nation as a whole is the centre of the prophet's hopes. Until Jeremiah actually gets as far as inculcating non-resistance and submission. Dear me! I am getting dangerously near your point of view and haven't started on the New Testament yet! Jeremiah rose to a marvellous height of faith when, faced with the political extinction of his nation, he still maintained that in "seventy years" (an indefinite period, as is always the case in multiples of seven) the righteous remnant should be reinstated, endowed with a new heart, on which the law or the spirit of it would be engraved. Then in the period of persecution we have Deutero-Isaiah writing of this same "righteous

[1] Gen. xxvi. 4. [2] Isa. xxx. 15.

[3] Isa. x. 5.

remnant,"—"He was despised and rejected of men . . . bruised for our iniquities . . . etc."[1]

Yes, I think there is no doubt that the vision of the prophets at their best involved for their own nation a policy of faith and non-resistance. They were guided by circumstances. When they saw that their nation was doomed they had to choose between two alternatives. Either their God was weak, or the doom was His ordinance, and, if so, necessarily designed for the ultimate good of the nation. In those days the Jews were politically, but not morally, in the position of the Belgians to-day.

Then we got no further till Christ; for the years between Deutero-Isaiah and Christ were comparatively arid. No real prophet arose except, perhaps, the author of "Jonah." Christ undoubtedly built on a foundation of the prophets—hence the value of the Old Testament. His teaching was mainly, if not entirely, personal. I do not think myself (and I say this quite honestly) that one is justified in taking a single saying of Christ's and applying it universally; e. g., I don't think that "Resist not evil" settles the matter. Christ was undoubtedly at one with the prophets in holding that the ultimate ideal was universal brotherhood in realizing a common Father—God. For the individual He undoubtedly taught non-resistance to ill treatment, arising from the fact that the Christian's love for his brethren must always be stronger than any feeling of *personal* resentment, pride slighted, etc.

The centre of the Christian's universe is not himself

[1] Isa. liii. 3–5.

but God. What he seeks is not personal satisfaction but that God's will may be done.

What he resents is not personal ill-treatment but *conduct offensive to God.*

Christ prayed for the soldiers who nailed Him to the cross, but scourged the traitors who invaded the holiness of God's house.

Now apply this to a matter such as the employment of sweated labour. It seems to me that the attitude of Christ would be (1) an endeavour to make saints through the patiently endured and undeserved suffering of the sweated workers, and (2) stern denunciation of the sweating employers, coupled with an appeal to neutrals to force them to alter their ways. So, in the matter of ecclesiastical abuse He counselled submission to the Scribes and at the same time denounced them unsparingly.

Now carry the argument to war. Leaving aside the question of taking life it seems to me that Christ would have (1) seen in the sufferings of the Belgians the conditions of holiness—undeserved suffering for the sake of an ideal (freedom to develop individually); (2) denounced the aggression of Germany unsparingly, as aiming at self-aggrandisement, and not at the coming of the Kingdom of love; (3) aroused the unselfish assistance of neutrals to prevent an act of wickedness, on offence against God, the Father of men.

I don't really think that the matter of taking life enters in. Life itself is quite a secondary matter. The only thing that really matters is whether a man is humble and pure and loving and fearless, and whether the coming of the Kingdom is helped or hindered.

I don't think that it is taking life which is unchristian but the hatred which generally lies at the back of it. I believe quite honestly that as far as this nation as a whole is concerned and most of the individuals who compose the armies, this is a war without hatred. But I don't believe that any friendship or brotherhood is possible between any other nation and Germany until Germany has been defeated in war. Lots of us—most of us—have this impression. We are fighting, not from motives of hatred, but in order that it may be possible to be friends—not to hinder the coming of the Kingdom, but to make it possible; not because we have the blood lust, but because for the sake of an ultimate good for mankind we are willing to endure the pain not only of being killed, but the greater pain of killing.

To myself the idea of inflicting pain and death is revolting—more revolting than the idea of suffering wounds or death. But rightly or wrongly I quite honestly think that in this case it is a solemn duty.

You see, according to my idea the law "thou shalt not murder" is nothing. The spirit "thou shalt not hate" is everything. To kill in love seems a contradiction in terms; and yet here is a war in which I honestly believe that England as a whole is fighting in the hope of making friendship possible, in the desire of saving Germany from a false ideal and philosophy. It may be that this end cannot be attained by these means, and yet the Boer war and after seems to suggest that it can—though of course that is not a real parallel.

Well, I must stop, apologizing for this length.

Yours ever,

DONALD W. A. HANKEY.

To Mrs. Coppin.

BORDEN CAMP,
March 5, 1915.

DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—

Thank you so much for your hospitable letter, *but* I am going to my sister's to-morrow. It is her last week-end before her hospital starts, so she wants me to come up. Otherwise I should have been more than delighted to accept your kind offer of hospitality. There are four places in the world where I feel at home, and they are:

(1) Tootiken, Western Australia.
(2) Port Louis, Mauritius.
(3) Bermondsey.
(4) Elstead.

I feel quite differently towards them than to the other places where I have lived; probably because each has associations which mean some spiritual treasure—the best things I know in the world. Tootiken spells noble self-sacrifice, generosity, endurance—there I met one of the best women I have ever met. Mauritius stands for revelation; for it was there that I was first a sceptic, and first shown that I could not remain one. Bermondsey stands for revelation too, and heroism, and patience, and brotherly love, and true religion, pure and undefiled. Elstead spells kindness—the charity which "hopeth all things, believeth all things," and thinketh no evil.

Borden spells slave-driving, which isn't my job, and isn't going to be. It is wonderful to me as I look back on my life to see the marvellous wealth of friendship

and kindness that have been heaped on me. I am the richest man in the world, I sometimes think; and I have a lot invested in Elstead!

I must stop now.

Yours very sincerely,

P. S.—I know that my investments at Elstead are safe! Perhaps otherwise I should have been compelled to come over and see after them!

GUADELOUPE BKS.,—BORDEN CAMP,
March 14, 1915.

DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—

I have just received a copy of the review of my book in the *Spectator!* It is rather funny. I can imagine the reviewer scratching his head and muttering, "What the —— does the boss want me to say about this?" It is very long, abounds in quotations, very chaotic, and quite non-committal. As my sister says, it reminds one of an old nurse trying to hold a lusty baby, and not knowing quite how to tackle it! However, it is a great achievement, and a great credit to my brother's brotherly solicitude![1] I have had a very jolly review in the Chichester diocesan magazine, and a kindly but rather shocked one in the Southwark ditto, and a very stupid, very shocked one, in the *Record.* So the book is still alive apparently.

Your loving grandboy,

[1] His brother had sent *The Lord of All Good Life* to Mrs. Stracley.

BORDEN CAMP, *March 20, 1915.*

DEAR AUNTIE MIE,—

I am sorry you think me such an Iconoclast. But I still demur against the charge! I really do, more and more as I grow older, *appreciate* the good points of people quite different to myself and with quite different views. I am really quite a tolerant and broad-minded person as regards individuals.

Least of all am I bitter against Bishops and the clergy as individuals. It is because I have stood very near, and looked very hard and with keen personal interest into their lives that I have come to the conclusion that they are the helpless victims of a wrong and anomalous state of affairs. The training given to them, and the machinery at their disposal, and the expectations of the Laity, conspire to make it almost impossible for them to do their job well. So it seems to me.

There is splendid material among the clergy and plenty of real enthusiasm among those who take up the profession, but over and over again I have found that the best clergymen will say—generally with hesitation and regret—"If you can remain a layman, do. I believe that you will find better opportunities of service." The clergy are in a false position and the best of them know it. Hence the various struggles for different conditions. Hence the movement of the High Anglican towards a celibate priesthood. I sympathize with it, but don't think it will ever meet the needs of the English temperament. Hence also the aggressively lay and sporting parson, who in turn fails to be pastoral.

We are only just beginning to realize that this is very likely quite a young world, with thousands and perhaps millions of years to run. And the discovery is pregnant with inspiration for that which claims to be the Eternal Church. She begins to wake out of sleep, and to realize that far greater demands are made of her than she had ever dreamed; far wider fields of knowledge and power have to be harvested for the Lord of all Good Life than ever she had thought. It is easier and more "cushy"—as they say in the army—to carry on on the old lines; but it is a betrayal of the cause.

That which does not grow must die—it is the law of the Creator. And just as in a nation there is the continual demand for the sacrifice of the individual interest to the common interest, so in the Kingdom of God on earth.

Personally I am by temperament lazy and conservative; but I am continually pricked by an uneasy conscience into doing violence to my temperament! And on the whole, I confess I think I am happier for it, though at times the nervous strain is considerable. Life in this place under present conditions is peculiarly trying. But I expect the net result will be gain. But I often long for a really dreamy six months!

You will be glad to hear that the advantages of being ruled by a gentleman have been very forcibly brought home to me lately owing to the fact that our present Captain is most emphatically not one! But there again I have an inner conviction that a real Christian education would make every one who graduated in it a

gentleman. For the virtues of the gentleman and the Christian are surely the same, unselfishness, and a superiority to gross and material ambitions. My captain is an egotist, a man who has a craving for power, popularity, recognition, etc. In slang, a "swanker" and a bit of a bully.

Must stop. Your aff. nephew,

P. S.—What a horribly preachy letter! Sorry!

P. P. S.—The excuse is that I have no news.

ALDERSHOT, *Monday.*

MY DEAR VALERIE,—

I fear I have been a very rude and ungrateful beast in not writing before, but, I have had an agitating time. To begin with, I got gradually worked up to such a pitch of nerves that I could not stand our captain any longer, so went and told him that I was sure I wasn't the sort of N. C. O. he wanted (meaning that he was not the sort of Captain I wanted!) and that I wanted to give up being a sergeant. This accomplished after some difficulty. Am now plain rifleman in another company! Former Captain a cad and a bully, present one, a soldier and a gentleman. Result, peace. Then, ever since, we have been on the verge of going abroad, and I have been dashing back to town to say good-bye to Hilda or H. dashing down here to say good-bye to me. Said it yesterday here for about the tenth time. We are now on the very verge. We are living in what we can carry. Not allowed out of Aldershot, etc. Expect to go to-night or any time.

Great excitement, but rather hard to keep it up through weeks of postponement. Don't expect to like the war. Don't like hurting people or being hurt. But don't want Germans to run the world. Anything better than that. Want to do my bit to prevent it. Glad to.

Show your forgiveness to me for not having written before by sending me an occasional line out there, telling me about your pictures and that sort of thing. How are they going? What are you painting now? Wish I could have come over and seen.

Your aff. cousin,

ALDERSHOT, *Wednesday.*

DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—

You have no idea how awfully kind and considerate every one has been over my change of status! Almost embarrassingly so! But it was almost worth while to have done it if only to learn what goodness and chivalry lies latent in the coarsest of men. If I survive the war I want to write a book called *The Living Goodness,* analyzing all the goodness and nobility inherent in plain people, and trying to show how it ought to find fulfilment and expression in the Church. Another book is to be *The Moss of a Rolling Stone,* being pretty autobiographical, and more or less on the same lines.

Your aff. grandson,

ALDERSHOT, *Wednesday.*

DEAR DOROTHY,—

Whatever I have missed in life, this best gift of human friendship has been simply poured in on me,

and I would not swap it for anything. It is like the woods in springtime, and I feel that of late years my life has been a very primrose path. And withal I am so lazy and won't take responsibilities if I can possibly help it!

Yours ever,

P. S.—I have been practically offered the opportunity of a record run up to sergeant again in my new Company, but I am not going to take it.

To Canon Cremer, Rector of Seaford.

ALDERSHOT, *April 9, 1915.*

DEAR MR. CREMER,—

One of the most pleasant things about having published my book is that though its circulation has been very small, it has brought me so many letters of sympathy and appreciation from clergy and from lay people. I find myself not nearly so much of a solitary voice in the wilderness as I had feared—for I had come to my opinions by a peculiar process, and have very seldom found any one who agreed with me very much.

Specially your letter and enclosures are a source of immense satisfaction to me. How I wish I had met you in earlier days, for here I find you, a clergyman of over 30 years' standing, saying just the things that I have been trying to hammer out for the last ten years by myself.

My own history—in case it may interest you—is peculiar. First I was the son of very good parents, my father a very liberal lay theologian, and my mother

the best and most lovable of believing and practising Churchwomen. Next I became an orphan and entered the army as a subaltern, and there learnt to doubt all that I had learnt at school about the Bible, etc., and at the same time to believe that somehow or other what I was sceptical about did not really affect the truth of my mother's real vital religion. I left the army and went to Oxford, to establish the synthesis if possible. I took a second in theology, and became intellectually more perplexed than ever! However, I thought that the balance of plausibility lay with liberal theology, though I felt that somehow the learned had failed to give me "a gospel." I went to Africa to think things over, and decided to go to Leeds Clergy School, where I was violently put off being ordained by what seemed to me to be the evasive teaching and the attempt to substitute devotional discipline for honest thought.

Up till now I had been rather a timid, self-contained person; but suddenly I realized that what I wanted was moral and not intellectual conviction. I plunged into "social work" in Bermondsey with the feeling of a man who plunges into a black and unfriendly ocean to escape from a wreck. I found a simplicity of vital faith and a simplicity of real love and friendship among some of the men and boys there which was such a revelation of joy that it took all the conceit out of me, and made me so humbled that I felt that I must try and learn in their school. I went out steerage to Australia to try and look at life from a new point of view, and worked for a time on a farm. Then nature craved for good things and I went back to the luxury

of travelling first-class for six months. I got fed up with that and longed to get back. Returned to Bermondsey, wrote the book, took my passage to Australia again. Then came the War. Then passage cancelled, and enlisted. Made sergeant first week owing to previous experience as an officer. Gave up the stripes last week to a fitter man for the job. Am now still studying human nature, as one of the great subjects which bear on Theology.

Result, a sort of synthesis between the teaching of the liberal theologians, and the teaching of life as experienced in as wide a sphere as possible.

All this is egotistical, but I think it may interest you.

I have not had much help in making my synthesis. The people who are learned in books are so often ignorant of life, and vice versa.

If I survive the war nothing would give me greater pleasure than to make your acquaintance in the flesh—as you so kindly ask me to do. I know and love all the country in the triangle—Brighton—Lewes—Eastbourne. It was the country of my boyhood.

With renewed thanks,

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

To his Sister, before Crossing to France.

April 25, 1915.

My dear Hilda,—

If I do survive the war I shall have gained immensely in every way by having been in the ranks; and if I do not, I feel that this is a good time to finish,

when one is extraordinarily happy in many friendships, and when the world lies before one as an attractive place, full of promise and interest. I would not like to finish my life feeling disappointed and cynical. So either eventuality will find me philosophical.

Your aff. brother,

April 25, 1915.

DEAR G.,—

It is very nice to know that one is being remembered, specially in the prayers of the kiddies. Of course in a war of this magnitude and difficulty the chances of coming back are not very great. But I have no anxiety on the subject. The future—if there is to be a future for me on this planet—is too hazy for me to feel that to leave it would be a tragedy; while on the other hand it is so full of vague possibilities that if I get through all right I shall face it with a great deal of interest.

2. THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

In May, 1915, Hankey's company crossed the Channel. From "Somewhere in France" he writes to his cousin:—

June 2, 1915.

DEAR VALERIE,—

Many thanks for your p. c. which reached me after my arrival on a foreign soil. I wish I could have seen you before I left, but they left us in such a state of suspense for so long that one couldn't fix up anything.

I am extraordinarily glad that we did not come out before, as in this weather we have really had a splendid

time, sleeping out in the long sweet grass of the meadows, and occasionally even getting a plunge in a pond, and drying oneself in the sun, which is one of the pleasantest sensations in life!

Anything in more complete contrast to the sordid business of war than the manner of our life for the past ten days it is difficult to imagine. It was more like a holiday camp than anything, and you would have found lots to sketch in the meadows and barns where we were billeted, the jolly little towns and villages that we passed through, and the genial homely little parlours where we sipped our wine and coffee and light beer of an evening. There were so many of these that they were seldom crowded, and the ugly loquacious old dames who presided over the bar used to make one feel quite at home in a manner peculiarly French. I don't know Paris, and I am not sure if you know the little French villages; but I think that the good people of the latter have a charm which is quite their own, a sort of gift for making even the alien traveller feel that he is an honoured guest, and a person towards whom the family entertain the most distinguished sentiments! No doubt it is quite on the surface; but it is very gratifying.

I have not done any fighting yet, though I am at the present moment sitting in a trench about 100 yards from the Germans. It is our second day, and we have had the experience of bullets whistling over our heads, and bursting the sandbags down our necks, and just as I write the afternoon's dose of shell fire is beginning. But comparatively speaking all is quiet just here. I

had personal evidence this morning that the Germans are using soft-nosed bullets because when a sniper succeeded in bursting up a sandbag just behind me, and upsetting some of the contents down my neck, I found among the dust an unmistakable little scrap of bullet stuck in the skin!

The trenches are not looking at present very like the pictures, but rather more like a walled path in Italy!

Yours ever,

June 4, 1915.

DEAR MRS. L——,—

. . . But at present, sitting in a trench with the bullets pattering round, and the possibilities of mines and bombs and things, one feels that it is rather rash to talk about "after the war," and one has an odd feeling that, after all, one only has a sort of reversionary interest in one's own life! However, it doesn't worry me much. If there is another life, it is under the same management as this, and if there is not—well, there are worse things than oblivion. Though I do believe there is a future life. I remember "father" saying in one of his letters that he would rather "rot in a trench than rust in a furrow"; but that was a very selfish sentiment, for to rot in the neighbourhood of a trench, as so many poor chaps are doing, makes it very smelly for the rest!

This is a very curious sort of life. Last night as we came to these trenches we passed through what had evidently been a charming and prosperous little town, with a jolly little square and a bandstand in the middle.

Only every window was broken, and most of the houses were in ruins. One house had half fallen down and the framework of the roof was tilted right up in the air. But for soldiers it was a deserted village. One thing will give you a fellow-feeling for us—we live almost entirely on bully beef and jam; but we don't get many "sumpy puddings" or jam tarts or porridge, though we get lots of milkless tea! Instead of "damper" we get biscuits, and I am smoking a cake of "Welcome Nugget."

Yours ever,

June 12, 1915.

DEAR G.,—

Many thanks for yours with its whiff of English Spring. I would like to be at Burwash Weald now, though in some ways I suppose I am living "closer to nature" than ever before!

At the moment you might describe my existence as that of a rather amateurish rabbit! The place where I am living is just like a rabbit warren in a wood. And I suppose I have watched the sun rise more often in the last fortnight than ever before in my life! It is now four o'clock, *grand matin!*

It is rather jolly in some ways, specially in spring. As I write I am looking out of the back of the burrow, and there is a lovely bunch of pink campions a few yards away, which is part compensation for a wakeful night and the prospect of an indifferent breakfast. To have been a rabbit will be very nice when one has become a human being again—nice to look back on.

An odd thing happened two days ago. We were carrying some empty water cans from a firing trench along a communication trench towards the rear, when we passed another party going the opposite way. As I passed, the subaltern in charge called out to know where we were coming from. He turned out to be a man I knew quite well at Oxford and he recognized me by my voice!

We are always on the move and get plenty of variety. One feature, however, is always present—one never gets one's sleep in a long dose—always in short snatches. It is perhaps the most difficult thing to adapt oneself to.

There is really nothing to tell!

So I had better "pack up." Please thank Eileen and Norah for their letters, which I hope to answer when I am less sleepy.

Your aff. brother,

To Mrs. Coppin.

June 27, 1915.

DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—

I am afraid it is some time since I wrote, and that I owe you a lot of postcards and at least one letter. The difficulty is that there is nothing interesting to say except what I am not allowed to say!

We have had a very quiet time lately, and I have been more and more bad tempered and sulky. Let us hope that we will soon start fighting, when one will probably be too frightened to be sulky. I prefer not to dwell on this dirty place; but to let my mind rest on

the recollection of Elstead, which must be fine just now.

We are come to the Sun's hour of rest and the time of thinking of your rose garden where all is peace. When I left you after that glorious Sunday visit, as I was walking to Farnham there was a most beautiful sunset, and I stopped to admire it. Looking back, I saw Hankley Common one great mass of purple. This seemed a fitting ending to one of the happiest days I had spent in my life.

I am writing now with my paper on the back parapet of the trench looking over a peaceful scene of meadows deep in grass which no animal will eat, stately avenues of trees marking the main road along which no man may travel, and in the distance are the ruined towers of a fair city in which no man may dwell. Such is war at sunset. A few rifle cracks and the murmur of conversation alone breaks the evening peace. It is the best part of the day—that and dawn.

To his little Niece, Norah Spelman.

DEAR NORAH,—

Thank you very much for your letter. I hope you managed to swim all right before you left Bexhill.

I had a lovely swim yesterday in a canal, and there was a funny old Frenchman watching. I don't believe he had ever had a bath in his life, or seen any one else have a bath, and it looked so funny to him that he couldn't stop laughing.

Your aff. uncle,

It was at about this time that Hankey had various strong representations made to him by his brother as to the duty devolving on him of his applying for a commission owing to the shortage of trained officers, and at last he decided to take the step.

July 3, 1915.

DEAR DOROTHY,—

You are an amazing woman, and the daughter of an amazing mother! Imagine—but you can't—a piping hot day in the trenches, with interludes of most alarming shrapnel and high explosive shells and gas shells; and the usual prodigious thirst and shortage of water. Then imagine what a parcel meant! When thirsty the figs were a comfort—also the chutney. Nothing could be less thirst-raising for dinner than the nice oily sardines, and in the small hours of morning, when the alarm was over, and the work done, and the trenches had been repaired, what more delightful—being too excited to sleep—than to sit down to a supper of magnificent sausages, chutney, and a cigar? When the taste of gas is still clinging to one's clothes and mouth, nothing could be better for taking it away than chutney. The devilled turkey, which I had for breakfast, was lovely, but just a little thirst-raising!

Then comes the next day, hotter than ever—the sort of day that makes one dream of iced champagne cup. Regrets that one didn't keep some chutney from yesterday! What! *Another* parcel! Ye Gods and little fishes! Oranges! a lime! lemons! apples! It was beyond all dreams! The butter is very good too; but it is not a thing that appeals to me very much just

at present. I like it cool and fresh, in a nice solid lump, with parsley round it, on a nice white dish; but otherwise I don't much mind whether I have it or not, if I can get jam—which we get every day. Oh yes, your parcels are appreciated all right! Not only for themselves; but more still for the spirit behind them. But I hate to think of you spending all your pocket money on my unworthy self.

Only once since we have been out here have we seen anything of real war, with its elementary excitement and risk—and that once was really nothing out of the ordinary. We were much more frightened than hurt, and I can honestly say that though I don't think any one pretends to like war, I much preferred the alarums and excursions of it to the sheer tiresome boredom of the rest camp!

I must thank you in anticipation for the cigarettes! I do smoke them occasionally; but we are issued as many as I want, and I can get nice cigars for 1½*d.*, which is very cheap.

I must stop now, and write some other letters.

Your aff. cousin,

P. S.—I am pleased to find that my nerves are excellent!

July 15, 1915.

Dear Dorothy,—

Thanks awfully for your letter and parcel containing my commissions. Everything was absolutely right except the pipe! I asked for a 1*s.* briar, and you sent me one which must have cost *at least* 4*s.* 6*d.*!

I am at present sitting in a field far from the trenches with a jolly view of hops and wheat and oats and farms and villages and windmills, and I wonder why it is that I am not severely content instead of utterly fed up! I suppose the fact of expecting a move any time is disturbing. Maurice tells me that I shall probably have to go for a month to a sort of school for aspirants to commissions, and that if I pass out all right I shall probably get five days' leave before actually being gazetted.

July 16.

I have had a very quiet day to-day—on guard—and have been wondering whether I can't write something for Mr. Strachey! But when every paper is full of articles and sketches of the war one feels that "all has been said," and it is not worth while writing anything stale. Besides, we haven't really done any fighting yet, and as I sit I hear the constant iteration of "Left, right; left, right; left . . . about turn! one, two, three down . . . left, right; left, right; left . . . Right turn! One, two! etc.," which seems to drive all original ideas that might be floating about far, far away. The daily round at present is just as it was at Aldershot—physical straining in the morning, drill after breakfast, etc., etc. It is inevitable, but not inspiring.

Yours ever,

P. S.—I have just lost my leather waistbelt. Would you mind getting me one with pockets? A "Rupee" belt is best.

Stop Press. Parcel labelled "Fresh fruit" just arrived. Thanks awfully.

July 26, 1915.

DEAR DOROTHY,—

The Cockney Warrior[1] was a piece of blatant war journalism! I don't know how far I believe in it. I don't think we any of us love war; but we get on and do whatever has to be done—because one is in it and has no real choice in the matter. We would most of us rather be anywhere than where we are; but, on the other hand, I don't think that under the circs. any of us would care to be back in England, unless we were wounded and couldn't help it. We have just got some fresh fellows out from England, which makes a pleasant variety.

Now I must stop and write one or two other letters.

Yours ever,

P. S.—Cakes, oranges, lemons and socks just arrived. Thanks ever so. The well has run dry!

3. WOUNDED.

Miss Hankey wrote to "Grandmamma" on August 5:

DEAR MRS. COPPIN,—

Donald asks me to write and tell you that he has been slightly wounded.

I will copy his letter received this morning, and dated August 3:

"I suppose you will be expecting a bulletin! There

[1] *Student in Arms*, p. 94.

is either a bullet or a shrapnel ball in my right thigh,[1] but otherwise I am perfectly fit.

"I haven't the foggiest idea how long my job is likely to take. At present they are only dressing it, and haven't started to try and locate the ball, which seems to have lost its way inside somewhere. But I don't suppose I shall be lucky enough to get a trip home—anyway I think it is best not to let myself hope for it in case I am disappointed!

"Really nothing to say.

* * * * * * *

"P. S.—Would you kindly send on one of my letters to Grandmamma: Just to let her know?"

The story of the charge was told later, in an article in the *Spectator* of December 11, 1915, entitled "The Honour of the Brigade."[2]

"Darkness fell. The battalion had been relieved, but the better part of it lay out in the wood, or in the open before the wood, dead or dying. . . . For Christ's sake, get some water. There was none to be had."

"*A man wounded in the leg* found that he could crawl on all-fours. He started to look for help. He crawled laboriously along the path through the wood. It was choked with corpses. He crawled over them as best he could. Once he found a full water-bottle, which he gave to a sentry to send back to his mates. At last he was picked up and taken to the doctor. . . .

[1] *Student in Arms*, p. 251.

[2] *Ibid.*

But out in the open space between the trenches lay some they had known and loved, unburied. Yet it was well. The brigade was saved. Its honour was vindicated."

Following are two separate accounts, written by men of Hankey's own regiment, of this action and sent to Mrs. Coppin.

(1) "The men upheld the reputation of the Rifle Brigade and comported themselves in a way that brought forth the congratulations of the powers that be! Corporal Hankey was splendid. He was badly wounded early in the fight, and was advised to go to a dressing station. He stuck to his post, although the serious wound in the leg must have given him great pain. While he could hold his rifle he remained, and it was only when darkness fell that he would consent to go back. Many others were wounded two or even three times before they would give in."

(2) (Written after the article appeared). "You will probably remember he speaks of a man wounded in the leg who crawled through the woods after the fight. Well, it was D. H. himself."

August 6, 1915.

DEAR HILDA,—

Thanks awfully for yours, and the handkerchief, etc. My leg is going along splendidly, and I shall probably be in England quite soon. This afternoon I am sitting up in a chair for the first time, and this evening I am going to play auction bridge.

I have written two articles with a view to Mr. Strachey, but I don't know that he will like them.

One is on different kinds of courage, and one is called "Flowers of Flanders,"[1] and is about lots of things, including parcels and religion and love of nature and all that sort of thing. Neither could possibly have been written except by one who had been at the front.

I shall be in England so soon that it really isn't worth while for you to come out. I might be off almost any day now.

Your aff. brother,

4. *THE BELOVED CAPTAIN.*

(*Letters from Donald to Captain Hardy's Mother and Sister. "The Beloved Captain" did not appear in the "Spectator" till January 15, 1916.*)

No. 86 Corpl. D. Hankey, G. L. S. Ward,
Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich,
August 15, 1915.

Dear Mrs. Hardy,—

I hope that you will forgive me what is perhaps "taking the liberty" of writing to you; but I feel that I want to pay my tribute to Captain Hardy's memory, and that perhaps you will be glad to know how one who was an N. C. O. in his platoon for about six months regarded him. Moreover, I can safely say that I am speaking not only for myself but for every man in the platoon which he once commanded, and

[1] *Student in Arms*, p. 241.

indeed for every man in the Company who ever came into any sort of personal contact with him.

From the time of his first joining the company until the time of his promotion to Captain, I was Captain Hardy's platoon sergeant, and it was the great change which followed his promotion which made me resign my stripes in order to go to another company. We loved him, I think, as no other officer was loved by his men. When he smiled he made every one feel more cheerful. When he was disappointed in us there was not a man who was not sorry and ashamed. There is nothing that we would not have done for him. He ruled us by the love and respect with which he inspired us. He never needed to say a harsh word. Crime in the platoon was practically unknown. Where other officers find it necessary to bully and threaten, Captain Hardy had only to express a wish. Although he seemed to take an individual interest in every man, and though he would come round the barrack rooms and himself attend to their blistered feet (in the early days of route marching), and though he was always gentle in his dealings with the men, he never suffered from his condescension. He had the prestige of an inherent nobility which effectually prevented any one from presuming on his gentleness, or treating him with anything but respect.

Somehow all this seems so laboured and so lame. What I want to say is simply that he had won the heart of every man from the roughest pit-boy to the gentleman ranker, and that every one of us was proud to be commanded by him.

It was a subject of universal regret that he did not succeed to the command of the Company. What the Company has lost by his death is incalculable; but those who knew him will never forget him. He will always live in our memory as the ideal officer, a prince among men.

I am,
Yours very truly,

SHORNELL'S V. A. D. HOSPITAL,
ABBEY WOOD,—KENT,
August 27, 1915.

DEAR MRS. HARDY,—

Thank you very much for your kind letter. I am very glad indeed to think that I have been able to help you at all to bear what I know must be a terrible loss; and indeed it was a relief to myself to write what I did. I have lived a varied sort of life in a good many parts of the world, but I have never met with any one who gave me such a willingness to follow and obey as Captain Hardy did. As long as I live I shall remember him as the one man whom I would have been content to serve under anywhere and in any enterprise.

I am so very vexed to think that owing to my not getting your letter until to-night, your daughter may have made a fruitless visit to Woolwich. I do hope that she did not. I was moved here on Tuesday, and am allowed visitors any day from 2.30 to 5.30; but I am afraid it is too far for your daughter to come. I need hardly say that I should have been deeply honoured by her visit.

Thank you very much for your kind inquiries after my wound. It is not at all serious, though it is keeping me a long time in bed. I hope to be back at the front in a month's time—but not in the old battalion, as I hear that I have been given an Artillery Commission. In many ways I am sorry to leave; but so many of my friends have been killed (and both my heroes), that it would not have been the same.

Again thanking you for your letter, and your daughter's very kind intention,

I remain,

Yours truly,

P. S.—I do not know whether it is a great impertinence of me to ask; but if you could spare me a photograph of Captain Hardy, I should value it tremendously. He was my officer, and I his sergeant—nothing more than that, except that he was also my hero, and I have not had many.

P. P. S.—I have just heard of a saying of our Sergeant Major, which I think might please you. We were discussing an officer who had adopted a very hectoring and bullying manner towards the men, and the Sergeant-Major—a very fine simple man—said, "But the boys won't work for 'im. Now look at Captain 'Ardy. Why, they'll work like little neddies for Captain 'Ardy!"

So they would, because they loved him.

5. SECOND LIEUTENANT.

The following letter was shown to the late Lord Kitchener, who read it with great interest.

To Sir Maurice Hankey.

Aug. 26, 1915.

DEAR MAURICE,—

Welcome back! I read your letters from the Dardanelles with extraordinary pleasure. They gave me a better idea of the actual place than anything I have seen elsewhere; and I was specially interested in your description of the qualities of the Australian soldier—which are certainly not those of the English one. We are lacking in personal initiative, and to a certain extent the system is responsible, though it is mainly a defect in character.

I was talking to a reservist the other day who came over from Australia with the first Contingent, and came on to rejoin his old unit. From his description it is evident that the Australians were, judged by an English standpoint, *undisciplined*. Given their character I say it is a good thing that their indiscipline was put up with. I don't say the same method would have worked with the New Army, for the English character is less aggressive; but I do say that in the New Army discipline has destroyed individuality.

The men will do anything—if they are told to. But they do it passively, wishing they hadn't got to. There is no funking; but there is very little individual enthusiasm. Most men are glad if they get a wound which will render them unfit for future service, even if it involves the loss of a limb. Rupert will tell you that this is also his experience in dealing with patients. In the English army if one uses one's common sense one is usually checked—though if one doesn't use it

one may be checked too! But on the whole individuality is discouraged. Moreover, the officers do not take the men into their confidence sufficiently to enable them to understand what they are doing. One is generally acting blindly. The principle seems to be—keep your men's attention fixed on trifles, and they won't worry about matters too high for them. However—this is enough.

You will be amused to hear that Hilda and I between us have foisted an article on to the *Spectator's* "Acting Editor," and that he is keeping four more MSS. to show Mr. Strachey on his return!

So we have been following up your introduction to some profit.

Major Ross tells me that I have got my commission and I am reading up gunnery hard. But I have not succeeded so far in getting any official confirmation. I have written to the Secretary of the War Office and to the O/i/c Records at my depot. I don't see what more I can do.

I am getting on very well, and am expecting to be up on Sunday, and cured in a week or a fortnight.

Clement is probably for the Dardanelles in about a fortnight's time.

Your aff. brother,

SHORNELL'S V. A. D. HOSPITAL,
ABBEY WOOD,—KENT, *Sunday.*

DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—

I almost wish that I had not got my commission. I find that I don't really remember anything about

Gunnery, and *I do feel sorry* in many ways to leave the R. B. There were some such extraordinarily good fellows in it, and one feels rather a worm wriggling out of it—specially for something which is a good deal "healthier," as they say. The *Spectator* has taken three out of my five effusians and invited me to send more; so I am rather bucked up (and have been trying a series for the *Westminster* if they will have them). They are really a study of Kitchener's Army as a Union of the classes in a common aim, and life. There are to be five essays.—I. "All Classes were at one" describes the crowds who enlisted at the beginning of the war, and what a plunge it was for the "black-coated" classes. It was a unification of the classes in a common life and work, and not simply by a wave of sentiment.

II. "The equality of the classes" describes how all these men of different classes started more or less even, and how gradually the men of character came to the front, and the men without it found their level, and the men of various gifts drifted into the jobs suitable to them—but all irrespective of class.

III. "The Super-class" describes the officers, and how the traditional view of discipline did not succeed altogether in this citizen army.

IV. "Men Wanted," describes how war completed the adjustment—how the good men, both officers and N. C. O.'s, came to the fore simply through the fact that they were always on the spot in the moment of crisis while the rotters were in their dug-outs; and how we learned to see men as God sees them, and love

them for the greatness of their hearts and their unselfishness, quite irrespective of their accents and manners.

V. "What of the future?" asks whether we are going to drift back into the old artificial grooves after the war, or whether the classes will have a wider outlook, a juster idea of whom to trust as leaders, a more unselfish and communal spirit in politics, and so on. It will depend on the women.

I wrote the skeleton yesterday afternoon, and felt almost as if I had betrayed my comrades by applying for a commission! As a matter of fact I wasn't much good out at the front. I grumbled horribly. I had one good asset, which was that when things became dangerous my nerves (such is my perverse nature) stood quite still. But I had no aggressive valour. The day we charged I had no frantic desire to get at 'em! The whole thing seemed so absurd, and I started off knowing quite well that I should get hit, and not minding very much.

The week before we had been under very heavy shell fire and lost a good many men; but that time I knew perfectly well I should not be hit! It was very odd. I felt absolutely certain about it, and wouldn't have minded going anywhere.

It is very odd how when things are really dangerous people feel drawn to each other who have never spoken before. On the day I was hit we had to pass A Company just before we got to our starting point, and I was nodding to the various people I knew when I passed their Captain—a man named Milward, to

whom I had never spoken. As I passed I had a bit of a grin on, as I had just "passed the time of day" with a sergeant I knew, and he looked up at me and said, "Hullo, Hankey," or something of that sort. It was odd; because I didn't know he knew my name, and yet his manner was so very kind. He got wounded in the charge too.

Your affect. grandboy,

ABBEY WOOD,—KENT,
Sept. 12, 1915.

DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—

Thanks awfully for your encouraging letter. I still think that it was a mistake for me to apply for a commission, and that if I had waited another ten days I shouldn't have done it. But it is no good crying over spilt milk, and I must try and make the best of existing circumstances!

I am afraid I shan't be out on Friday, after all—perhaps Monday or Friday week will see me through, though. I am going up to town to-morrow for the day, to see my dentist, banker, brother, tailor, boot-maker, publisher, etc.! It is promotion.

I am getting very bored here, and I am afraid my sister finds me very grumpy! It is very interesting to be a rolling stone while one is rolling; but there is an indefiniteness of aim which is rather disquieting when one is made to stop and think. I don't quite know what I want, and I don't feel as if my personality was knit together sufficiently to find out. I suppose it is the old war of the spirit and the flesh! Sometimes I

can write things which I don't really feel at all, though I would like to be able to, and then other people take it for granted that I do feel like it, and I feel rather a humbug, and understand why it is that so many people write under noms de plume.

However, I hope soon to be busy, and then I shall no longer be introspective, and anyhow it is a shame to worry you with my imaginations.

I agree with you that presentiments are a great argument for God's fatherly government of life. My favorite cousin, D. G., has the most extraordinarily accurate ones quite often. Some of them, of course, are sheer telepathy, but others relate quite definitely to events in the immediate future. I am very sceptical on such subjects; but I admit that in her case I find it very hard not to believe some of the instances she has told me. However, as I am not fond of metaphysics, I don't venture to try and deduce anything from them.

Thanks very much for the white heather! I had a bit from Scotland the other day, so ought to be lucky.

Your affec.,
GRANDSON.

To Canon Cremer.

KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.,
Sept. 25, 1915.

DEAR MR. CREMER,—

It goes without saying that I accept the offer of your friendship most gratefully; but I wonder if you realize what an unpractical dreamer you have taken on! I

am afraid I am a most obstinate fellow. As soon as things materialize I lose faith in them. You will never do any good with me I am afraid. The future—if there is to be a future for me on this planet—is as black and impenetrable as a London fog. I have a certain facility with my pen, which I do not want to prostitute to the purpose of making money. I have a certain power of making people like me, specially boys; but I can't do much that is practical with my influence. I think I shall go out to Broken Hill if I survive the war, and try to neutralize materialism in the trades unions—from within. I am not really a Socialist at all. I rather believe in the "gentleman" if only he can be kicked out of his prejudices and be made to love his brethren. In the labourer and the gentleman there appears to me to be a certain potentiality for honest idealism which I don't see much sign of elsewhere. I don't know. My mind is so full of impressions that up to now I have been unable to sort them out properly.

I must stop now, and run for a train.

Yrs. v. sincerely,

Dear Mr. Cremer,—

Thanks very much for your letter.

Broken Hill is a mining town in Australia, and a hotbed of labour politics. I have a number of friends there among the miners—or had, before the war. The only institution in which I have never lost faith is the Oxford and Bermondsey Mission. Its ideal has always been that Oxford men should as far as possible

identify themselves with the working men of Bermondsey in order that they might earn the right to lead them. Of course so far no one has ever fully realized this ideal; though enlistment in the army has brought some of us nearer to it than ever before. For that reason I now bitterly regret having applied for a commission. It has undermined what might have proved a valuable position. However, it is too late to remedy that. I am certain that the gentleman can be of use in leading the working man if he will be humble enough to learn from the w.-m., and will not try to teach before he understands anything of a workman's life. There are two gifts in which I have increasing faith, and they are humility and love.

This is all rather disjointed, and in fact I am rather busy. I am still waiting for orders from the War Office.

Yours very sincerely,

To Lance D'A. Huntington.

WOOLWICH,
Oct. 10, '15.

DEAR LANCE,—

The accumulated misery of this place is dreadful. It is a cold draughty hut. My feet are frozen, and yet the room is full of flies! Could anything be more horrible? It hasn't even the merit of being heroic—like a dug-out. One has to preserve the appearances of civilization, while living in what is even worse than primitive savagery. I am so fed up that I am really resolved to make a bid for a transfer to infantry.

At the same time, quite frankly, I wouldn't change jobs with you! I think it is really splendid of you to undertake the helm of the Mission in these troublous times. As I think you know, I funked it under far easier conditions.

But I am convinced that there is no one who can do it as well as you; and there are various comforting reflections which may help. For one thing the O. B. M. is now a great deal bigger than the O. B. M. in Bermondsey. You seem to me to be a kind of Haggai, or Nehemiah, fostering the people that are left behind. The people who were left behind are not, probably, the best. The best are very likely in Babylon—Flanders. Some, I hope many, will return, which will be a day of comfort for all. Then, the O. B. M. itself has a personality. You talked last night of some people having personalities, and were kind enough to include myself. In myself I haven't got one. As a "frater"[1] I may have. But whatever personality I may have as a frater, 75 per cent. of it at least belongs to and is derived from the brotherhood. Consequently your responsibility is limited. You are only a part, though the leading part, of a corporate personality which is far bigger and more complex than your own. You have your own function and your own gifts; but they are only contributory. The O. B. M. is not an organization but an organism. It is like the church of which it is part. You are no more responsible for the O. B. M. than Randall Cantuar is for the Anglican Church. Your function seems

[1] The O. B. M. Club motto is "Fratres."

to be to help it to find the expression of its best self. You cannot form it. You can only assist its self-expression.

Randall can't form or alter the Church. He can't revise the prayer book, modify the parochial method, revolutionize the attitude of the Church towards life. The Church has a personality of its own—rather a depraved one! All he can do is to make his own contribution to that personality,—a rather big contribution potentially, but still small compared with the built-up bulk of the whole—and see that the voice of minorities is not stifled. The mass is always apt to purr comfortably and the minority to cry shrilly. Both sounds in themselves are irritating. You and Cantuar have to try and blend them. Your care is to see that no limbs of the organism are atrophied, no functions usurped. Moreover, by your gift of letter writing you will be able to see to it that the body doesn't get disintegrated. By your gift of attraction—for you have that gift, Lance—you will see that as far as possible in the present state of restricted opportunity, fresh blood flows in.

I think you are more of a physician than a director. Inside the body is the good life of the Holy Spirit; partly stifled and hindered by the unhealthy condition of the body—a condition partly due to the violent accident of war, and partly to the more normal and preventible causes of individual selfishness. The members will assert their separate individuality as against the corporate personality of the whole. Hinc illae lacrymae.

I know, I am sure, that all that you can do you will do. No more than that can man do. If it seems not enough, the cause lies not with man, but with God. But His strength is sufficient for you. The best you can do is all that He requires of you and all that in His opinion the mission needs. But though it is probably a day of small achievement, as was the day of Haggai, it is a day of treble discouragement.

If you tide it for us you will have earned our utmost gratitude. But the responsibility is not all yours. You share it with God the Holy Spirit; which is good enough.

This letter seems rather cloudy and vague. Hope it is not impertinent.

Would it be rather a good thing to ask all the scattered fratres to pray for the mission specially, so that we may feel more strongly and you may feel more certainly that we are still all one, a united personality?

There should be a prophet of the exile, an Ezekiel, a "Deutero-Isaiah" as well as a Haggai, to prepare men for the day of return, when we shall rebuild our Holy City in more than its former beauty.[1]

Yours ever,

To Canon Cremer.

Dec. 8, '15.

DEAR CANON CREMER,—

I have been thinking of you several times, and was

[1] He stuck at his post till he fell, worn out by sheer devotion to the O. M. B., in March, 1919. "It was scarcely past midnight when he died. He sat up and said delightedly, 'I see the Dawn!' —and his spirit went to greet it."—Letter from a "Frater."

interested to find that Mr. Strachey was a friend of yours. He has been awfully kind to me, and from next week you will probably find an article a week from my typewriter signed "A Student in Arms!" Only last Saturday I was ordering you a copy of my little play.[1] These playlets are not primarily religious, but rather studies of trench psychology. Nevertheless each one leads up—as I find everything does naturally lead up—to Christ as its Climax.

Now, since you tempt me, you are going to be treated to my troubles. I am not going to ask for your advice; because I know I shall not take it! One never does! But I am going to pour forth my soul, which will do me good, and you need not read it unless you want to. Know then that I simply loathe being an officer, and am seriously contemplating trying to relinquish my commission, with a view to reënlisting. I am now going to inflict on you a long and intricate story.

Some four years ago, when I had failed to be ordained, I determined to devote myself to the study of working-class life. I soon came to the conclusion that the way to gain intimate knowledge and the confidence of the working class was to become as far as possible one of them. Realizing that this was to a great extent impossible in England, I emigrated to Australia, to attempt it there. I only succeeded to a very limited extent. My next effort was enlisting. That was a great success up to a point; but then there came a time of extreme boredom, when the tempter appeared under

[1] A Passing in June, *Student in Arms*, 2nd Series.

the disguise of the spirit of Duty, and told me that it was up to me to be an officer because I was such a fine fellow. I didn't really believe him; but I pretended to, and applied for an artillery commission on the understanding that I should not have to go home for training, but should be attached to a battery at the front. At that time I had stopped praying. One's life was disorganized. One no longer went to bed at night or got up in the morning, and it was fatally easy to get out of the habit of prayer. The result was my utter boredom, and a strong tendency to grumble. No sooner, however, had my application been forwarded than my conscience began to prick. It told me that I had done wrong. I got angry with it and said: "Well, show me what damned good I am doing here then." This answer came clear and distinct—"Strengthen my brethren." It was surely a supreme example of the ways of divine forgiveness. God said to me, or so I thought, "I don't want any whining or tears. If you are sorry and want to serve Me, here is your job. Show your sorrow by getting on with it." I found that owing to my being older and more thoughtful, and having steadier nerves than the boys of my section, I could "strengthen" them in the hour of danger. When I thought that my application for a commission was going through I felt like Peter when he met the Lord, and asked, "Quo vadis, Domine?"

At the same time I did not feel at that time that I could or should try to withdraw my application. I had given a great many people a good deal of trouble in getting it for me, and I felt bound to abide by the re-

sult. As you know, the news that my commission was granted came to me when I was in hospital, and I was immediately "transferred to the home establishment" and sent here for training. I very soon realized that I was in for months of training, and that in the artillery one would not get nearly the same chances as in the infantry for personal influence. I therefore promptly applied for a transfer to the Royal Warwicks. That transfer went in about two months ago, and three weeks ago was sent to the Colonel of the Warwicks for his approval. He gave it, and it has since not been heard of. I have felt very strongly lately that if it does not go through this week my right course will be to apply to relinquish my commission, and reënlist in the infantry. There is no dearth of junior officers I think. Nor am I a particularly good officer, being too democratic in my tendencies. On the other hand, a man like myself can exercise a good deal of influence from within, if he is in the ranks. How much, I have only realized since I left the Rifle Brigade. Further, if I survive the war I shall be in a much better position for prosecuting the schemes and studies which are nearest to my heart if I am a private, and in close touch with men of the working class, than if I am an officer and a gentleman branded.

There you have my troubles. Your opinion would be greatly valued; but as I say, I should be a hypocrite if I pretended that I should take your advice! Meanwhile you will understand, I am sure, that what with this, and the publication of my little play, and my articles for the *Spectator*, and my work as a soldier, I

have not had much time for keeping up with friends; and you will forgive me for not having written before.

I am, Yours very sincerely,

DONALD W. A. HANKEY.

Hankey actually did write asking to be allowed to relinquish his commission with a view to reënlisting in the Infantry. His application was forwarded to Headquarters, with this note added by the Lieutenant-Colonel of the R. G. A.: "2nd Lieut. Hankey applied some weeks ago to be transferred to the Warwicks, and it is owing to no reply being received that he now wishes to resign. I am of opinion that he would make a valuable officer in this regiment or in the Infantry."

On the strength of this opinion Hankey's application was refused, and his two-months-old application to transfer to the Warwicks was granted.

To Andrew Melrose.

OFFICERS' MESS, "E" BRIGADE HEAVY ARTILLERY,
ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY,
CHARLTON PARK, WOOLWICH,
Dec. 14, 1915.

DEAR SIR,—

I am genuinely grateful for your praise of my writing; though, as you say, scribbling is a poor trade when there is fighting to be done. I am still enjoying the surprise of finding that other people think I can write; but I fear that the result is probably more due to the theme than to anything else. I fancy any one can write if he has something to write about.

Yours very truly,

E Brigade, Officers' Mess,
Charlton Park, S. E.,
Dec. 15, 1915.

Dear Mrs. Wathen,—[1]

Yes, I had an article called "The Honour of the Brigade" in last week's *Spectator.*

I think it must have been one of my best because a publisher wrote and asked if I had anything to publish! This is the second time that has happened and I am getting a swelled head. Next Saturday I think there will be one called "The Religion of the Inarticulate."[2] I have also got swelled head about that, as Mr. Strachey writes: "I think you have hit me, as Burke says, just between wind and water. It was a real piece of interpretation. If the theologians were as frank as the philosophers we ought to see the Archbishops of York and Canterbury writing to the *Spectator,* as did Dr. Crozier, saying that you had said what they had been trying to say all their lives. I feel inclined to end up this sentence as would my cynical and slangy children—'I don't think!'"

This is all very nice for an "amateur," and as I say, I shall have to get a new cap.

Yours affly.,

[1] Wife of his Prep. Schoolmaster.
[2] *Student in Arms,* p. 101.

To the sister of the "Beloved Captain."

CHARLTON PARK, *Dec. 19, 1915.*

DEAR MISS HARDY,—

I am writing a weekly article at present for the *Spectator*. I wonder whether Mrs. Hardy would mind if I sent the enclosed ("The Beloved Captain")? It is not to make money or to increase my literary reputation that I want to send it, but because I think that it does good. I can best explain what I mean by an example. A fortnight ago I wrote an article called "The Honour of the Brigade." This week there is a letter from a major, who writes:

"Snow-bound in a moorland camp, it is often difficult to get soldiers out for field work during the winter. So we are able to give men a little instruction and help in evening classes, which they greatly appreciate. To-night I read in a crowded hall 'The Honour of the Brigade.' There was profound silence. Many wounded soldiers 'on light duty' listened with rapt attention. When reading the passage 'In the open spaces between the trenches lay some they had known and loved, unburied,' brave men burst into tears and covered their faces with their hands."

It was simply because in that article I had described one of the few really fine bits of work that I saw during my short time at the Front. I think it is good for men to be reminded of real heroism and nobility. They are awfully apt, when at home, only to remember the sordidness and discomfort, and to dread going back. I feel certain that this article, however badly expressed, might, simply because it is a portrait, prove

a source of inspiration to many. But at the same time I feel that I haven't the right to send it in without your permission. Yours sincerely,

DONALD W. A. HANKEY.

6. *"THE STUDENT IN ARMS."*

To Mr. Andrew Melrose.

3RD ROYAL WARWICKS, ALBANY BARRACKS,
PARKHURST, I. OF W.,
Jan. 14, 1916.

DEAR MR. MELROSE,—

Thank you very much for your letter. I had two Scots grandmothers; but have never been in Scotland! I was an English undergrad—Oxford. Also I have perpetrated one book (*The Lord of All Good Life,* published by Longmans in October, 1914) which was well reviewed, and obtained enthusiastic welcome in certain quarters.

Now with regard to these *Spectator* articles, Mr. Strachey urges me to publish, and offers to write an introduction.

I don't know whether you would care to make me an offer. To be quite frank, I am not up in such matters, and I don't know what line you go in for. But after your kind letters I thought I might as well let you know what I am thinking of doing.

I enclose a list of the articles which I should propose to publish. I am trying my hand at a story now. But have only written Chapter I.

With kind regards, I am, Yours sincerely,

P. S.—Of course the book could not appear for an-

other two months, as some of the articles are not yet published.

P. P. S.—I am only a temporary second lieutenant on probation! I spent the first year of the war in the ranks.

To Mrs. Coppin.

PARKHURST, I. OF W., *Jan. 22, 1916.*

DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—

I have almost settled with Andrew Melrose to publish the *Spectator's* articles. He has made me what a writer friend tells me and what appears to me to be a very good offer, and this friend also tells me that he is a good publisher to know. We have established quite cordial personal relations, and I think he has behaved very straightforwardly to me.

I have found some quite congenial spirits here, especially two charming little boy subalterns, who make me feel like an elderly uncle!

There is nothing to tell else!

I wonder if you recognized the Beloved Captain as being Hardy? His sister wrote to me that a friend of his, who had not known him as a soldier, thought the portrait "so life-like as to be almost wholly satisfying." Your aff. grandboy,

P. S.—I have written an article[1] for you. It will not appear for perhaps six weeks; but you will know it when it does, I think.

Jan. 29.

I was most awfully grateful to you for telling me of

[1] "The Making of a Man," *Student in Arms,* 2nd Series.

the "Beloved Captain's" remark to you; because I never knew whether he liked me or not. In many ways I know that I was not an ideal platoon sergeant.

I am getting much more contented here now. I am drilling Derby recruits. They are nice lads most of them, and I think I rather like teaching.

I packed off the material for the book to-day to Andrew Melrose. I really can't imagine any one wanting to buy such a heterogeneous collection of stodgy stuff; but if Melrose likes to take the risk, so be it. Your aff. grandboy,

P. P. S.—That people like you should think well of me makes me very proud, and determined to try to justify your good opinion. Nevertheless, if ever you do see a side of me which is not the best, and not what you had thought, do not think that I have deliberately concealed it from you, or pretended to be better than I am. I think you are a person who would see the best of every one, because you would bring it out. I don't mean to suggest that I have any secret vice; but I fear that my thoughts are the best of me, and always have been. It is often so, isn't it? The worst of it is that they sometimes make people expect too much.

I have always been able to write, and even to preach, far bigger and better things than I have ever felt or practised. And because I have also a faculty for friendship it has always been my luck to get far deeper affection than I could give.

I am afraid that I am really rather a shallow person,

though thanks to a few of my friends I am not quite so shallow as I was once.

To Andrew Melrose.

3rd Ryl. Warwicks, Albany Barracks,
Parkhurst, I. of W., *Jan. 30, 1916.*

Dear Mr. Melrose,—

Many thanks for yours received to-day. I am writing to Mr. Strachey about an introduction [to *The Student in Arms*].

My sister, who is rather a good critic, strongly objects to *A Student in Arms* as the title. She says that it is egotistical, and that having signed myself by that title it is equivalent to calling the book "Me!"

What do you think?

Also, do you think it would be better to preserve anonymity? People might take me for some one more weighty than I am! I don't think that my name counts for much, though it might count for a little. An alternative title would be—

The Psychology of War, by "A Student in Arms."

I am willing to do whatever you think best in this matter.

My sister wants me to call it—

An Englishman Philosophizes, and Other Essays.

Yours sincerely,

To the Rev. William Holdsworth.

3rd Ryl. Warwicks, Albany Barracks,
Parkhurst, I. of W., *Feb. 1, 1916.*

Dear Sir,—

I am very grateful for your letter forwarded by the

Spectator. I am sure that this has been a time of vision for very many of us, and the individual when he first begins to see clearly is almost bound to feel a bit cut off from the Church which seems so blind; and to find that there are other people feeling the same sort of thing is as encouraging and exhilarating as it was to Elijah in the story, when he was told how many there were who had never bowed the knee to Baal. And I have found lots of signs that many people have been seeing visions in these days. One sign is that I did not write "The Sacrament" and "Confessional."[1] They were the work of a mind more spiritual and mystical than mine.

After the war . . .?

We are scattered over many organizations. I am C. of E. You are Wesleyan. We both of us, I think, realize that our affinities are with a bigger Church than either of these. But how to find expression for our sense of brotherhood in visible form is a problem that defeats me. One can only say what it is given one to say and act as it is given one to act, and trust in the Holy Spirit to see that what is good bears fruit in God's way and time.

I think perhaps we are too anxious to crystallize spiritual facts in the form of an organization and that it may be that we leave too little to the Holy Spirit. There is, I fancy, no visible "Spiritual Home" for us this side of the veil—no real home, only a Y. M. C. A. hut, as it were!

We have to look for a city not made with hands.

[1] These articles were put to his credit by many readers.

Yes, Melrose is probably going to publish some of my essays in book form.

With again many thanks to you for writing, and with thankfulness that you have found some of the articles helpful, I am,

Yours faithfully,

PARKHURST, I. OF W., *Feb. 2, 1916.*

DEAR MR. MELROSE,—

Many thanks for yours of yesterday. I am glad you were not disappointed with the articles as a whole. Some, I know, are pretty poor.

Re Title. Your emendation *A Student Under Arms* pleases me, as the other always reminds me of "A Baby in Arms!" Let it stand.

Re Anonymity. Please yourself. My other book[1] delighted a good many people, but offended the straitly high church and the straitly evangelical. I have been such a rolling stone that I know a lot of people in various quarters—who might buy for the name. But on the other hand Anonymity has its lure, and probably most of my friends know me as "A Student in Arms."

Re the Play. I will consult Mr. Strachey. He did not accept it because it was too much like *Der Tag.* An actor friend was very pleased with it and showed it to Mr. Fisher White, who made the same comment; and said that but for that it would have made a good Music Hall turn!

Yours sincerely,

[1] *The Lord of All Good Life.*

To John Barker.[1]

PARKHURST, I. OF W.,

Feb. 24, 1916.

DEAR PRESTER JOHN,—

I am very glad that you have got something to do, and enjoy doing it. As for the people who condole with a chap for getting dirty at his job—well, they don't count! I don't think I have ever really been happier than when ring-barking trees in the Australian bush, unless it was when digging trenches in Kitchener's Army!

Though I am certainly cleaner and tidier and richer now, I would change gladly any day. Then I had a job—and a job worthy of a man's strength. Now I have only an occupation, and I am gross and discontented.

You've no idea what a curse it is to have fond relations whose one wish is to see one clean and respectable! when one's own tastes lie all in the direction of shirt sleeves.

Here am I, who really enjoy trench digging and am condemned to look ornamental and typewrite journalese, while fellows who love typewriting are made to dig trenches. And in civil life I can't get near a pick and shovel without going to Australia! It is most absurd.

However, sich is life.

I am going to be examined on Wed. by a deaf dug-out general as to my fitness to go to the front.

[1] A working man with whom he kept up a regular correspondence. They never met.

Well, I won't expect a letter from you while you are so busy; but don't forget me altogether.

Remember that after-the-war beno!

Yours,

Feb. 24, 1916.

DEAR HILDA,—

"A Sense of the Dramatic" has been greeted by a few people with huge enthusiasm! Dr. Crozier,[1] who wrote the nice letter about "An Englishman Philosophizes," simply babbled with delight at it! Another correspondent, a lady, said she liked it and a "Book of Wisdom" best of all, and was it true that the writer of the Aphorisms in the latter was killed!

I quite recognize, however, that all this is rather an argument in favour of rewriting it, if I can get time.

I have so far absolutely got the better of my cold, and it is almost gone.

Strachey has written a very buttery introduction to the book of essays.

Yours frat.,

To Dr. Giles.

CROWN HOTEL, LYNDHURST, NEW FOREST,

March 13, '16.

DEAR DR. GILES,—

Thank you very much for your very kind letter. I will gladly make arrangements for you to be informed should I be killed!

Your kind interest is—well, one can't quite say it.

Browning is the only poet I read. In "Blougram's

[1]John Beattie Crozier, LL.D.

Apology," "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," "Abt Vogler," "A Grammarian's Funeral," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and many more I find a continual source of inspiration and contentment.

I am very busy at present on a bombing course, and also correcting proofs, so must stop.

Yours very sincerely,

3rd R. Warwicks, Albany Bks.,
Parkhurst, I. of W.,
March 4, '16.

Dear Dr. Giles,—

. . . Over and over again it has been shown me that an ounce of "Christ living in me" is worth 100 tons of eloquence and organization.

I think that the Church as a whole could help the individual to live Christ-in-him if services were to some extent altered, and also teaching methods.

Apart from that I place no faith in organized "reforms." I have seen with my own eyes what enormously far-reaching effects a single Christ-like, Christ-embodying life can have, and I verily believe the Church might, if she would, be the salt of the earth, the leaven of humanity. But the bright part of the present seems to me to be not in the general, elusive goodwill of the many; but in the dissatisfied longings of the few. If the few who see visions can keep humble something may happen. You have said much of this in your "book."

Your prayers I value and need.

Yours sincerely,

Re " Salome," etc., my own feeling is that what we have got to do is not to worry about the national conscience, which is what it is, but to repudiate it from the Christian point of view. We cannot impose the law of Christ on a nation which is not Christian (it isn't Christian; it is only influenced by Christianity). But we must be under a higher obedience than the national conscience.

To me the whole of Society as I know it, the whole world of music halls and musical comedies and champagne dinners, and night clubs and a good bit of the world of art, is simply disgusting and devilish.

So is much of industrialism. The Church, Dissent, the Y. M. C. A. Philanthropy as now organized, etc., etc., are hopelessly tepid. Here and there, often where I least expected it, I have found grains of salt—sometimes in the Church, and sometimes out of it. I am still a student, I have no programme save to follow the light as best I can. A bad test it has been and is. I know how I stand with regard to Christ and certain individuals. I don't yet know how I stand with regard to the nation or the world as a whole. The present is dark, with very bright patches. So is the past and the future.

I wait.

PARKHURST, I. W., *May 6, 1916.*

DEAR MR. MELROSE,—

I got my cheque this afternoon, and think that the moment is opportune for me to thank you for treating me so fairly, and to express the hope that the success

of the book will justify your generous treatment of the author.

I have begun a story! But now that I am a bombing instructor I don't get much time. So far it has neither a plot nor a heroine; but it amuses me enormously, and is probably good practice.

Leave is now harder to get than ever, and I despair of making your acquaintance in the flesh till after the war. I haven't had leave since Christmas, except that curtailed week-end. Yours sincerely,

To John Barker.

ALBANY BARRACKS,—PARKHURST, I. W.,
May 6, 1916.

DEAR PRESTER JOHN,—

I have been contemplating a letter to you for quite a long time; but you have such a lot of addresses that I could never make up my mind which to write to. No, I haven't done any writing for a couple of months; but my collected writings of the past six months are now coming out in book form, and I have just got a cheque as an advance in Royalties, what ho! I have already stood innumerable drinks, and written for a cigar list! I shall send you some cigars when they come, to cheer you up.

So you are impecunious, grimy, industrious, and externally respectable on the Sabbath! That sounds all right. I am over-fed, spasmodically overworked and underworked by fits, over-paid, over-charged, etc., etc. —not too content! Still wish I was back in the ranks. However, I am now bombing, which is really quite

amusing, and quite strenuous. I lecture and instruct, instead of walking about with a stick under my arm watching a sgt. It is really quite amusing. To-day we had a great time, blowing up trenches, etc.

Some day we will meet, if God wills, but it will be after the war.

What shall we be then? God knows! No longer what we are! But perhaps (sketch) or wot?

I don't know. But we must meet somewhere

Meanwhile, believe me

Yours vy. s.,

Undated.

DEAR PRESTER JOHN,—

. . . I am awfully glad that you like the book. I like the boys so much that I still always wish that I was one of them. If I could descend to the ranks with decency I would do so to-morrow. But of course it is out of the question. Although the private has a much

rottener time than the officer in lots of ways, such as lice, food, accommodation, amusement, liberty, etc., the officer undoubtedly has far more responsibility, and on the whole more danger, so one has to stick it. I don't know whether it is a good thing to dream about after the war; but one can't help it sometimes, and in all my day dreams I long to escape from the atmosphere of "club" and collars and top hats, and to get into a simpler if rougher one. I don't know what I shall do if I get through the war with a whole skin. I have no profession except that of writing, which is hardly a living, and I shall have very little money and a good deal to do with it. If I can't get the sort of job I want in England, I shall have to go back to Australia. I want to work with my hands, and mix up with ordinary rough sort of men, among whom I fancy that if there are a good many brutes, there are also a good many trumps. I am judging from the samples one gets in the army. But what I hate are the pretences and pretensions of people with "social ambitions!" I do like a MAN, whether he wears collars or not, and such lots of them don't! I should like to end up in my old age as a "labour representative" with a free hand to "down" all windbags! Yours ever,

3RD R. WARWICKS, ALBANY BARRACKS,
PARKHURST, I. W.,
May 13, 1916.

DEAR MR. MELROSE,—

Sorry! I fear my Latinity is even vaguer than yours, and that the emendation of Virgil into un-

grammatical nonsense is probably mine entirely! This mis-spelling is probably, as you mercifully suggest, a printer's blunder.

The novel does not march. I am hovering between dramatic improbability and undramatic realism, and can't decide which to choose.

Yours sincerely,

May 16.

DEAR MR. MELROSE,—

Many thanks for your tip.[1] I believe you are right! The *Morning Post* review of *A S. in A.* gave me the impression that I was rather a dull dog and had written a very dull book! I fancy the reviewer opened the book at an unfortunate page! Anyway, if I have a chance to continue the novel I will be as dramatically improbable as I can.

Yours sincerely,

7. THE LAST LAP.

Hankey crossed with his Regiment in May.

In a letter to Will Clift from Folkestone, just before sailing, he says:

"The day has come! Just twelve months ago I left Folkestone for the front, and to-morrow I repeat the experiment.

> "So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
> Will lead me on
> O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
> The night is gone."

[1] "Dramatic improbability, by all means."

"In fact, I feel singularly at ease. There is only one tragedy in life, and that is loss of God's love, and of that I feel too confident to be afraid. There is no other tragedy.

"Had a glorious bathe this afternoon. There are nineteen of us going out from Parkhurst alone, so we are a merry crowd. . . ."

To his Niece, Eileen Spelman.

July 8, 1916.

MY DEAR EILEEN,—

Thank you for your letter, and please thank Kathleen for hers. When I got your letter I was living in a "dug-out," which was a horrid dark place without any windows, which was full of rats. The rats used to eat my breakfast and my candle, and even my clean socks! But now I have gone to school again. Fancy an old fellow like me going to school! But to school I have gone, and it is very nice too! The school is called the 24th Army School, and if you want to write to me you must put on the envelope—

2nd LIEUT. HANKEY, 1st R. War. Rgt.
No. 2 Mess, 4th Army School,
B. E. F., France.

There are about 200 students at this school, and some of them are even older than me! We learn all there is to know about killing Huns without getting killed ourselves, and this is very important because a lot of people were killed the other day. Only one must remember that as they died doing their duty, God

took care of them, and took them home with Him. Well, I am sitting in a great big garden, with a great big house just near, and yesterday I went to a funny old French town to get my hair cut and buy some trousers, because when I came here I was covered with mud, and all my clothes had holes in them. And I had lost my walking stick, but now I am as neat as a new pin. But whether wet or dry, ragged or neat, I am always

Your affectionate uncle and godpapa,

July 12, 1916.

DEAR HILDA,—

I am wondering very much whether you will receive "A Diary" in four parts. It is very much founded on fact, though slightly altered in parts. You will probably be surprised at a certain change in tone; but remember that my previous articles were written in English, while this was written on the spot, and also that although I have once before seen a battle, I have never before seen the day after a battle. At the same time, thinking it over, I am not at all sure that my argument was not quite wrong. "It is a sweet and honourable thing to die for one's country," and even if one is mangled and mutilated in the process, one does not know much about it. It is, however, not "sweet" nor can it ever be a source of satisfaction, to have experienced the blood lust, to have killed for one's country and gloried in it. Yet that is an experience which comes to almost every survivor at one time or other. I can imagine nothing more horrible than suddenly to feel the primitive passion for slaughter let loose in one,

and to know that one was more than at liberty to give it full rein.

Yet that is what makes the good soldier in a charge. It is that, more than anything, perhaps, which brings home what an abominable thing war is. I am not and never shall be a good soldier. I am too subjective and too slow to be either daring or resourceful. At the same time I am not more afraid than other men and in some ways my nerves are better.

I confess, however, that though I am not afraid, I never before felt such a distaste for the whole business.

To Rev. Richard Brook.

1st R. Warwicks Regt.,—B. E. F.

July 23, 1916.

My dear Brook,[1]—

With regard to the Army, no one dislikes military discipline more than I do. But I think it is largely because I am such an egotist and individualist. I see in military discipline the possible weapon with which the excessive and anarchical individualism of Oxford and Bernard Shaw may be defeated.

I don't know much about Y. M. C. A.'s, nor have I had very much experience of fighting. But of the latter I feel sure that it would either make or break your young parson or ordinand. Actual battle is indescribable; but there you are in a situation where the fundamental problems of philosophy have absolutely got to be answered. I defy any ordinand or young parson with any imagination at all to be indifferent to

[1] His tutor at Corpus.

his gospel (as many seem to be) after being in battle. His religion would either have been proved or found wanting. And believe me, you get to know a man's essential character more in five minutes of danger shared than in five years of ordinary intercourse, even in a Y. M. C. A. hut. I am certain that many an ordinand in the ranks will go out after the war with a knowledge of human nature, a personal humility, and a conviction on such subjects as eternal life, that will make him a very different sort of pastor of souls to the average curate with the Oxford plus Cuddesdon manner.

Yours ever,

July 23, 1916.

DEAR HILDA,—

Thanks for Strachey's letter, and also yours following. The diary [1] was not my diary, though it was so very nearly what mine might have been that it is difficult to say exactly what is fiction and what is actuality in it. With regard to the conversation [2] during the bombardment, it represents in its totality what I believe the ordinary soldier feels.

He loathes the war, and the grandiloquent speeches of politicians, etc., irritate him intensely by their failure to realize he has got to go through with it and only longs for the chance to hurry matters up. In the diary, again, I quite deliberately emphasized the de-

[1] "A Month's Experiences," *Student in Arms* (2nd Series), p. 87.
[2] "Imaginary Conversations," *Student in Arms* (2nd Series), p. 155.

pression of the man who thought that he was being left out, and the mental effect of the clearing up process, because I thought that it would be a good thing for people to realize this side, and also partly because I felt that in previous articles I had glossed over it too much. I am not surprised at Strachey refusing both; but if I get a chance of publishing another book I shall include them (if you wouldn't mind keeping them for me) though perhaps in a modified form.

Yours frat.,

4th Army School,—B. E. F.,
July 24, 1916.

Dear Mr. Strachey,—

I had intended to give you a rest, as I think you must be rather tired of wading through MSS. that you can't use. I think, however, the enclosed may appeal to you.

My sister sent on your two letters to her, and you hit the right nail on the head. It is true that it is far more trying to be on the fringe of an attack than to be in it. As you know, I saw my battalion wiped out last summer in a fruitless charge; but being in it and wounded in it, I was not too depressed. This time it was a good deal worse because I was only "in it" for about half an hour.

The "Diary" was not my diary; but a literary composition designed to accentuate somewhat this experience.

In the "bombardment" conversation, as in the diary, I deliberately tried to bring out the intrinsic evil of war because I think that in speeches and writings

this is too much slurred over (I include my own efforts). The man in the trenches is as determined as any one to win the war at all costs. He does not grudge the cost. He likes a push and hates trench warfare, because he feels that during a push things are moving to their appointed end, and that at other times they are not. But at the same time he is apt to be irritated at the too facile talk of "sacrifice" that sometimes adorns the speeches and writings of public men at home, and even allows himself to talk like the mechanic in my imaginary conversation.[1]

However, I quite understand your unwillingness to use the piece at this juncture, though I shall feel inclined to include it if *A Student in Arms* runs to a second vol., because then it would be balanced by its neighbours.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

To his Cousin, Miss Bakewell

Illustrator of "A Passing in June," who had sent him a water colour of her own of a ballet girl, with her foot on a chair fastening her shoe.

1st Bn. R. Warwicks Regt.,—B. E. F.,

27. 7. '16.

Dear Valerie,—

The exquisite little lady in pink has arrived, and I feel quite overcome at the honour of her visit. Just

[1] "Imaginary Conversations," *Student in Arms* (2nd Series), p. 155.

at present I am fortunately able to lodge her in quite a nice billet—chez M. le Maire—but when it comes to dug-outs! Do you really think she won't mind? I am afraid she'll get damp and cold, and may be frightened of the Rats. I shall fully expect to find her standing on her chair in the morning (I am glad she brought her own chair).

Honestly, she is perfectly lovely, and though I admit that as a theological journalist I have little experience of such charms, I shall hope to keep her with me as long as ever she will stay. She is far too artistic and ingenue to "raise the temperature of my dug-out!"

We had a good laugh at your Zepp raid!

At the moment I am on a course at the 4th Army School, and having a very good time. There are some awfully nice Ulsterites in our mess, who make me think much more kindly of what I had always imagined were a dour, pig-headed, self-righteous, narrow-minded lot! There are also a good many men who have been promoted from the ranks—very good fellows, some of them—and only one Sandhurst man. He is a Rifle Brigade man, to boot, and I am afraid is rather too conscious of his superiority to the rest of us to be quite happy. But he is very young, and will learn better.

I see you realize what a staid elderly old thing I am! I think that really I was much more suitable as a sergeant, you know. I am too heavy for a sub. Perhaps the little lady in pink will rejuvenate me!

I am,
Your aff. cousin,

July 30, 1916.

DEAR DOROTHY,—

At this place I have made one really congenial friend. He is the son of a big Derry draper, and is a most awfully nice clean-minded person. He is married and writes to his wife every day without ever missing. We feel very much the same about most important things, though what is a matter of thought with me is a matter of instinct with him. Of course the last three weeks have been as peaceful as in England. One can't by any stretch of imagination call it "active service."

The country round here is awfully pretty. There is a big river—one of the famous rivers of France—quite near, and there is a little tributary flowing through the village. There are lots of woods and low undulating hills. The fields are full of poppies and cornflowers, and the river meadows of meadowsweet.

What an idiot I was last summer to take a commission! The annoying thing is that though I know what ought to be my point of view now, I can't manage to climb into it. I am such a wretchedly egotistical person, and at the same time so lazy about taking charge of things and putting them through, that I am the worst person for an officer. An officer wants to be a very objective person, who can get absorbed in his job without ever thinking of himself. The gift of analysis, etc., which is useful to the writer, is worse than useless to the officer, who has got to *do* things. The worst of it is that so many people, when they read what one writes, think that one is oneself the fulfilment of

all that one so ardently feels the good of. They do not realize that most people realize most acutely the importance and usefulness of the gifts, attitude of mind, etc., to which they themselves have most conspicuously failed to attain. One's attempts to portray an ideal imply, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, no self-praise but self-criticism. They are "what I aspired to be and was not." But most people think that they are self-advertisement.

I must stop now, as I have an awful lot of letters to write.

Your aff. cousin,

I have just got your letter. Many thanks. Tobacco is always welcome. Australian tobacco is very good, but it is generally American! I am sure your letters were quite worthy of publication, though they would probably have been awful stuff if you had written them for publication. The only way to keep any freshness in one's writing is to forget "the public" for which it is intended!

August 13, 1916.

Dear Hilda,—

I met Neville Talbot the other day (his brother was in C. Coy. of the 7th R. B., and he is the very best sort of parson, and the son of the Bishop of Winchester). He afterwards wrote me a very nice letter about *A Student in Arms*. He is a tremendously manly parson and his last exploit was to turn the "Loathed Captain" out of the club at ——— "Vi et armis" (by

the strength of his arms) for using obscene language and refusing to desist from doing so.

I am very fit.

Your aff. brother,

August 17, 1916.

DEAR VALERIE,—

I am sorry to say that that young woman in pink has behaved very badly, in fact one evening when I was out to dinner she eloped with a dashing young temporary Captain (I may have mentioned him before). I know I am neither young nor dashing . . . nor a Captain . . . but still, I think it is a bit thick as I really treated her very well, and she had plenty of admirers, including a Brigadier-General. However, Boots—that is the Captain—won't give her up, and so I suppose I shall have to lump it or elope back with her.

Yours disconsolately,

To Will Clift.

August 19, 1916.

DEAR WILL,—

Thanks very much for doing my commissions. I hope they are not a great nuisance. If you have a balance will you please spend it,

(1) on buying yourself a copy of *Faith or Fear?* published by Macmillan and posting a copy to E. M.

(2) And if there is enough left could you get me some balls for my bhoys to play with in billets. Any sort of fairly serviceable rubber balls, such as last year's tennis balls, would come in very handy. It is

no good having the sort that split easily, or anything smaller than a tennis ball, or anything very hard. Could you also send me four stout footballs? I understand they cost about 15*s.* each; and so I enclose a cheque for £3. I am tremendously convinced that the only way to keep fellows straight out here is to give them a chance to amuse themselves in billets, and at present they do nothing but sleep, grumble, and talk smut, I'm afraid. Will, Bermondsey has taught me absolutely the love of the boy. The boys here are topping fellows. You should see the way they smile even when they are fagged out and soaked through and lousy and quaking. Every one—nearly—quakes. But the boys try to hide it with a smile.

Discipline is a wonderful thing—teaching men continually to do what they do not want to do for the sake of a great cause, teaching them that as individual units they matter very little, but that as members of an army every trivial detail of their lives is significant. It teaches at once humility and pride, self-control and self-subordination, thoroughness, comradeship.

Love to Alice and Ed and the rest of my friends.

Yours ever,

P. S.—I have just got *Faith or Fear?* and I don't care for it much.

To Oliver Gossman.[1]

Sept. 10, 1916.

DEAR OLIVER,—

Yes, now I come to listen, there are birds twittering

[1] A literary friend.

in the garden of the farm where I am now billeted, though my ear is not trained to tell you what birds they are, or what they are saying, and I am afraid I have been paying more attention to the rumbling of the big guns some ten miles away!

I am afraid I have not the poet's ear or eye. My world is peopled almost entirely with human beings and abstract ideas. I have even lost to a great extent a once passionate love of flowers, and at present the only form of beauty which thrills me at all is the beauty of strong limbs and the beauty of the human expression. I am even so limited as not to care for female beauty, but only for the male! A graceful boy with the wonderful smile of youth, or a strong man with a look of resolution and compassion fill me with pleasure. Almost anything else leaves me cold, unless it is the lined face of a wise and kind old man or woman whom experience has mellowed and refined, and old age made unselfconscious.

I have no news, so won't write more. I only write this in order to encourage you to write again to me! Your letters breathe the atmosphere of another world and are infinitely refreshing.

Yours ever,

To his Sister.

1 R. Warwicks Regt.,—B. E. F.,

Sept. 18, 1916.

My dear G.,—

Thank you very much for yours of the 11th, which is just to hand. As a matter of fact we have had a

pretty easy time since July, though I expect we shall have another show soon if the weather allows the push to be prosecuted with its present vigour. Personally I would far rather have another whack at the Hun than slide uncomfortably into a winter in the trenches. I think that most people feel the same. When one is really fighting the spirit rises to the occasion, but I think that the combined discomfort and dreary monotony of more or less danger in the ordinary trench warfare, especially in bad weather, make far greater demands on the character. One has no "sense of the dramatic" to help one!

Of course with regard to the creeds it is very difficult to speak. On the one hand, one knows what one wants. I may any day be called on to face death, and I know that to do so I need—

(1) A belief in "the Kingdom of God"—in the "worth-whileness" of trying to aim high. That belief has got to be jolly strong, and I think it can only rest on a love for a personal Saviour and King.

(2) A belief in the reality and transcendence of the immortal in man. I know quite well that my body is weak. My teeth will chatter, and my knees knock together. I know that, and I can't help it. The question is whether I can dissociate myself from that, and I can through the assertion of the spirit that is the real I. I can mock at my flesh, and I can make it serve higher ends against its will.

But there again, it is only if I love so much that I am willing to *give* everything that I have to One in whom I utterly believe.

"Were the whole realm of Nature mine
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my very all."

If Christ is a myth, He is a myth more potent and more necessary than any truth, for it is He alone that makes it worth while to live, and even more worth while to die like a gentleman!

But how far belief in Christ as living Master, Saviour, and King necessitates belief in the creeds . . . well, it is awfully difficult to persuade people of such an abstruse question, so tangled in history and old philosophy and new science. Most people oughtn't to have to worry, and yet the curse of it is that they can't help worrying when they have to say the creeds in Church.

When I wrote *The Lord of All Good Life* I was very sure that I was right. But I do not like my contribution to *Faith or Fear?* [1] nor do I like the book as

[1] This book, which appeared in June, 1916, is a confession of "the really tragic failure of the Church to meet the needs of the nation in this crisis," and an attempt to rouse Church members to rise to "the drastic business of self-reformation." *Faith or Fear?* has been followed by *Faith and Freedom,* published (I think) in July, 1918. The writers are a small but increasing band of Reformers intent on the salvation of the Church. May their tribe increase! Hankey was as miserable over his share in *Faith or Fear?* as he was lyrical over *The Lord of All Good Life,* and in truth his work in it shows less signs of care and thought than anything else he wrote. Still, it contains some shining sentences. E.g., "We want saints who by abandoning rank and wealth, and by living humble loving lives, will hold up to derision our false gods." And this, on the failure of Foreign Missions: "Too often the outward sign of conversion is a collar rather than unselfishness, and too often the collar is really the symbol of a new servitude rather than of a new liberty." Com-

a whole. I think I have missed something rather important somewhere; but am not quite sure where it is, or what it is. The unfortunate thing is that for every one who reads *The Lord of All Good Life*, two or three will read *Faith or Fear?*

I am quite sure that the Church of England as at present run wants an awful lot of altering; but I am not sure that any of us are on quite the right track in our suggestions of the alteration required. At present, I am certain, its great fault is irrelevance. It makes too little demand on life and head and heart, and too great a demand on a sort of passive acquiescent loyalty.

Love to the Kiddies.

Yrs. frat.,

I. R. Warwickshire Regt.,
Sept. 19, 1916.

Dear Mr. Strachey,—

Thank you very much for your letter and for the American's article on *A Student in Arms*. I know of no appreciation that I value so much as that of a fellow-soldier, and especially of a fellow-Yankee. It is a source of great delight to me that the blind soldiers at St. Dunstan's, for instance (where my sister is working), appreciate it. I know then that it must ring more or less true.

Yours very sincerely,

pare the confession of the Church's "tragic failure in this crisis" with Hankey's footnote to the "Mobilization of the Church," p. 199 of *Student in Arms*. "The present crisis is, for the Church of England, an unprecedented opportunity for either making a fresh start or committing suicide."

In another letter he says: "The appreciation of the book which I value most came from a blinded Tommy and a Canadian Captain."

1st R. War. R. *Sept. 23, 1916.*

Dear Hilda,—

I enclose one or two more cuttings. Melrose tells me that 3,000 copies of *A Student in Arms* have been sold. He also says "We have agents everywhere, and never publish a book that has not been subscribed for all over the Empire. *All* big buyers have had lots varying from 50 to 200 copies." So it should be attainable in Australia.

We are still at peace; though I am hoping that we may get a scrap before the winter. It would be very horrible to slide squalidly into the winter without any excitement at all.

From all accounts things are going very well now in spite of the Hun having collected all the guns, etc., that he can on the threatened part of the Front.

How they do hate us! Every day in French and English papers alike you see the signs of it. It is difficult to believe that the war will heal the nations. I should not be surprised if, when we are old, we see a repetition of this war. I have little doubt that it will take most of our lifetime (if we survive the war) for the belligerent nations to recover their strength. But I have little doubt that if, as seems likely, we beat the Hun pretty badly, he will start the moment peace is signed to prepare for his revenge. A depressing thought, isn't it?

Also, I doubt if we shall have such a horror of war as lots of people seem to think. The rising generation won't know what we know, and we shall forget much that is bad. When a soldier can write that the brotherhood of the trench will be "a wistful radiant memory" now, what shall we be writing twenty years hence!

Oct. 4, '16.

Dear Hilda,—

The weather at present is simply loathsome. It rains persistently the whole morning, and we are glad to be under cover; but it affects our tempers considerably and we are rather peevish. We are messing with some cavalry A. S. C., and consequently live well, and have a gramophone even!

I believe that we are to go up to the trenches again fairly soon, and personally I shall be glad. This life is far too monotonous and irritating for words unless one has just had a spell of something worse to enable one to appreciate it.

I suppose that what makes it worse is not being good at one's job. I know what an officer ought to be like and I am not a bit like it! The consequence is that one or two of my platoon have got into serious trouble, and I have the feeling that if I had not been so essentially a bad disciplinarian it wouldn't have happened, and a good man or two might have been saved from going to the dogs. It is so easy in the army for a fellow to go to the dogs without doing anything of which he need be seriously ashamed as an individual. It is only nec-

essary to have too little sense of discipline and to lose one's temper, and lo! one has been insubordinate, and is in for field punishment No. 1, which is often enough to make a fellow take the wrong turning for good and all.

The last letter. Six days before the end.

Oct. 6, 1916.

Dear Hilda,—

I have got two articles which may appear fairly soon. One is on "Not Worrying"[1] and the other (written at Strachey's request) on "The Fear of Death in War."[2] The second he has not passed yet. Perhaps he won't like it!

We shall probably be fighting before you get this, but one has a far better chance of getting through now than in July. I shall be very glad if we do have a scrap, as we have been resting quite long enough. Of course one always has to face possibilities on such occasions; but we have faced them in advance, haven't we? I believe with all my soul that whatever will be will be the best. As I said before, I should hate to slide meanly into winter without a scrap.

I have lots of baccy thanks—1½ lb. to be accurate.

I have had a jolly afternoon—went over to a jolly little town, and had a hot bath, tea with John Campbell (the son of my god-father) and did some useful shopping.

I have a top-hole platoon—nearly all young, and

[1] *Student in Arms*, 2nd Series, p. 175. [2] Ibid. p. 123.

nearly all have been out here 18 months—thoroughly good sporting fellows.

I have also some of the best N. C. O.'s in the battalion, so if I don't do well it will be my own fault.

Yours ever frat.,

DONALD W. A. HANKEY.

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